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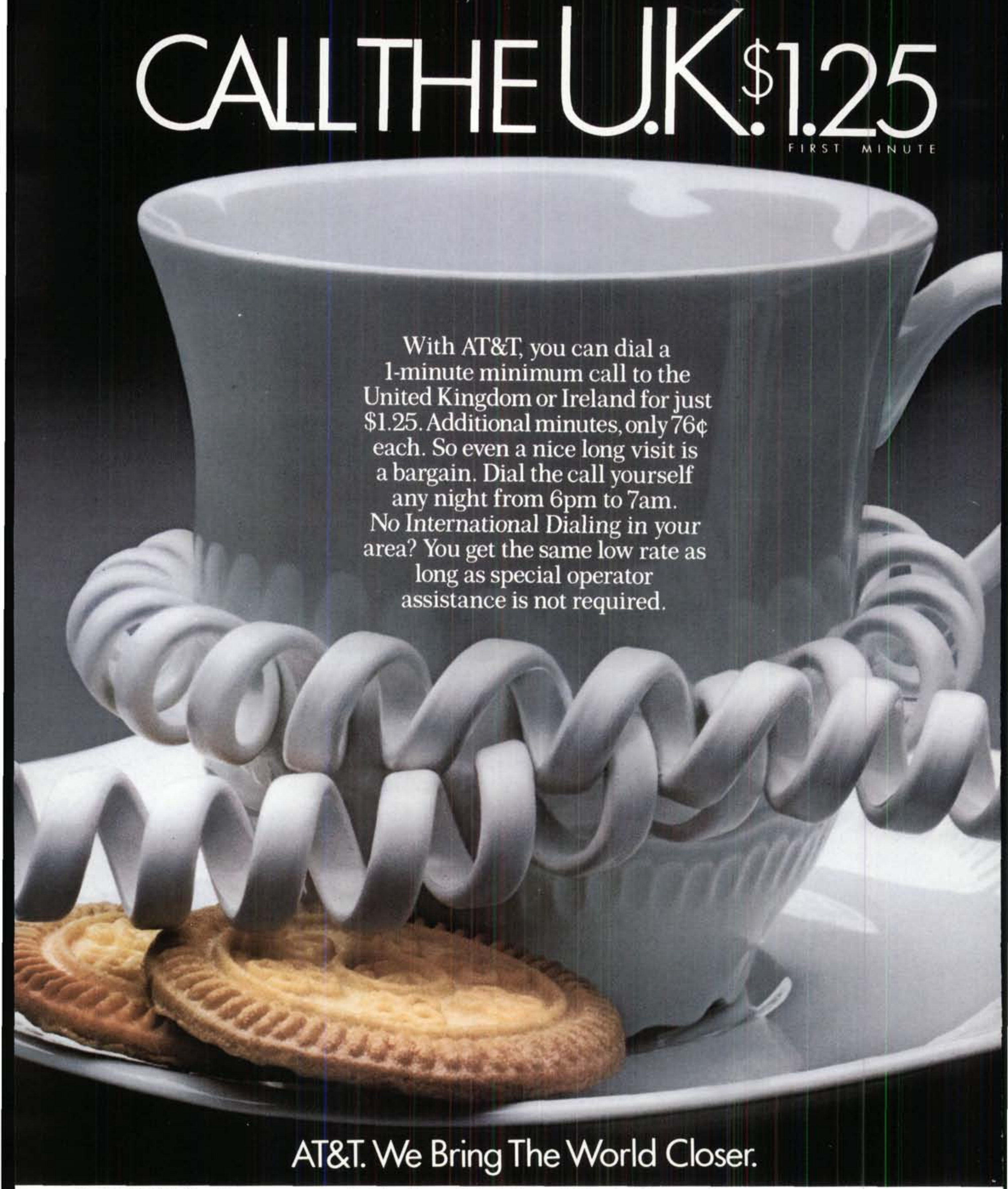

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A...My Name Is Alice—A musical revue, conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. Previews through Thursday, Feb. 23. Opens officially on Friday, Feb. 24. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3730. Wednesdays through Fridays at 6; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

And a Nightingale Sang...—A pleasant comedy about life in England during the Second World War. Written by C. P. Taylor and directed by Terry Kinney. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Babalooney—A comedy revue with music. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Wednesday and Thursday at 8, and Friday and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 26.)

Baby—Everything you may not have wanted to ask about having a baby—a cheering musical for doctors, if not for lay people. (12/12/83) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," starring Kevin O'Connor, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. (6/27/83) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Becoming Garcia—A play by Tato Laviera about a middle-class Hispanic family on the lower East Side. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 26.)

Broken Eggs—A play by Eduardo Machado. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two superb stars are George Hearn and Gene Barry. Jamie Ross will fill in for Mr. Barry through Saturday, Feb. 25. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cinders—The American première of a play by Janusz Glowacki, with Christopher Walken, Robin Gammell, and Lucinda Jenney. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—In Timothy Mason's sentimental, amorphous **levitation**, an unsuccessful dramatist returns to his family's house in Minneapolis and is joined there by any number of friends and relations. With Ben Siegler, Michael Higgins, Trish Hawkins, Lenka Peterson, and Helen Stenborg. David Potts designed the impressive setting. (2/20/84) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 11.)

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Equity Library Theatre—A revival of **a thurber carnival**, by James Thurber, is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 26. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fables for Friends—Nine unconnected, entertaining scenes about friends (m. & f.) from childhood to middle age. Mark O'Donnell is the dramatist. Six able quick-change actors and actresses play any number of roles, under the direction of Douglas Hughes. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Human Comedy—This oratorio, based on William Saroyan's novel about a family in California during the Second World War, has an enchanting, witty score by Galt MacDermot, and it is extremely well performed by the singers under Wilford Leach's direction. Mr. Saroyan's unabashed sweetness of spirit, which is engaging in the first act, becomes troublesome in the second, which deals, in large part, with military life and death. With Delores Hall, Stephen Geoffreys, Rex Smith, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Josh Blake, David Johnson, and Bonnie Koloc. (1/9/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised, and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Lisa Banes, Jo Henderson, Jerry Lanning, Stephen Pearlman, Tom Robbins, Christine Rose, and Chip Zien. (12/26/83)

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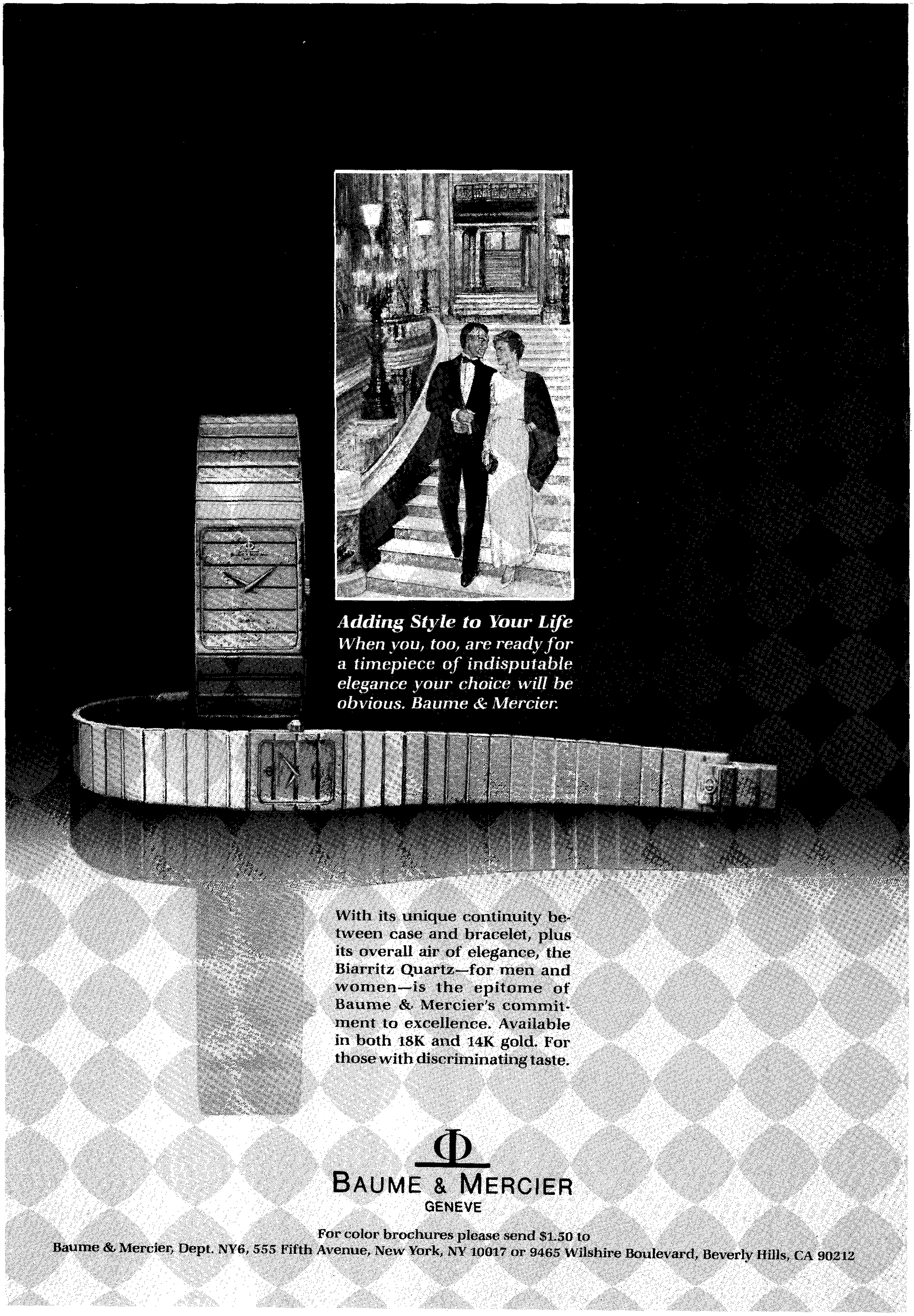

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Killing of Sister George—An adequate revival of Frank Marcus's cheesy play about a lesbian actress whose part on a British soap opera is cancelled. Aideen O'Kelly does well enough in the title role, and Tandy Cronyn is good as her simpering lover. Starting Tuesday, Feb. 28, Ann MacMillan will replace Miss O'Kelly. (11/21/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Two Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Through Sunday, Feb. 26: **IOLANTHE.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Feb. 29: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mirror Theatre Company—A season of revivals in alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS;** Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST,** starring Geraldine Page; and John Colton and Clemence Randolph's **RAIN.** (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

Noises Off—The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Old Times—An extremely good revival of Harold Pinter's marvellous play. Anthony Hopkins is the husband, Marsha Mason is the wife, and Jane Alexander is her friend of long ago. Kenneth Frankel directed. (1/23/84) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Real Thing—A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. The fine cast is headed by Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **GALAS.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

The Rink—A lavishly produced musical that unwisely devotes itself not to its agreeable songs (by John Kander and Fred Ebb) but to the bickering of an estranged mother and daughter—Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli—and the imminent destruction of an old roller-skating rink. Peter Larkin designed the superb scenery. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rockaby—The presence of the witty and wonderful English actress Billie Whitelaw makes a special occasion of these three brief, extraordinary plays by Samuel Beckett. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Selma—A musical about Martin Luther King, Jr., by Tommy Butler. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

Street Theatre—A comedy by Doric Wilson. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 22. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

The Tap Dance Kid—An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (1/2/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Tragédie de Carmen—Peter Brook has picked up Bizet's gorgeous opera and given it a good shaking, with the result that it now lasts but eighty minutes and is assuredly more Brook than Bizet. With several casts, uneven in quality. (11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 22, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Woza Albert!—Percy Mtwa and Mbongeni Ngema in a South African comedy written by the Messrs. Mtwa and Mbongeni and Barney Simon. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 22. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 23, at 6:30. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—Anthony Quinn and Lila Kedrova star in this revival of the 1968 musical. A curiously woebegone production. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,912 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach and Anne Rogers. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the superb cast. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **'NIGHT, MOTHER:** Marsha Norman's play about a young woman bent upon committing suicide is much less dispiriting than one might suppose. With Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak, who have been ably directed by Tom Moore. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 26.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON YOUR TOES:** Not the least taint of patronizing mars this revival of the Rodgers and Hart classic musical of 1936. The director, George Abbott, helped to write the original book and, at ninety-six, evidently has a tenacious recollection of how things were and how they ought to be. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Randy Quaid and Dennis Quaid. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Serious Bizness—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 764-6200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30.)

DANCE

Martha Graham Dance Company—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 18—Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 7: "Seraphic Dialogue," "The Rite of Spring" (première), and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 29, at 8: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Primitive Mysteries," "Phaedra's Dream" (New York première), and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 1, at 8: "Embattled Garden," "Primitive Mysteries," "Andromache's Lament," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Friday, March 2, at 8: "Diversion of Angels," "Errand Into the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Maze," "Andromache's Lament," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 2: "Embattled Garden," "The Rite of Spring," and "Diversion of Angels." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 8: "Diversion of Angels," "Errand Into the Maze," "Andromache's Lament," and "Acts of Light." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Nikolais Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 22; Thursday, Feb. 23; and Saturday, Feb. 25, all at 8: "Pond," "Kaleidoscope," and "Gallery." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 24, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 25-26, at 3: "Varèse Tribute," "Liturgies," and "The Mechanical Organ." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Charles Moulton Dance Company—Opening performances of a three-week engagement of "Variety Show," a full-length work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 29-March 3, at 8.)

Leon Felder Dance Company—A program of contemporary dance. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 23-25, at 8. For tickets, call 475-8485.)

Courante—Presenting the première of "Flirtatious Journeys," a baroque dance program. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, Feb. 22, and Friday, Feb. 24, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 26, at 2.)

Kenneth King and Dancers—A program of new *and repertory works. (St. Marks In-the-*Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 23-26, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**Steve Ross** sings songs from the era when melodies were melodies and lyrics were lyrics. He's at a piano in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one, and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. The weekend jazz crew: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 24-25, **Jaki Byard,** the simultaneously free and stride pianist, and his trio, and Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, pianist **John Hicks,** bassist **Ray Drummond,** and drummer ***Idris* Muhammad.** Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**Blossom Dearie** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The great Cuban percussionist **Machito** leads his big band here on Wednesday, Feb. 22; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 23-26, and Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 28-March 3, have been reserved for the reconstituted **Modern Jazz Quartet;** and Monday, Feb. 27, will belong to Sabrina Carnesi and the Carol Chaikin–Laura Dreyer quintet. Music from ten. Every night but Monday, trumpeter **Ted Curson** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions.

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Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied schedule: Thursday, Feb. 23, John Phillips; Friday, Feb. 24, three blues interpreters, **Mose Allison** (urbane blues), **John Hammond** (rural blues), and **Edgar Winter** (blues rock); Saturday, Feb. 25, **NRBQ** and **Otis Blackwell;** Sunday, Feb. 26, saxophonist **Sadao Watanabe;** Tuesday, Feb. 28, **John Hartford** and the **Tannahill Weavers;** Wednesday, Feb. 29, guitarist **Larry Coryell** and **Michal Urbaniak** and Stone Tiger; Friday, March 2, the Waitresses; and Saturday, March 3, the **Buddy Rich** big band. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. Pianist **Lee Ann Ledgerwood** works with bassist **George Mraz** through Saturday, Feb. 25; on *Sunday, Feb. 26, bassist* ***Jaco Pastorius*** *will* drop by with guitarist Mike Stern; and on Monday, Feb. 27, **Hilton Ruiz** and **Major Holley** will begin six nights of piano-buzzing bass duets. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **Jimmy Lyon,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave., at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist and composer **George Shearing,** sometimes a breathy vocalist and always a generous melodist—he agreeably doles out at least one portion of his "Lullaby of Birdland" per night—has settled in at the Café Carlyle. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Bebop pianist and ballad singer **Barbara Carroll** will be found in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**Ellis Larkins,** the delicate, elegant, reclusive pianist, is the star here nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, Feb. 22, Bonemen of Barumba, Native Blend, the Rockphonics, and the Modern Pioneers; Thursday, Feb. 23, Michael Gordon Philharmonic, the Urban Guerrillas, and None of the Above; Friday, Feb. 24, the Backbones, Pour People, Band of Outsiders, and Attention; Saturday, Feb. 25, Pinhead, Soul Attack, Sex in Miami, and the Service; and Tuesday, Feb. 28, On-XYZ, the Cutaways, Kitty, and the Criminals. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Currently a singer's room: **Carrie Smith** owns it every night but Monday, when it's closed. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, Feb. 22, Erinoids; Saturday, Feb. 25, **Ken Kosek, Rick Epping,** and **Alan Feldman;** Wednesday, Feb. 29, Martin Mulhare; and Saturday, March 3, **Jay Ungar, Russ Barenberg, Molly Mason,** and **Lynn Hardy.** Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Thursdays and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house band swings it Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, Feb. 26, the **Ray Alexander** quintet will drop by. Mondays are claimed by Ed Polcer's quintet; the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty; and on Fridays Danny D'Imperio's trio performs from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**Astrud Gilberto** sings Brazilian tunes, and occasional funky ones as well, in her soft, low, nondramatic voice through Sunday, Feb. 26; on Tuesday, Feb. 28, **Joe Pass,** the stunning guitarist who leaves audiences gaping, will take over. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

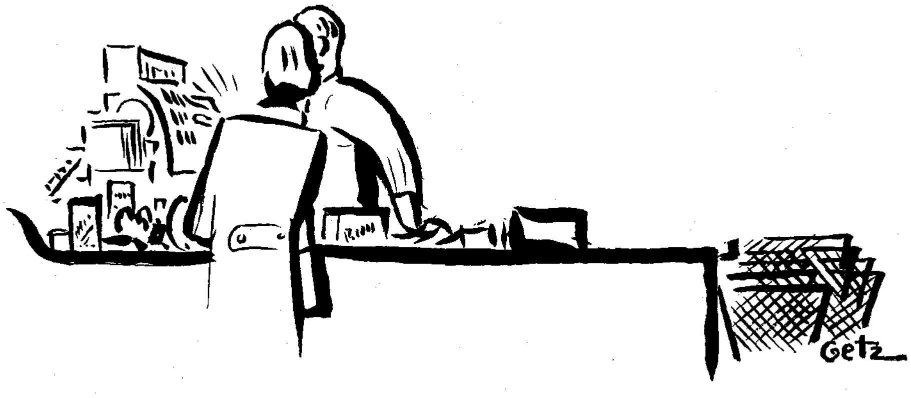
Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, Feb. 22, the Scene Is Now, at nine and midnight, plus a movie; Friday, Feb. 24, Lord Burgess, at eight and eleven; Saturday, Feb. 25, **Jack Elliot,** the singing Brooklyn cowboy, at eight and eleven; Sunday, Feb. 26, Jane Brucker; Monday, Feb. 27, Jim Morris, Bloody Puddle Mystery, and Ultraprov; Tuesday, Feb. 28, Steve & Mark and Susie Schneider in "Trust the Wind," at nine; Wednesday, Feb. 29, John Zorn, at nine and midnight; and Friday, March 2, at eight and eleven, folk rocker **George Gerdes,** who is also a funny, off-the-wall monologuist, and his All-Male Vegetarian Orchestra. Thursdays from nine are comedy nights.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: Wednesday, Feb. 22, pianist **Hal Schaefer;** Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 23-25, guitarist **Kevin Eubanks;** Sunday through Wednesday, Feb. 26-29, pianist **Danny Mixon** and bassist **Lisle Atkinson;** and Thursday through Saturday, March 1-3, bassist **Bob Cunningham,** pianist **Rahn Burton,** and guitarist **Melvin Sparks.** Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays, singer-pianist **Brooks Kerr** performs with bassist John Belzaguy; Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **Chuck Wayne;** and Wednesdays through Sundays Alicia Sherman sings with guitarist Matt McErlean's trio. All these groups begin after ten. Mondays through Fridays, pianist Don Golson plays from five until ten, and the same hours on Sundays are devoted to **Brooks Kerr.**

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **Dick Wellstood,** a stride-piano specialist extraordinaire, goes to town Tuesdays through Saturdays. Keith MacDonald will be at the keyboard on Sunday and Monday, Feb. 26-27. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to piano-bass teams. **Roland Hanna,** who is sometimes clipped and percus-



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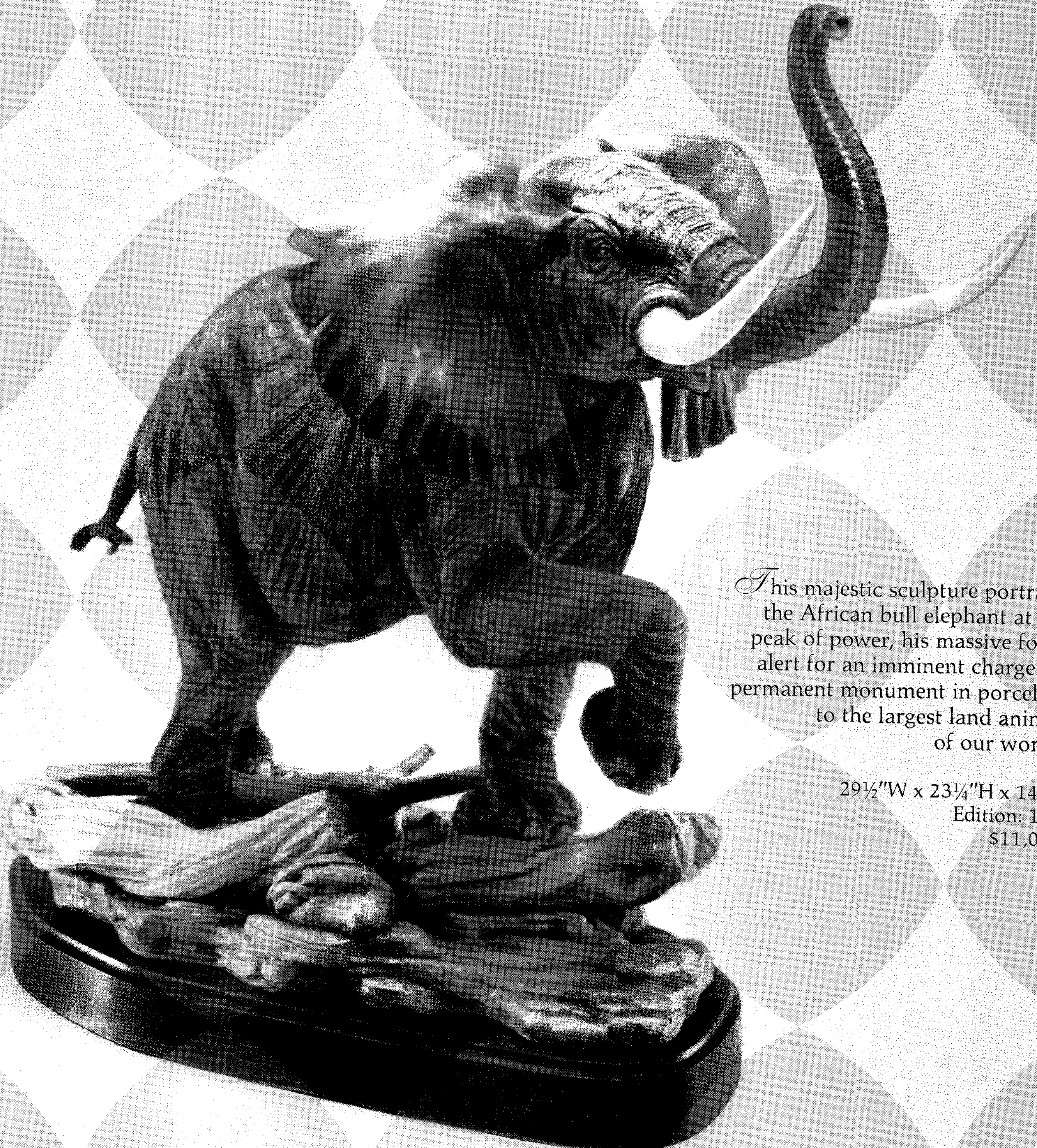

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sive, at other times undulating and romantic, but at all times a powerhouse of a pianist, is here with bassist **PAUL WEST** Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. The lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 22, the Tom Davis Experience, with Al Franken; Thursday, Feb. 23, the Pousette-Dart Band and the Pencils; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 24-25, Soozie Tyrell & Great Balls of Fire and Tommy Joe White; Tuesday, Feb. 28, **ALBERT COLLINS,** Duke Robillard & the Pleasure Kings; Wednesday, Feb. 29, Delbert McClinton; and Thursday, March 1, **JERRY JEFF WALKER & THE LOST GONZO BAND.** Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A comfortable and first-rate jazz club. Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 22-26, an all-guitar front line—**JOHN ABERCROMBIE, JOHN SCOFIELD, VIC JURIS, CHUCK LOEB**—with **PETER ERSKINE** on drums and **MARC JOHNSON** on bass, and on Tuesday, Feb. 28, singer and lyricist **JON HENDRICKS** will bring in his singing family and colleagues. The formerly West Coast-based **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN** big band works on Monday nights. Sets start at nine-thirty. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing performer, sings Cole Porter tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Wednesdays through Fridays from five to seven, there's a jazz session presided over by **DICK SUDHALTER, MARTY NAPOLEON, FRANK TATE,** and **FRED STOLL.** Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is this club, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 24-25, soul and gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON** can be heard, and Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** will lead his stirring macho Latin-jazz quintet. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, Feb. 22, Billy & the Buttons, Stained Glas, and Task Force; Thursday, Feb. 23, the Band Next Door, Feral Playthings, and J. C. & the Microtones; Friday, Feb. 24, the Igloos, Mojo Bone, and the Habit; Saturday, Feb. 25, Maiden America, the Kitty Bruce Band, and the Eve Moon Band; Monday, Feb. 27, saxophonist **C-SHARPE** plus a movie; Wednesday, Feb. 29, the Pinch, Coast to Coast, and Painted Birds; Thursday, March 1, Carol MacDonald & Witch and the Modulators; Friday, March 2, the Backbones, the Shakes, and L.E.S.R.; and Saturday, March 3, Grape Jam, the Diane Heatherington Band, and French TV. Shows start at ten weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show: Friday, Feb. 24, the Vipers; and Saturday, Feb. 25, the Individuals; Friday, March 2, Kristie Rose and Lucky 7; and Saturday, March 3, Urban Blight. Live music from way past your bedtime. Dancing.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**WOODY HERMAN** (see page 116, this issue), on clarinet, on vocals, and leading a gliding rather than a thundering octet, is in charge of the music up here on the sixty-fifth floor through Sunday, Feb. 26; and starting Tuesday, Feb. 28, trombonist **SI ZENTNER**—“The band you see on the road is the band you hear on the record”—will take over with his band. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935 when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Saturday, Feb. 25, the **FLESHTONES;** Monday, Feb. 27, Girlschool; Friday, March 2, Reflex; and Saturday, March 3, Simon Townshend. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 24-25, **DAVE VALENTIN,** an extraordinary Latin-jazz flutist will lead his group. On Mondays, the **GIL EVANS** big band takes charge. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty.

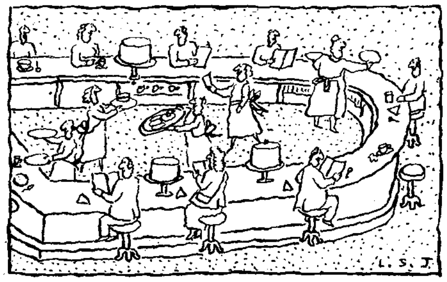
SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**LESTER BOWIE** and his talking, squawking trumpet are here with his quintet to play from a repertoire that includes “It's Howdy Doody Time,” a dramatic “The Great Pretender,” and “When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain;” through Sunday, Feb. 26. Trumpeter **BUTCH MORRIS** heads an ensemble on Monday, Feb. 27; and Texas tenor **BUDDY TATE** and growling trombonist **AL GREY,** who both played with that great blues machine, the Count Basie band, will arrive with their quintet on Tuesday, Feb. 28. Shows from about nine-thirty. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic, unposh blues hangout. Rock singer and guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY** works Wednesdays; Thursdays through Saturdays belong to Buster Poindexter; and on Sundays the Delancey Street Hawaiians perform. Music after ten.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room: on Feb. 27, **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ** and the **BACK STREET BOYS** will share the stage along with guest jazz soloist, alto saxophonist **RENE MC LEAN.** . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, pianist **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ** can be found nightly, except Mondays, and jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also here on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. **ABBEY LINCOLN** sings here until Sunday, Feb. 26; on Tuesday, Feb. 28, young trumpet dynamo **JON FADDIS** will move in with his band. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music after ten.

VILLAGE WEST, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, and brick walls—all the makings for bright acoustics. Q: What has four feet, ten strings, and flies? A: **RON CARTER** and **JIM HALL.** (*See page 116, this issue.*) *Music Sundays and* Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.



WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. The musicians: Mondays through Wednesdays Esther Blue; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 23-26, Tony Regusis; and Thursday through Sunday, March 1-4, Mitch Rothschild. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Pianist **JOE ALBANY** and trombonist **JIMMY KNEPPER** co-lead a combo through Saturday, Feb. 25; Sunday, Feb. 26, **DICK KATZ** will have the keyboard duties; Monday, Feb. 27, guitarist Bill Wurtzel will be present; Tuesday, Feb. 28, there'll be a tribute to Jo Jones; Wednesday, Feb. 29, drummer Wilson Driver will drop in; and Thursday through Sunday, March 1-4, saxophonist Haywood Henry will head up his band. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists, bassists, and guitarists in it. **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE** (see page 116, this issue), a moving guitar-bass duo, are on hand through Sunday, Feb. 26; and beginning Tuesday, Feb. 28, pianist **ROGER KELLAWAY** will take up with **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music from about eight every night.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

MENUDO—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 22-23, at 8.

INTERNATIONAL MUSIC STARS—A three-month-long series will open with Domenico Modugno. (Nederlander Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Friday, Feb. 24, through Sunday, March 4. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Saturday, March 3, at 2.)

TONINHO HORTA—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8.

EARL COLEMAN—With Mike Abene, Walter Bolden, and George Duvivier. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 24-25, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

ADAM ANT—With the Romantics. (Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

JOHN CUNNINGHAM—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8.

GEORGE LEWIS—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Ray Barretto, Alan Dawson, Big Nick Nicholas, Benny Powell, Derek Smith, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

LEHMAN COLLEGE CONCERT HALL—Friday, March 2, at 8: Buddy Rich and Gerry Mulligan. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 8:30: Sonny Rollins and Herbie Mann & the Family of Mann. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 4, at 4: Red Norvo, Zoot Sims, Clark Terry, Milt Hinton, and others. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833.)

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Saturday, Feb. 25, at 9: James Jabbo Ware and the Me We & Them Orchestra. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 7: Sheila Jordan, Harvie Swartz, and others. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 924-5026.)

IRVING PLAZA—Saturday, Feb. 25: Eek-a-Mouse and Calabash. . . . ¶ Friday, March 2: Oliver

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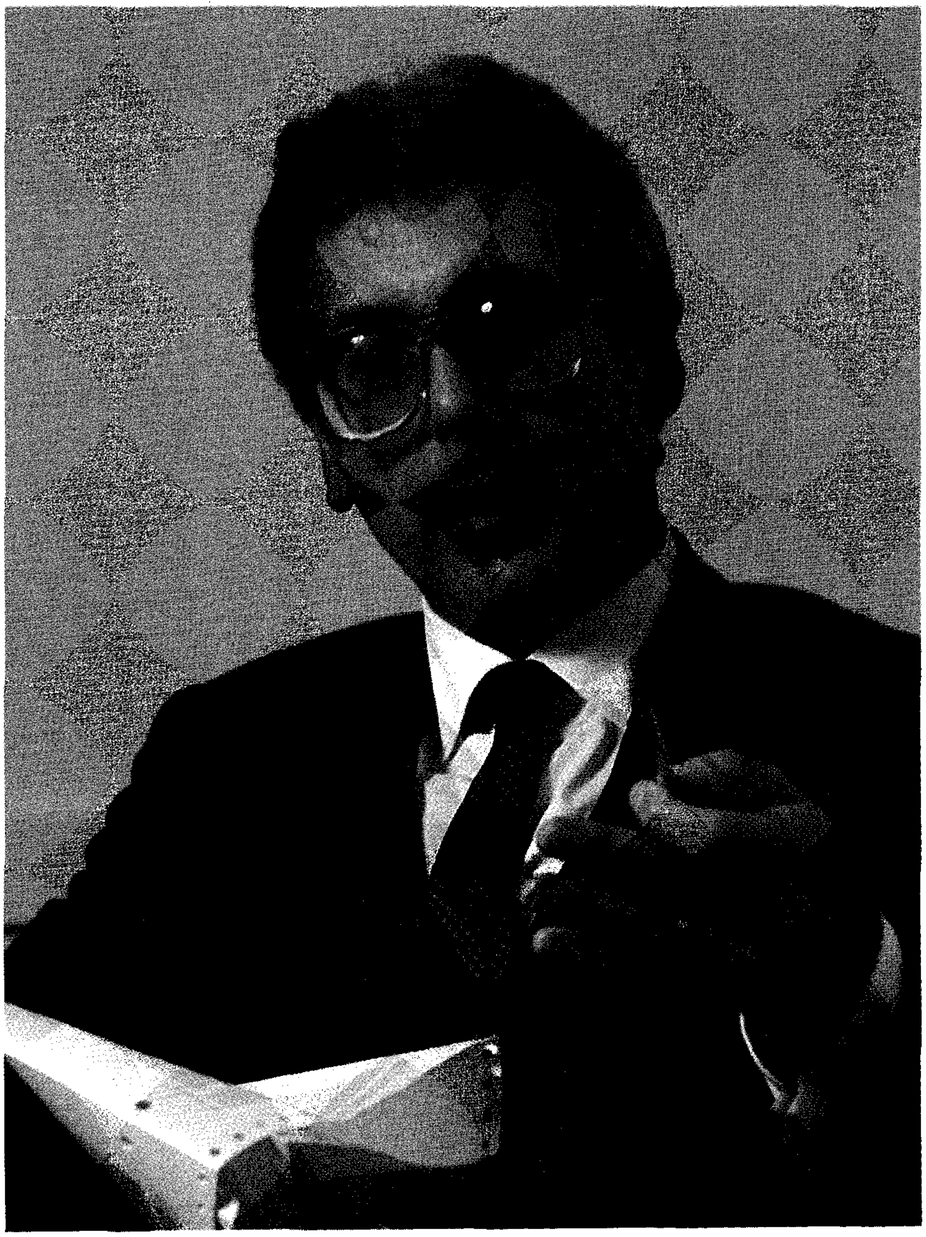

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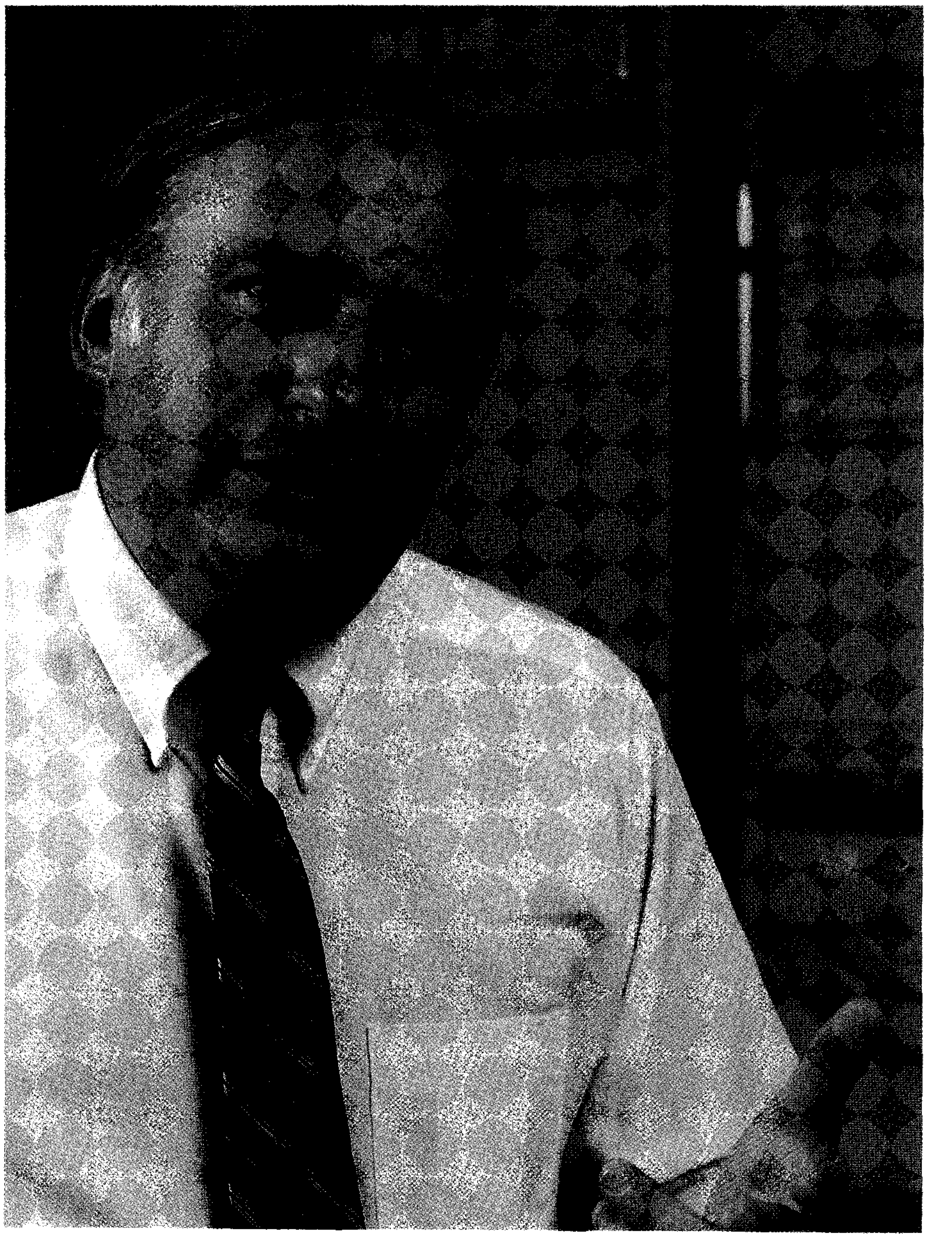

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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Alechinsky—Paintings in which bold, centered motifs are bordered in softer contrasting patterns. Through March 17. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Thomas Hart Benton (1889-1975)—Eight paintings, including a still-life done in 1917 and a sunrise on Martha's Vineyard, dated 1969. Through Wednesday, Feb. 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Federico Castellon (1914-71)—Paintings and works on paper from the thirties, by a Surrealist. Through Thursday, March 1. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Maureen Connor—Sculptures in which drapery motifs are carried to abstraction. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Robert Cottingham—Photo-Realist works on paper; sometimes the same subject is rendered in different mediums—in graphite, for instance, and then again in watercolor. Through March 23. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Rackstraw Downes—Paintings and drawings of urban landscapes, here and in Maine, employing his private system of perspective, which curves downward at the outer edges. Through March 10. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Herbert Ferber—New sculptures, entitled the Semaphore series, in which the flags are represented by swatches of painted canvas held in place by brass-and-copper frameworks. Through March 8. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Darryl Hughto—Paintings. Through Saturday, March 3. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Seventeen oils and eleven works on paper dating from the mid-twenties until the year he died. Through March 31. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Robert Lobe—Full-scale sculptures of tree trunks, boulders, and roots made by hammering sheet aluminum onto the real thing—a logical extension of the graphic art of rubbing. Through Wednesday, Feb. 29. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Howard Newman—Bronze sculptures in which a potted plant, say, or a human torso segues into a piece of machinery; there are also related paintings. Through March 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Francisco Oller (1833-1917)—Fifty-odd paintings by a leading Puerto Rican artist who studied in France and has several works in the Louvre. Through March 18. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Working drawings for some of his sculptural pieces, done in bold black-and-white strokes. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Sculpture—One work and one drawing each by ten Minimalists, including Tom Butter, Brigid Kennedy, Mia Westerlund Roosen, and Jay Coogan. Through Tuesday, Feb. 28. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Paintings and works on paper from throughout the artist's career. Through Wednesday, Feb. 29. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ella Bergmann (1896-1971)—Drawings and collages by a Constructivist connected with the Bauhaus and the Dadaists. Through March 17. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Allen Blagden—Representational paintings. Through March 10. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

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Ernest Briggs—New oils by an Abstract Expressionist. Through Saturday, March 3. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Sam Cady / Pierre Klossowski—Steeply foreshortened shaped canvases representing a rowboat, a bungalow, a highway bridge, and so on. / Almost life-size and mildly erotic colored-pencil figure drawings by Balthus's philosopher brother. Through Friday, Feb. 24. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. In the foyer is a group of early drawings and paintings by Mark Tobey.)

Bernard Chaet—Paintings: still-lifes and scenes of Rockport, Massachusetts. Through Saturday, March 3. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jack Chevalier—Mahogany and fir panels carved with totemic designs, usually incorporating a discernible figure, and painted in bright colors reminiscent of American Indian work. Through Saturday, March 3. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Richard Chiriani / Christopher Jones—Cityscapes executed from the various bridges around Manhattan. / Large, loosely painted landscapes of Maine. Through Wednesday, Feb. 29. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gregorio Cuartas—Hard-edge realist paintings. Through Saturday, March 3. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Peter Dean—Recent Expressionist paintings centered on three themes—Revolutionary heroes, American Indians, and lovers. Through March 10. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St.)

Burgoyne Diller (1906-65)—Nonobjective drawings reflecting the influence of Mondrian. Through Saturday, March 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jim Dine—A set of bronzes inspired by an art-store Venus de Milo, plus other sculptures and paintings. Through March 17. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jimmy Ernst (1920-84)—Paintings of kachina dolls, landscapes with sea grass, and abstractions by this artist, who was the son of Max Ernst and who died suddenly the day before this show opened. Through Saturday, March 3. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alvaro Guevara (1894-1951)—Paintings of everyday life in London and Paris. Through March 8. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

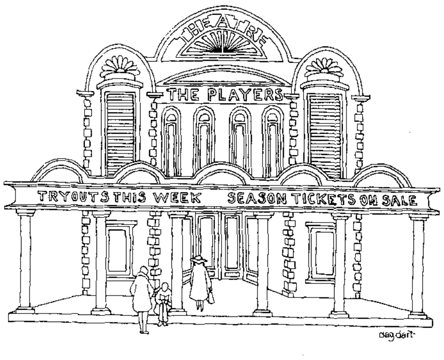
Dieter Hacker / Hugh O'Donnell—Paintings and drawings by a contemporary German artist. / Works on paper. Through Saturday, March 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Diana Kurz—Figures and still-lifes are seen in these new paintings, and the latter are also on view in charcoal and pastel drawings. Through Monday, Feb. 27. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robert LaHotan—Paintings of figures in gardens, at the seashore, and so on, all in Maine. Through Saturday, March 3. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Daniel Lang—Paintings and works on paper of European landscapes. Through March 17. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Rodger Mack—Abstract brass sculptures. Through Tuesday, Feb. 28. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)



Ethel Magafan—Mountain landscapes of Colorado, Montana, and other Northwestern states. Through Saturday, March 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Michael Malpass—Recent steel sculptures. Through Friday, March 2. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

James McGarrell—A fifteen-foot realist triptych, with a flashy Italian landscape in the background and a wealth of incident in the foreground, dominates this show of lively new works. Through Friday, March 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Richard Merkin—Literary and musical figures are prominent in these lush pastels, one of them an imaginary portrait of Ambrose Bierce lurking in Mexico. Through Thursday, March 1. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Charles Moser—New paintings and drawings of lonely landscapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St.)

Alice Neel—Paintings from the past five decades of subjects the artist characterizes as "human creatures." Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Roger Laux Nelson—Landscapes. Through March 8. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Marsha Pels—New bronze sculpture, some of it involving castings made in loose sand and capitalizing on the antic run of the molten material. Through Saturday, March 3. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Robert Ryman—Recent paintings. Through March 16. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Leon Polk Smith—Bright-colored shaped canvases, circular, oval, and in clusters, in a two-gallery show—at the uptown Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and at the downtown Washburn, 113 Greene St. Through Saturday, Feb. 25.

Donald Sultan—Strong new paintings, of white-faced steers forming a pattern on a black ground; or cantaloupe pickers with white sun hats and tow sacks; or pumping oil wells silhouetted in tarry black on a surface of dried autumn leaves. Through Saturday, March 3. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Diane Townsend—Profusions of peaches, apples, quinces, persimmons, and black plums occupy these paintings and pastels, along with an occasional bit of landscape in the background. Through Wednesday, Feb. 29. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jane Wilson—Landscapes and still-lifes. Through March 7. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

American Women Artists—Sixty works by as many painters and sculptors—among them Janet Fish, April Gornik, Ida Applebroog, and Nancy Grossman—all of whom came to prominence in the sixties and after. Through Saturday, March 3. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **donson,** 24 W. 57th St.: Prints from the past four centuries by Dürer, Rembrandt, Goya, Matisse, Nolde, and others. Through Wednesday, Feb. 29. . . . **herstand,** 24 W. 57th St.: Works by Europeans and a few Americans, including a Morandi still-life, Bauhaus-period watercolors by Klee and Kandinsky, and a bronze maquette by Noguchi. Through March 10. . . . **protetch,** 37 W. 57th St.: A wall drawing by Sol LeWitt and new works, mostly paintings, by Joan Snyder, Robert Mangold, and others. Through Saturday, March 3. . . . **tilton,** 24 W. 57th St.: Wall constructions, some with pierced designs, by Michel Sauer; paintings of horizontal bands of color by Doug Sanderson; and wall sculptures, by Kenji Fujita, assembled from scraps picked up from under his own bandsaw. Through Saturday, March 3.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Bruce Boice—Curvilinear forms are painted in pastel shades in these large, bubbly compositions. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

David Bowes—"Capriccios" is the over-all title of these gentle paintings in which medieval figures are seen in idyllic Italian settings. Through March 8. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Roger Brown—Paintings by a School of Chicago artist, including political ones denouncing

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Cubans, Sandinistas—anti-Americans in general. Through March 14. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

David Budd—A dozen new canvases in which a slender rope of built-up paint snakes across a black ground, plus an all-white example of this pioneer monochromatic painter's early (1955) work. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Jay Coogan—Concrete-and-polystyrene sculptures ranging in size from a ten-inch tusk to a seven-foot object that resembles a bell buoy, plus small bronzes and drawings. Through March 6. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Daria Dorosh—Collaborative projects pairing paintings by this artist with furniture and objects by four architects. In one case, a send-up of interior decorating, the painting is placed above a couch that was specially designed for it. Through March 10. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Rafael Ferrer—Paintings of figures in tropical settings. Through March 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Terry Fox—Two didactic installation pieces—"Catch Phrases" and "Triplex." Through March 17. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Leon Golub—Large paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

George Green / Jerry Williams—Charcoal drawings of a Vorticist nature; a realistic eye peeps out of the curlicues in some of them. / Illuminated dioramas set in cases, one depicting a pair of thieves deep inside a museum, cutting Titian's "Venus of Urbino" out of its frame. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Gary Hall—Paintings of trapeze artists going through their disciplined movements, seen against dark backgrounds. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

Gordon Hart—Gold leaf, silver leaf, and lacquer applied to canvas, plus other, largely new works by an abstractionist. Through March 14. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Opens at 1.)

Jörg Immendorff—Outsized paintings heavily freighted with symbols—swastikas, eagles, hammer-and-sickles, stars; the artist is a German Neo-Expressionist. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Eve Ingalls—Paintings of winter's traceries shown in icebound trees and snowy mountains. Through Wednesday, Feb. 29. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Jasper Johns—Paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Diane Karol / Ching-Huang Chung—Collage paintings. / Painted wall reliefs, Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Niki Logis / Larry Clark—A large architectural sculpture made of painted steel and assembled with angle irons and other structural necessities. / A series of eighty-three photographs entitled "Teenage Lust." The prints date from 1963-80. Through Tuesday, Feb. 28. (Freidus-Ordover, 70 Greene St.)

Nicholas Marsicano—Figure paintings. Through Saturday, March 3. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Dennis Oppenheim—Noisy working models for museum projects, plus related drawings, among other works. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Lee Quinones—Very large paintings of murder and mugging, for instance, by one of the Fab 5 spray-can Graffitists (they concentrated on the No. 5 I.R.T. trains). Included in the show is a traditional Crucifixion. Through Thursday, March 1. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Richard Saba—Large colorful abstractions. Through March 7. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Richard Serra—Drawings. Through March 10. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Alan Shields—"Cut-Out," new abstractions on canvas, combining acrylic, thread, and beads. Through March 17. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Gregg Smith—Figurative drawings and paintings, the former veiled by a scrim of colored, wiggly lines, and the latter severely stylized. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

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Selina Trieff—Figures in charcoal and oil. Through Wednesday, Feb. 29. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Ted Weller / Thomas Bacher—Large encaustic paintings of cheery garden scenes straight out of old-fashioned children's storybooks. / Night views of Manhattan, Chicago, and Las Vegas which glow in a darkened room, thanks to phosphorescent granules mixed in the paint. Through Saturday, March 3. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. In other rooms are Robert Rohm's ludicrously balanced sculptures made of stools, chairs, window sashes, and a gimpy stepladder; and Wayne Sides' photographs of Alabama Klu Kluxers with their women, children, and shotguns.)

Terry Winters—Carefully executed paintings of tuberous roots, greatly enlarged, which assume a curious dignity on canvas. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Nature as Image—Eighteen artists exhibiting their treatments of that timeless theme Mother Nature, in a show of paintings and works on paper presented by the Organization of Independent Artists. Gregory Amenoff, Jennifer Bartlett, Peter Flaccus, Thomas Nozkowski, Marina Cappelletto, and others. Through Tuesday, Feb. 28. (Directions on Broadway, at No. 452. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Totem—A three-gallery show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by more than forty artists whose works, while primarily figurative, incorporate primitive images and symbols. Some of those represented are Georg Baselitz, Jonathan Borofsky, Susan Rothenberg, Susan Laufer, Joseph Nechvatal, and Sandro Chia. Through Saturday, March 3. (Bonnier, Cowles, and Germans van Eck, all at 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **esman,** 121 Spring St.: Sculptures by nine artists, among which are bright-painted wall pieces by Abraham David Christian, a young German, and sombre constructions containing found pieces by Brett DePalma. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. . . . **manes,** 177 Prince St.: Garth Evans and Marilyn Giersbach are among the seven artists represented in a show entitled "Organic Abstractions;" also on view are photographs of everyday objects by Jo Ann Callis. Through March 10. . . . **thorp,** in an expansive new space one floor above the post office at 103 Prince St.: April Gornik and Ken Kiff are two of the gallery artists included in an inaugural show, which is also the occasion for welcoming new members of the stable (Robert Helm, Porfirio Di Donna, others). Through Saturday, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ In another room here, drawings and stone sculptures by Edward Finnegan are on view. Through March 17. . . . **toll,** 146 Greene St.: Abstract paintings by Hermine Ford, Ellen Phelan, and Jan Hashey. Through Saturday, Feb. 25.

OTHER GALLERIES

Peter Brown and Garrick Dolberg—Two sculptors who work in wood, the former employing discarded crates in light trestlework constructions and the latter bending plywood into winglike pieces. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Stephen Ludlum / Peter Young—Paintings of broken statuary, thorny vines, geometric forms, and rows of numbers, done in white on a black field. / Grid patterns in different colors laid down one on top of the other on large vertical panels, giving the effect of rich tapestry. Through March 10. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Cartoon '84—Original work by more than fifty artists, among them Lee Lorenz, Roz Chast, Arnie Levin, Jack Ziegler, Charles Saxon, and Joseph Mirachi. Through March 16. (Master Eagle Gallery, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

Group Shows—At **art galaxy,** 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.: Nancy Spero's poster-size notes to Artaud, written with her left hand, and Leonard Bullock's drawings in graphite, chalk, and wax are among works by five artists. Through Saturday, March 3. (Closed Tuesdays.) . . . **80 washington square east galleries,** New York University: The exhibitors in the eighth annual small-works competition (all entries must be a foot or less in dimension) were selected by Carroll Janis. Through Friday, March 2. (Open Tuesday evenings until 7.) . . . **visual arts museum,** 209 E. 23rd St.: Two abstract paintings each—one large, one small—by six New York artists who stand, presumably, at the halfway points of their careers: Jake Berthot, Jerry Buchanan, Alan Kleiman, Joan Snyder, Joan Thorne, and Jerry Zeniuk. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

Sculpture—A show called "Id" (as in Freud), containing works by fourteen artists, among them Italo Scanga, Christy Rupp, Mia Westerlund Roosen, and Nancy Grossman. Through March 10. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

David Bailey—Eighty large-scale prints featuring celebrities from the sixties. Through April 8. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Roy DeCarava—Photographs of jazz musicians. Through March 16. (Hunter College Gallery, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Jo Alison Feiler—Twenty-three photographs in a first solo show in New York. Through March 10. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

Francis Frith (1822-98)—Sixty prints of the Middle East, taken on three trips made in the eighteen-eighties. Also, stereographs and books. Through April 20. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Mark Klett—Contemporary prints of the Southwest which follow the tradition of such nineteenth-century photographers as Watkins, O'Sullivan, and Jackson. Some are in color. Through March 17. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Nic Nicosia—A show of trick color photographs called "Near Modern Disasters." Through Saturday, March 3. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

Susan Rankaitis / Robbert Flick—Prints that the gallery describes as "hybrids of painting and photography." They deal in some way with symbols of flight (airplanes, the space shuttle). / Landscape and cityscape photographs taken in sequence and mounted on a grid. Through Saturday, March 3. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Art Sinsabaugh (1924-83)—Twenty-two landscapes of the Southwest taken in 1980 and 1981 and printed by the photographer, specifically for this show, shortly before his death last September. Through Saturday, March 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert J. Steinberg—Photographs of still-lifes

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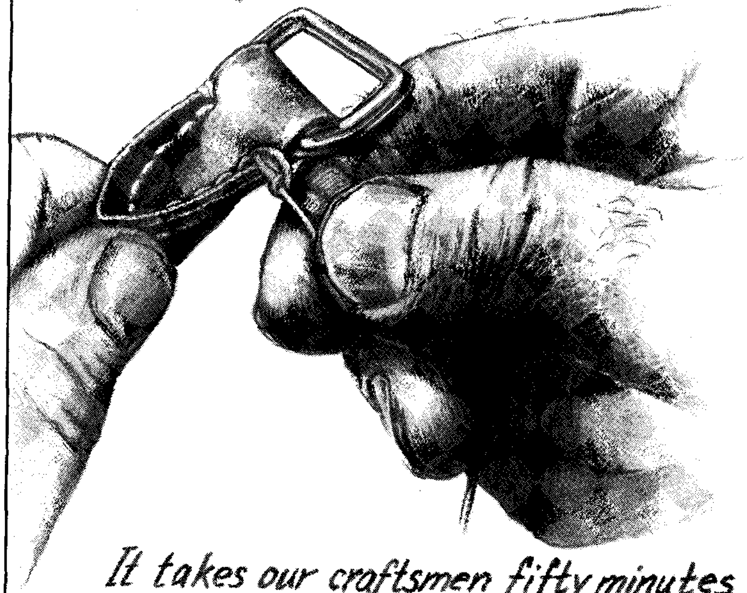

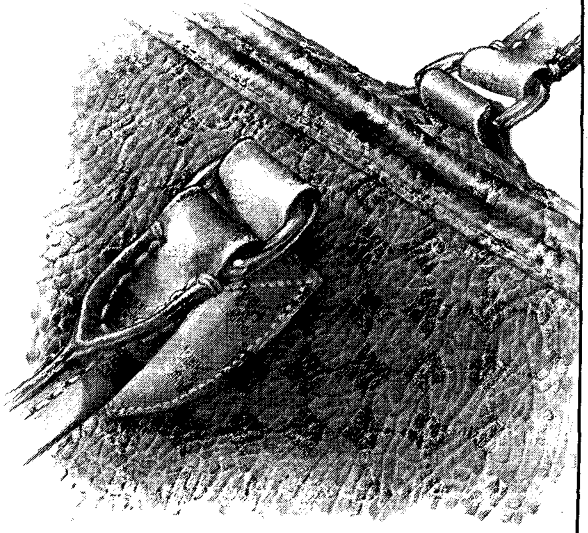

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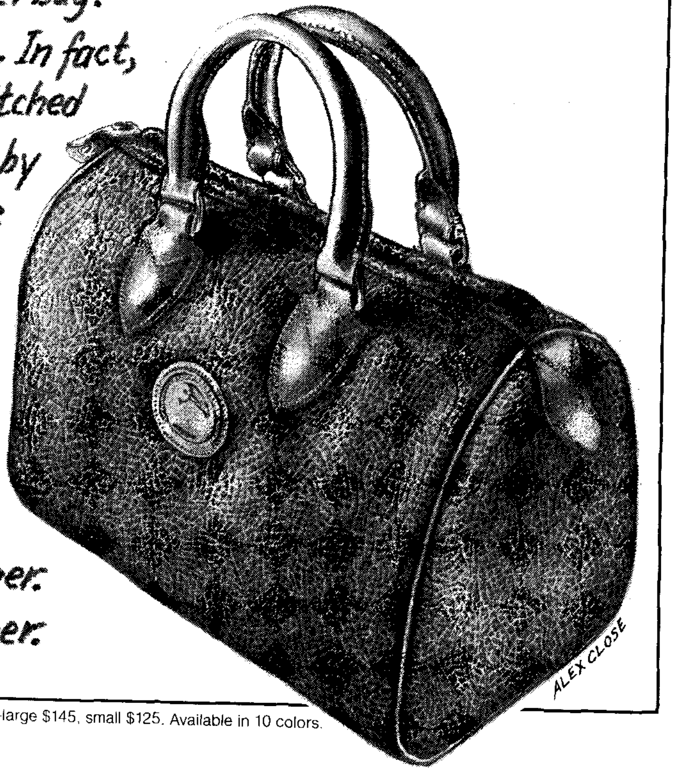

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and nudes. Through March 16. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

James Van DerZee (1886-1983)—More than seventy prints, along with memorabilia from the photographer's home and studio. Through Friday, March 2. (City Gallery, 2 Columbus Circle. Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A selection of fifty of Leonardo da Vinci's anatomical drawings from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle is being shown in conjunction with an exhibit of sixty anatomical Renaissance prints. Both through April 15. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings (watercolors, chiefly) by American landscape artist Charles Burchfield. Through March 25. . . . ¶ Forty-one seventeenth-century Dutch portraits, still-lifes, landscapes, and genre and marine paintings on loan from the Royal Picture Gallery, Mauritshuis. Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hals, van Ruisdael, and a number of their esteemed colleagues. Through April 15. . . . ¶ A selection of miniature paintings and illuminated pages from Islamic books in the collection of Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan; they date from the twelfth century to the seventeenth. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art—The museum will be closed for renovations for a few months.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibit of thirty works on paper by Walter Stein (1924-81) which were a bequest from his estate. Through March 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of paintings and sculptures by Willem de Kooning. Through Sunday, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ A recent bequest of nine drawings by sculptor Theodore Roszak (1907-81), plus an outright gift of two more, prompts a small show of sculptures, drawings, and a painting originally seen in the Whitney's second biennial. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The fifty paintings in the Malcolm Morley retrospective trace the artist's progression from Photo-Realism to Expressionism. Through April 15. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of etchings by the Tiepolos, father and sons. Through April 22. . . . ¶ An exhibit of embroidered samplers which emphasizes the broad geographical scope of the craft (there are examples from North Africa, Sri Lanka, China, Europe, America, and Mexico) and illustrates the European antecedents of American samplers. Through May 27. . . . ¶ A loan exhibition of more than three hundred netsuke, generally small carved figures, which were formerly used by Japanese men to anchor small pouches to their obis and are now collected as decorative objects. Through April 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A hundred items (rare books, manuscripts, prints, and objects) that played a significant part in the hundred-year history of exhibitions at this institution, which opened in May of 1884 with a show of modern etchings which drew an audience of six hundred in the first three days. Through March 31. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The British Library has provided forty-nine examples of manuscript painting by Renaissance artists, including Jean Fouquet, who is represented by a leaf from a Book of Hours commissioned by his patron Etienne Chevalier. Through April 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—"Art & Ideology" has more than eighty works by ten artists who address social and political issues in their paintings, photographs, installations, videotapes, and performances. Allan Sekula, Nancy Spero, Jerry Kearns, and Hannah Wilke are included. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—More than fifty of Jack Whitten's abstract paintings from the nineteen-seventies. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

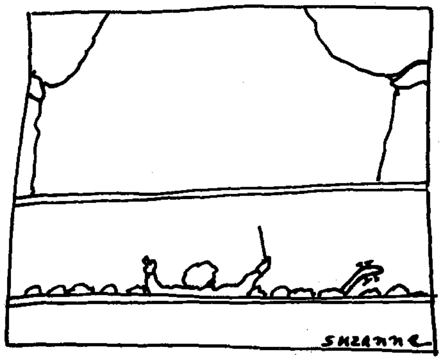
Note—Several exhibitions have been mounted for the bicentennial of the establishment of trade and cultural relations between the United States and China. At the **CHINA INSTITUTE,** 125 E. 65th St.: Chinese Export porcelain from the Mottahedeh collection. Through March 7. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,** Central Park W. at 79th St.: Luxury trade items, such as silk and other textiles, furniture, jade, lacquerware. This show was organized by the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto. Through May 12. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.) . . . **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,** Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: Chinese Export porcelain made specifically for New York customers, among them Alexander Hamilton and John Jay. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Objects of art, including porcelain, silver, and lacquerware. Numerous punch bowls from the late eighteenth century. Starts Friday, Feb. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Ten contemporary artists showing assemblages and constructions that are related stylistically to Constructivism and Dadaism. Through March 10.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Ishmael Houston-Jones and Fred Holland (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 23-26, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation by Tim Burns, containing slides and film with a soundtrack. Through Friday, Feb. 24.



P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—Minimalist Robert Grosvenor is exhibiting eight sculptures (using beams, pipes, railroad ties); another show consists of sculptures made from found objects by about two dozen artists, including Carolee Schneemann, TODT, Joe Smith, and Marcos Margall. Through March 18.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Rinaldo," with Marilyn Horne, Edda Moser, Benita Valente, and Dano Raffanti; conducted by Mario Bernardi . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 23, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Galina Savova, Richard Cassilly, and Håkan Hagegård; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Arabella," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Mignon Dunn, David Rendall, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; Marek Janowski. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 25, at 2: A program entitled "Stravinsky," consisting of three of his works—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with Kimberly Graves and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gianna Rolandi, Claudia Catania, Philip Creech, and guest dancers Natalia Makarova and Anthony Dowell; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Florence Quivar, William Lewis, and Franz Mazura. James Levine will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8: "Rinaldo," with Marilyn Horne, Edda Moser, Benita Valente, and Samuel Ramey; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 27, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Arabella," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Mignon Dunn, David Rendall, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; Marek Janowski. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 29, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Hildegard Behrens, Carol Neblett, Maria Ewing, Julien Robbins, and James Morris; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 1, at 8: "Stravinsky"—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with Kimberly Graves and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gianna Rolandi, Claudia Catania, Philip Creech, and guest dancers Natalia Makarova and Anthony Dowell; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Jessye Norman, Timothy Jenkins, and Franz Mazura. James Levine will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Friday, March 2, at 8: "Arabella," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Gwynn Cornell, David Rendall, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; Marek Janowski. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 1:30: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Hildegard Behrens, Carol Neblett, Maria Ewing, Julien Robbins, and James Morris; Jeffrey Tate. (A nonsubscription performance.)

Amato Opera Company—Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 24-25, and Saturday, March 3, at 7:30, and Sunday, March 4, at 2:30.)

Bel Canto Opera—Igor Chichagov conducting the American première of Ferenc Erkel's "Bank Ban," in English, staged by Cynthia Edwards. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 26, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—W. S. Gilbert's one-act opera "The Pretty Druidess,"

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RADIO

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staged by Thaddeus Motyka, with piano accompaniment. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 1. For tickets, call 570-1888.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8; Friday, Feb. 24, at 2; and Saturday, Feb. 25, and Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 8: Performances of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," with Patricia Wise, soprano; Thomas Moser, tenor; Simon Estes, bass-baritone; and the New York Choral Artists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 29, at 8: A nonsubscription concert, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund, with Marisa Robles, harp, and James Galway, flute. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 1, at 8; Friday, March 2, at 2; and Saturday, March 3, at 8: An Anton Stamitz–Gunther Schuller–Tchaikovsky program, with Sol Greitzer, viola; Glenn Dicterow, violin; Paige Brook, flute; Joseph Robinson, oboe; and Philip Smith, trumpet.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8, a Beethoven-Scriabin program, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 8, a Berlioz-Bruckner program, with Jessye Norman, soprano.)

Israel Chamber Orchestra—David Shallon conducting, with Leonard Rose, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Vienna Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Wednesday, Feb. 29: A Haydn-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 1: A Mozart-Mahler program, with Alan Bergius, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, March 2: A Mozart-Brahms program. (Evenings at 8.)

Music from Japan—A program of four premières performed by Eitetsu Hayashi, odaiko; Morris Lang, percussion; Hamao Fujiwara, violin; and the American Symphony Orchestra conducted by Hiroyuki Iwaki. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—Jacques-Louis Monod and Robert Black conducting a program of contemporary chamber music, with Jan Opalach, bass-baritone. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8. For tickets, call 280-3050.)

Mannes Orchestra—Sidney Harth conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting a program of music by Saint-Saëns, Grieg, Gerald Plain, and Stravinsky, with André-Michel Schub, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 24-25, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 26, at 2.)

Y Chamber Symphony—At Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y—Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 26, at 3: Gerard Schwarz conducting a Rorem-Mahler-Haydn program, with Håkan Hagegård, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 8: Alexander Schneider conducting a program of baroque music, with Young-Uck Kim, violin, and Michala Petri, recorder.

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting an all-Mozart program, with Ursula Oppens, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 2:30.)

Symphony Orchestra of the Curtis Institute of Music—Sergiu Celibidache conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

American Composers Orchestra—Thomas Nee conducting, with Jerome Lowenthal, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Choral Symphony Society and Orchestra and York College Chorus—David Labovitz directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," in English, with Betsy Norden, soprano; James Beal, tenor; and Jan Opalach, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 3, at 8.)

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RECITALS

Henryk Szeryng—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Pepe Romero—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Sherrill Milnes—Baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—An all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Anton Kuerti—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 3.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The fourth in a series of five concerts, this one featuring Doris Yarick-Cross, soprano; Paul Kantor, violin; Seymour Lipkin, piano; the Yale Contemporary Music Ensemble; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Takács Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

New York Renaissance Band—The second in a series of three concerts, this one featuring Italian music. With Pomerium Musices. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Bach Winterfest—The fourth in a series of six concerts, this one performed by Robert L. Barrows, organ, and Elaine Comparone, harpsichord. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Richard Stoltzman—Clarinet, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 3.)

Kathleen Battle—Soprano. The second in a series of three recitals, this one with Christopher Parkening, classical guitarist, and Lawrence Skrobacs, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 3.)

Alex Ogle—Flute, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 3.)

North/South Consonance—A program of contemporary music, performed by Jenny Hayden Brown, soprano; the Hampshire String Quartet; and an ensemble with Max Lifchitz conducting and acting as piano soloist. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Charles Tomlinson Griffes (1884-1920)—Two programs celebrating the centennial of the birth of Mr. Griffes, performed by Catherine Aks and Nan Nall, sopranos; Joan Fuerstman and Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-sopranos; Constantine Cassolas and George Gray, tenors; Walter Hilse, piano; and others. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 5:30: Songs composed between 1901 and 1914. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 26, at 8:30: Songs composed between 1912 and 1918. (Carnegie Recital Hall.)

Israela Margalit—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 7:30.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute, with Robert Stallman, flute, and John-Steele Ritter, keyboard. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Lee Hoiby—Piano, in a program of his own music, with Kristine Ciesinski, soprano, and Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Boston Conservatory Chamber Players—The second in a series of three concerts, this one with Sarah Clarke, viola. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Michael Cave—A program of his compositions, performed by Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Delcina Stevenson, soprano; David Jolley, horn; and Sheila Mayer, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Guild of Composers—A program of music by Armin Loos, with Paul Zukovsky, violin; William Purvis, horn; the Mendelssohn Quartet; and the New Calliope Singers. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Karl Ulrich Schnabel and Joan Rowland—A program of music for piano, four hands. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—With Judith Bettina, soprano; Aleck Karis, piano; Fred Sherry, cello; and others. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Tafelmusik—A program of baroque and contemporary chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Badinage—A program of vocal and instrumental baroque music from Germany and England. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Ars Musica—With Penelope Crawford, fortepiano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 29, at 8.)

Capricorn—A program of vocal and instrumental music by Rossini, celebrating the anniversary of the composer's birth, Feb. 29, 1792. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Wednesday, Feb. 29, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Håkan Hagegård—Baritone, in Schubert's "Die Winterreise." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 1, at 8.)

Charles Treger and André Watts—Violin and piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 1, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—"From Josquin to Janequin," a program of sacred and secular music from the Renaissance courts of France. (Alice Tully Hall, Thursday, March 1, and Saturday, March 3, at 8.)

Annie Fischer—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 2, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; the Emerson String Quartet; Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord and piano; Michael Tilson Thomas, conductor-pianist; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 2, at 8, and Sunday, March 4, at 5.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—A program of twentieth-century American chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 2, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—With Felix Galimir, violin. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 3, at 8.)

Walter Ponce—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 3, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music—Paula Robison, flute, and the Tokyo String Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 3, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 4, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Paul Jacobs Memorial Concert—Among the performers will be James Levine, Gilbert Kalish, Ned Rorem, William Bolcom, and Joan Morris. (Symphony Space, Broadway at

95th St. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Atlanta, Monday, Feb. 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, March 3, at 8:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Indiana, Thursday, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Saturday, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, Feb. 29. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Saturday, March 3. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Quebec Nordiques, Thursday, Feb. 23, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, Feb. 26, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday, Feb. 25, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Tuesday, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Vancouver Canucks, Friday, March 2. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05. The Next Move Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 25, and the Swift, Saturday, March 3. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, March 13. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, March 3.

Tennis—Virginia Slims Championships: Martina Navratilova, Chris Evert Lloyd, Hana Mandlikova, Andrea Jaeger, Pam Shriver, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 6; Wednesday, Feb. 29, at 10 and 6; Thursday and Friday, March 1-2, at 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubles match Saturday, March 3, at noon; and consolation singles match and final singles match Sunday, March 4, at noon.)

Track Meet—U.S.A./Mobil Indoor Track and Field Championships Grand Prix Finals. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 24, at 6:30.)

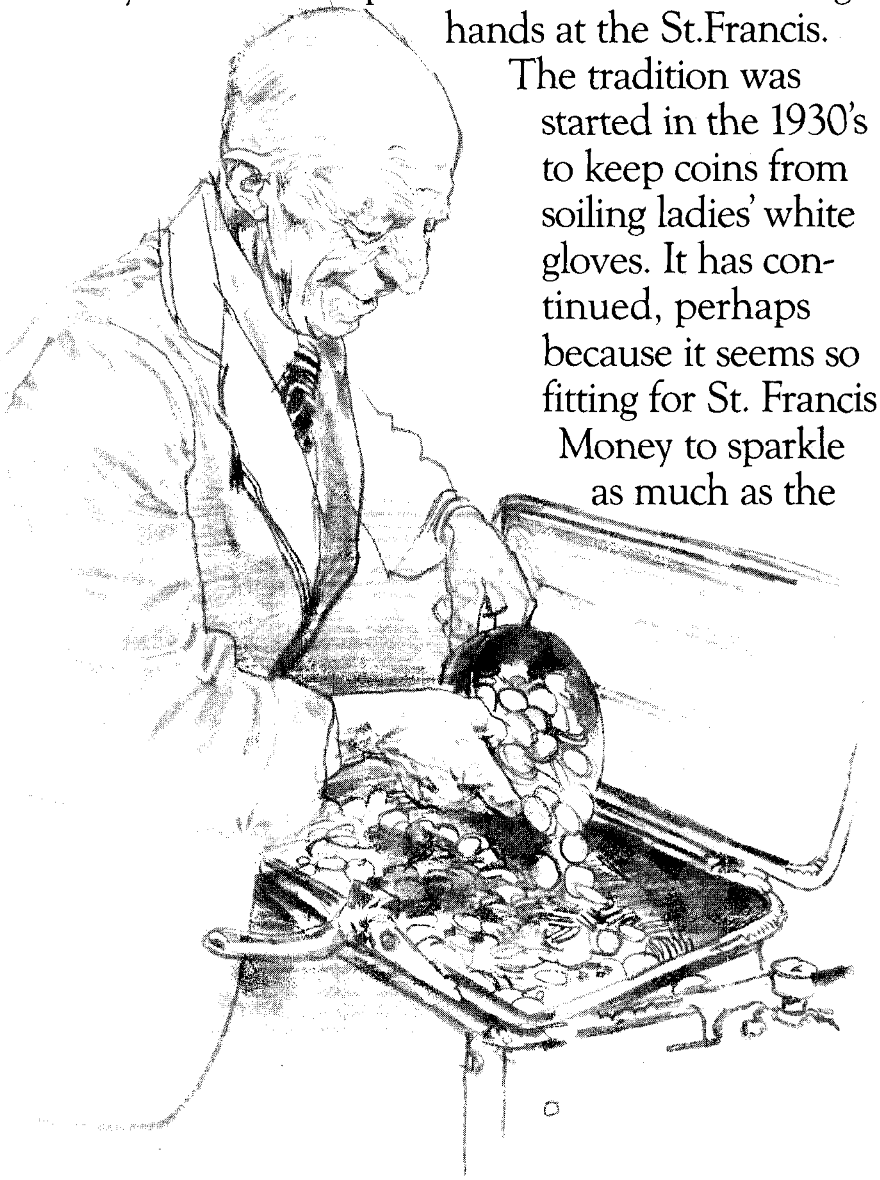
Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 31. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Jamaica Kincaid reading from her own prose. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ¶ A benefit program, sponsored by the West Side Y, with poet-composer Jim Carroll reading and singing some of his own works and rock singer Lou Reed performing some of his own songs. (New York Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 787-6557.) . . . ¶ Cynthia Ozick reading from her own prose. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 49th St. Saturday, Feb. 25, from 10 to 7, and Sunday, Feb. 26, from 10 to 6.)

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sunday, Feb. 26, from 1 to 5.) Thursday, Feb. 23, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from the estate of Blanche Swift Morris and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 24, at 2, and Saturday, Feb. 25, at 10:15 and 2: International silver, furniture, and decorations—all from the Victorian era. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 29, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 24. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Feb. 23, at 10: Chinese Export porcelain, paintings, silver, and works of art. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 10: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 24. . . . **phillips,** 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 29, at 11: English and Continental furniture, Oriental works of art, paintings, silver, and decorations. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 25.



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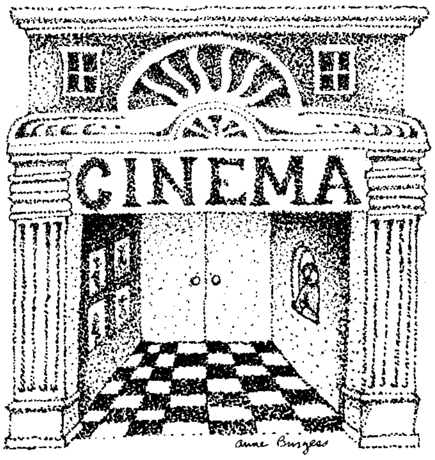

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Feb. 23: "Le Crabe Tambour" (1977; directed by Pierre Schoendoerffer; in French), with Jean Rochefort.
Feb. 24–March 1: "One Man's War" (1981; Edgardo Cozarinsky; in French).
A Jean Negulesco festival:
March 2: "The Mask of Dimitrios" (1944), with Zachary Scott and Peter Lorre; and "Three Strangers" (1946), with Geraldine Fitzgerald, Peter Lorre, and Sydney Greenstreet. Mr. Negulesco will be present.
From March 3: "Take Care of My Little Girl" (1951), with Jeanne Crain, Dale Robertson, and Mitzi Gaynor; and "Under My Skin" (1950), with John Garfield and Micheline Presle (showings at 4). "Daddy Long Legs" (1955), with Fred Astaire and Leslie Caron; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall (showings at 8).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Zelig" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 23: "Nostalghia" (Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian), with Erland Josephson; and "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (1981; Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).
From Feb. 24: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Never Cry Wolf" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Blame It on Rio" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah.
Theatre 2: "Footloose" (Herbert Ross), with Kevin Bacon and Lori Singer.
Theatre 3: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Yentl" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Unfaithfully Yours" (Howard Zieff), with Dudley Moore and Nastassja Kinski.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Blame It on Rio" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"A Woman in Flames" (Robert Van Ackeren; in German), with Gudrun Landgrebe.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Right Stuff" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Crackers" (Louis Malle), with Donald Sutherland and Jack Warden.
Theatre 2: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "And the Ship Sails On" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Zelig" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 1: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti. From March 2: "Over the Brooklyn Bridge" (Menahem Golan), with Elliott Gould and Margaux Hemingway.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Big Chill" (†).
Theatre 2: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah. (No performances on Wednesday, Feb. 22.)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Silkwood" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"El Norte" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Never Cry Wolf" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Footloose" (Herbert Ross), with Kevin Bacon and Lori Singer.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 22: "Deathstalker." From Feb. 23: To be announced.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Scarface" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.
Theatre 2: Through March 1: "Yentl" (†). From March 2: "Over the Brooklyn Bridge" (Menahem Golan), with Elliott Gould and Margaux Hemingway.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; *Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.*)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 28: "Chords of Fame" (directed by Michael Korolenko), with Bill Burnett; and "In Our Hands," filmed at the June 12, 1982, Central Park peace rally. From Feb. 29: "American Dreams" (1983) and "8½ × 11" (1974), both films directed by James Benning.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 23: "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" (1969; Paul Mazursky), with Natalie Wood, Robert Culp, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon; and "Being There" (Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden. Feb. 24-25: "Rockers" (1980; Theodoros Bafaloukos; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Leroy Wallace; and "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff. Feb. 26-27: "Gallipoli" (†) and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (†). Feb. 28: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (†) and "A Letter to Jane" (†). From Feb. 29: "Children of Paradise" (†) and "Zero for Conduct" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "Android" (Aaron Lipstadt), with Klaus Kinski.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through March 1: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti. From March 2: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
Theatre 2: Through March 1: "Yentl" (†). From March 2: "Over the Brooklyn Bridge" (Menahem Golan), with Elliott Gould and Margaux Hemingway.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
Theatre 2: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Dresser" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Dresser" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Backstage at the Kirov" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Fantasia" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Compleat Beatles" (Patrick Montgomery), a documentary.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through March 1: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.
From March 2: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Confidentially Yours" (François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Tender Mercies" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tender Mercies" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Basileus Quartet" (†).
Theatre 2: "That Sinking Feeling" (Bill Forsyth).
Theatre 3: "Dear Maestro" (Luciano Odorisio; in Italian).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.
Theatre 2: "Entre Nous" (Diane Kurys; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "El Norte" (†).
Theatre 2: "Yentl" (†).
Theatre 3: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.
Theatre 4: "The Right Stuff" (†).

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
Theatre 2: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Never Cry Wolf" (†).
Theatre 2: "To Be or Not to Be" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.
Theatre 4: (matinées only) "The Smurfs and the Magic Flute;" and (evenings only) "Scarface" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Lassiter" (directed by Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.
Theatre 2: "Blame It on Rio" (†).
Theatre 3: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.
Theatre 4: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 5: "Sudden Impact" (†).
Theatre 6: "Sweet Sixteen."

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Yentl" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Uncommon Valor" (†).
Theatre 3: "Never Cry Wolf" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Big Chill" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Footloose" (Herbert Ross), with Kevin Bacon and Lori Singer.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 22: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell. From Feb. 23: To be announced.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Smurfs and the Magic Flute."

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 23: "The Lonely Guy" (†). From Feb. 24: "Running Hot."
Theatre 2: Through March 1: "Deathstalker." From March 2: "Harry & Son" (Paul Newman), with Newman and Robby Benson.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Silkwood" (†).
Theatre 2: "Scarface" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through March 1: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah. From March 2: "Over the Brooklyn Bridge" (Menahem Golan), with Elliott Gould and Margaux Hemingway.
Theatre 2: "Unfaithfully Yours" (Howard Zieff), with Dudley Moore and Nastassja Kinski.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"When the Mountains Tremble" (1984; directed by Pamela Yates and Thomas Sigel; in Spanish); and "Nicaragua: Report from the Front" (1984; Deborah Shaffer and Thomas Sigel).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Burroughs" (1984; Howard Brookner), a documentary.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 23: "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen; and "The Great Santini" ("The Ace;" 1980; Lewis John Carlino), with Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, and Michael O'Keefe.
Feb. 24-25: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.
Feb. 26-28: "Planet of the Apes" (†) and "2001: A Space Odyssey" (†).
Feb. 29-March 1: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).
March 2-3: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Feb. 22: "Chariots of Fire" (1981; Hugh Hudson), with Ben Cross and Ian Charleson; and "Personal Best" (1982; Robert Towne), with Mariel Hemingway, Scott Glenn, Patrice Donnelly, and Kenny Moore.
Feb. 23-25: "Sophie's Choice" (1982; Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, and Peter MacNicol; and "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons.
Feb. 26-27: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.
Feb. 28-29: "Risky Business" (1983; Paul Brickman), with Tom Cruise and Rebecca De Mornay; and "National Lampoon's Vacation" (1983; Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.
March 1-3: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Feb. 23: "Fire and Ice" (1983; Ralph Bakshi), an animated film; and "Heavy Metal" (1981), an animated film.
Feb. 24-25: "1941" (1979; Steven Spielberg), with Dan Aykroyd, Ned Beatty, and John Belushi; "Animal House" (1978; John Landis), with John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, and Verna Bloom; and "The Blues Brothers" (1980; John Landis), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.
Feb. 26: "Porky's" (1982; Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier; and "Porky's II: The Next Day" (1983; Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan.
Feb. 27-28: "Over the Edge" (1979; Jonathan Kaplan), with Matt Dillon; and "The Wanderers" (†).
Feb. 29-March 1: "Yol" (1982; Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish), and "Midnight Express" (1978; Alan Parker), with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin.
March 2-3: "West Side Story" (1961; Robert Wise), with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris; and "Splendor in the Grass" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Feb. 23: "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.
Feb. 24: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (1983; Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman; and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.
Feb. 25: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Body Heat" (1981; Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Richard Crenna.
Feb. 26: "Gandhi" (1982; Richard Attenborough), with Ben Kingsley.
Feb. 27: "Samurai Spy" (1965; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Koji Takahashi; and "Double Suicide" (†).
Feb. 28: "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven; and "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles, and Elizabeth Taylor.
Feb. 29: "Chariots of Fire" (1981; Hugh Hudson), with Ben Cross and Ian Charleson; and "Gallipoli" (†).
March 1: "Don't Look Back" (1967; Donn Pennebaker), with Bob Dylan; and "The Buddy Holly Story" (1978; Steve Rash), with Gary Busey in the title role.
From March 2: "The Seven Samurai" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Feb. 23: "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" ("Wild Horses of Fire;" 1964; Sergei Paradjanov; a Ukrainian film); and "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada.
Feb. 24-25: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson.
Feb. 26-27: "Lost Horizon" (1937 †) and "The Good Earth" (†).
Feb. 28-29: "Sons and Lovers" (1960; Jack Cardiff), with Dean Stockwell, Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, Mary Ure, and Heather Sears; and "The Sundowners" (1960 †).
March 1-3: "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" (1955; Henry King), with William Holden and Jennifer Jones; and "Three Coins in the Fountain" (1954; Jean Negulesco), with Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire, Jean Peters, Louis Jourdan, and Maggie McNamara.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Feb. 22: "Demon Pond" (1982; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando; and "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo.
Feb. 23: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson; and "A Little Night Music" (1978; Harold Prince), with Elizabeth Taylor, Diana Rigg, Len Cariou, Lesley-Anne Down, and Hermione Gingold.
Feb. 24-25: "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale; and "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz.
Feb. 26: "Love and Anarchy" (†) and "The Seduction of Mimi" (†).
Feb. 27: "Queen of Outer Space" (1958; Edward Bernds), with Zsa Zsa Gabor and Eric Fleming; and "The Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living and Became Mixed-Up Zombies" (1962).
Feb. 28: "Black Girl" (1972 †) and "Book of Numbers" (†).
Feb. 29: "Elegy to Violence" (1966; Seijun Suzuki; in Japanese); and "The Tragic Music Teacher" (1977; Noboru Tanaka; in Japanese).
March 1: "Bedazzled" (†); and "Damn Yankees" (1958; Stanley Donen), with Gwen Verdon, Ray Walston, and Tab Hunter.
March 2-3: "Circle of Power" (1982; Bobby Roth), with Yvette Mimieux; and "Victim" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Feb. 22: "Lady in the Lake" (1947; Robert Montgomery), with Montgomery, Audrey Totter, and Lloyd Nolan; and "Night Must Fall" (1937; Richard Thorpe), with Ros-

David B. Wiepert

alind Russell, Robert Montgomery, and Dame May Whitty.

Feb. 23: "Summer and Smoke" (1961; Peter Glenville), with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel; and "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962; Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn.

Feb. 24-25: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

Feb. 26: "Murder Ahoy" (1964) and "Murder at the Gallop" (1963), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

Feb. 27: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.

Feb. 28: "Too Many Husbands" (†) and "The More the Merrier" (†).

Feb. 29: "Don't Bother to Knock" (†); and "Niagara" (1953; Henry Hathaway), with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, and Jean Peters.

March 1: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Marrying Kind" (1952; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray.

March 2-3: "Harold and Maude" (†); and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"PM Magazine," a five-channel video and sound installation by Dara Birnbaum. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Closed Mondays.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in May.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

And the Ship Sails On—The year is 1914. A luxury liner called the Gloria N. is sailing from Naples, carrying the ashes of a great operatic diva to the waters off the island of her birth, where they are to be dispersed at sea. Also on board are the late star's friends, colleagues, teachers, accompanists, relatives, fans, and lovers, all of whom have been summoned to take part in the ceremony. During the trip, the ship picks up several boatloads of Serbian refugees, whose presence on deck eventually causes the Gloria N. to be attacked and sunk by an Austro-Hungarian warship. The survivors escape in lifeboats, after which Fellini drops all pretense at any form of conventional storytelling and adopts the Pirandellian conceit of a play within a play, leaving his viewers at the end to wonder exactly what it is he wishes them to infer. The movie is rife with symbols and the story line does lend itself to allegorical interpretation and facile critical analysis. But somehow, as always, Fellini's artistry transcends the obvious. In Italian. (12/26/83; under Letter from Rome.) (Cinema I.)

Backstage at the Kirov—We are introduced to the new and gifted young ballerina Altynaï Assylmuratova as she prepares for her début in "Swan Lake." Then we are driven mad by camerawork that prevents us from seeing what she looks like dancing. Present-day and former Kirov stars are glimpsed, but few are named; there seems to be only one prima ballerina, the relatively drab Galina Mezentseva, who is also seen in extensive "Swan Lake" footage and for whom, strangely enough, the camera behaves like a dream. (Guild.)

Basileus Quartet—This movie about a string quartet turns out to be less interested in music and musicians than in demonstrating the perils of asceticism, but it's fairly pleasing, anyway. The quartet has toured together for thirty years when the first violinist (François Simon) has a fatal heart attack. He is replaced by a twenty-year-old virtuoso (Pierre Malet) with long ringlets, flaring nostrils, and the animal sensuality of a young Nureyev. The life in him is too much of a shock to the three older men, and, with no ill will on his part, he brings them to grief. The writer-director Fabio Carpi is somewhat too measured and solemn in his approach, and the material sags when one of the three (Michel Vitold) deludes himself that the young fiddler is his lover. But the other two—Omero Antonutti and Hector Alterio, both with trim, lordly beards—bring the film force and dignity. With Gabriele Ferzetti and Alain Cuny. In Italian. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/6/84.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Dudley Moore and Peter Cook, who had performed in the "Beyond the Fringe" cabaret-comedy troupe, probably did their best screen teamwork in this movie, written by Cook, from a story they devised together. It's a very deft and silly and likable Faustian vaudeville—a series of sketches in which the tall, skinny Cook, as the Devil, makes a sucker of the shy, little-boyish Faust (Moore). Directed by Stanley Donen, the skits are very quick, and little bits of verbal wit seem to be flying about. Moore starts out as a timid, working-class fellow who's hopelessly in love with a girl (Eleanor Bron) who likes intellectuals; he sells his soul for her, and of course he never gets her. He and Bron (whose hair seems to be twisted into different shapes in every scene) are like a British Nichols and May. The Devil grants him seven wishes, and the fun of the plot is in Moore's seven different incarnations and in the Devil's cool deviousness in seven guises. Each time Moore has a wish fulfilled, the desire behind it is frustrated, and the situations get so twisted that at one point he and Bron weep together, because although they love each other, they can't be cruel enough to cuckold her saintly husband (Cook). This movie surprises you by making you laugh out loud. With Raquel Welch who appears briefly as Lust, Barry Humphries as Envy, and Lockwood West as St. Peter. (Thalia; March 1.)

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (10/17/83) (Loews New York Twin, and Embassy.)

Black Girl (1972)—Peggy Pettitt is the young girl living in a matriarchal family who tries to free herself from the patterns of ghetto apathy and become a dancer. The structure resembles the well-made second-rate serious play of thirty years ago, and the movie is faltering and clumsy, but it's an honest, straightforward attempt to express black experiences. The actors embody these experiences even when the theatrical mechanisms get in the way. Ossie Davis directed, from J. E. Franklin's adaptation of her own Off Broadway play. With the talented, queenly Louise Stubbs as the girl's mother; that powerhouse Claudia McNeil as the grandmother; Brock Peters; and, regrettably, the miscast Leslie Uggams. (Thalia; Feb. 28.)

Blame It on Rio—Travel-folder footage of Rio mixed with father-daughter incest (in a disguised form). The movie is about a forty-three-year-old father's guilt and confusion because of his affair with his best friend's fifteen-year-old daughter, who is also his own teen-age daughter's best friend. Michael Caine and Joseph Bologna are the fathers who take their daughters (Demi Moore and Michelle Johnson, respectively) for a month's holiday in Rio. On the beach, ogling the bare-breasted women, the fathers see the backs of two beauties, who turn, and their bare-breasted daughters come bobbing over to them, laughing at their discomfort and hugging them. It's as if a Doris Day–Rock Hudson comedy of the early sixties had gone topless. Most of the movie is an attempt to squirm out from under its messy erotic-parental subject. (Claude Berri's 1977 film "One Wild Moment," which has the same plot, isn't credited on the screen or in the publicity.) Directed by Stanley Donen from a final script by Larry Gelbart (a revision of Charlie Peters' version), the picture degenerates into a smarmy sitcom. It oozes self-consciousness. Caine's near-incest keeps him sweating and rushing about anxiously, while the ripe-to-bursting Michelle Johnson pouts and wiggles. With Valerie Harper. (2/20/84) (Murray Hill, Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)

Book of Numbers (1973)—How a black-operated numbers bank gets started in a small Southern town during the Depression. Directed by, and with, Raymond St. Jacques. (Thalia; Feb. 28.)

Broadway Danny Rose—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. The new Judas in his life is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a barrel-chested singer in his forties with a dimply, piggy, Vegas smile and a voice to make musicians shudder. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The movie is about how Lou Canova's ruthless, tough girlfriend Tina (Mia Farrow, disguised with a nasal accent, fright wig, shades, and some padding) learns to appreciate Danny. Shot in grainy black-and-white, the material is dim and larval, like Danny. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. (2/6/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Beekman, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—This lushly romantic creation, directed by Marcel Carné and written by Jacques Prévert, is a one-of-a-kind film, a sumptuous epic about the relations between theatre and life. At first, it may seem a romance set in the Paris of Balzac; it turns into a comparison of dramatic modes—it includes at least five kinds of theatrical performance. And, encompassing these, it is a film poem on the nature and varieties of love—sacred and profane, selfless and possessive. It was made during the Occupation, and it is said that the starving extras made away with some of the banquets before they could be photographed. With Jean-Louis Barrault as the soulful mime Deburau (the Pierrot; Barrault sucks in his cheeks so much that he sometimes suggests Dietrich) and the incomparable Arletty as Garance; Pierre Brasseur as the Shakespearean actor Lemaître (the Harlequin); Louis Salou as the count; Marcel Herrand as the philosophical murderer; Pierre Renoir as the ragpicker-informer; and Maria Casarès, in the unrewarding role of the theatre manager's daughter, who marries Deburau and becomes the mother of an abominable offspring. (The child is pure Hollywood.) In French. (Film Forum; starting Feb. 29.)

Don't Bother to Knock (1952)—Marilyn Monroe as a psychotic babysitter. She wasn't yet a box-office star, but her unformed—almost blobby—quality is very creepy, and she dominated this melodrama. In other respects, it's standard, though the New York hotel setting helps, and so does the young Anne Bancroft, as a singer who works in the hotel. Roy Baker directed fairly efficiently, from Daniel Taradash's screenplay, based on Charlotte

Armstrong's novel. With Richard Widmark as the airline-pilot hero, Donna Corcoran, Elisha Cook, Jr., Jim Backus, Don Beddoe, Jeanne Cagney, and Lurene Tuttle. Cinematography by Lucien Ballard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 29.)

Double Suicide (1969)—A magnificently photographed Japanese film based on the eighteenth-century play by Chikamatzu, with an introduction that clues the viewer in on the style of Bunraku puppet drama. The film finds the ethics of modern Japan as absurd as the ethics of the earlier period; however, despite the cues to the stylization, the meaning is less apparent than the artistry of the director, Masahiro Shinoda. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 27.)

The Dresser—Almost everything in this screen version of Ronald Harwood's 1980 play is good except what relates to its theme: the symbiotic relationship between an old Shakespearean actor-manager (Albert Finney) and his dresser (Tom Courtenay). The material is conceived as a tribute to the flyweight dresser, who cajoles and teases and mothers the old trouper, and keeps him going. In the film's view, great actors are incorrigible, demented children; they need these dedicated nannies hopping about and fussing over them. Courtenay played the dresser on the stage, and his performance is too practiced; it's all dried up. Finney, however, is juicy, with a thundering voice and wonderful false humility. Peter Yates directed, and he provides some fond, light moments. With Lockwood West, Edward Fox, Cathryn Harrison, Eileen Atkins, and Zena Walker. (1/23/84) (Cinema II, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Ziegfeld.)

Gallipoli (1981)—A well-executed academic exercise about the waste of war—two young Australian runners, played by (dark-haired) Mel Gibson and (blond) Mark Lee, are slaughtered. (They and other Australians are sacrificed in an ill-conceived First World War maneuver designed to protect the British.) It's an "artistic" film, full of familiar pathos and irony—a tragic buddy-buddy movie directed by Peter Weir. His wide-screen staging is very elegant; his weakness is in his habit of stereotyping villains (in this case they're mostly the British). There's also a larger weakness: there's no discernible reason for him to have made the picture except to bring off a "classic." Gibson gives a fresh and impressive performance, but Lee does a very conventional acting job and his character is much too gallant and good and brave. With Bill Kerr, a fine, bald-headed actor with a great voice, as Uncle Jack, who reads aloud to the children. The script is by David Williamson; the cinematography is by Russell Boyd. (Film Forum; Feb. 26-27. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; Feb. 29.)

The Good Earth (1937)—Having purchased Pearl S. Buck's celebrated Chinese-family

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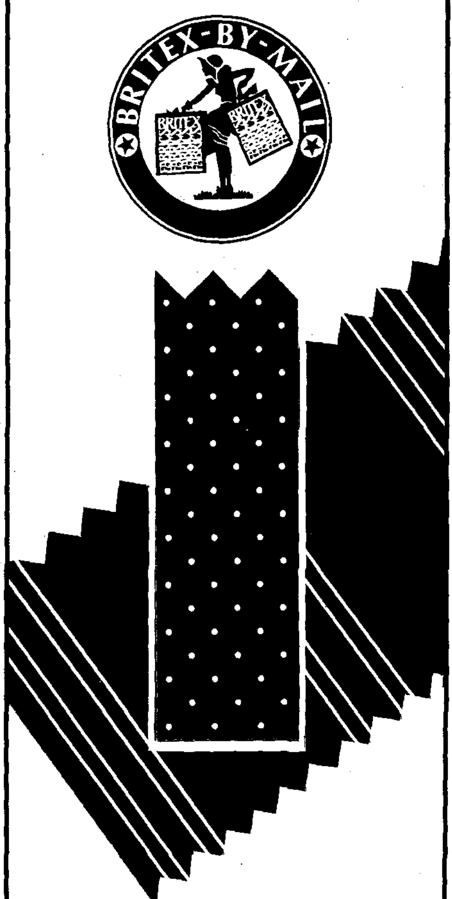

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saga, M-G-M sent an expedition to China that brought back two million feet of atmospheric shots and eighteen tons of costumes, native animals, dismantled farmhouses, and a village shrine. Then five hundred California acres were landscaped and terraced to simulate a Chinese farm, locusts were rented for a scourge, and Occidentals were chosen for the leads, with Orientals in the supporting roles and as the babies. Luise Rainer, who had taken an Academy Award for her Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld," won another for her monotonous yet affecting performance as the stoic O-Lan, the wife of the peasant Wang (Paul Muni); during the looting of a manor house, she picks up the jewels that raise the family out of starvation into prosperity. But Wang, spoiled by wealth, loses contact with the good earth; he becomes infatuated with Lotus the dancer (Tilly Losch, who does a lot of finger-twirling) and takes her as his second wife, and his lust almost destroys the family. The locust plague brings him to his senses. It's a sermon melodrama—a glorification of the passive, selfless, suffering mother O-Lan. (There isn't a shred of sympathy for Lotus, who is bought and sold.) The film domesticates exoticism; it's as predictable as an Andy Hardy picture, but much more sober and much, much longer. With Walter Connolly as the scoundrelly uncle, Charley Grapewin as the family patriarch, Keye Luke and Roland Lui as the sons, Jessie Ralph, and Harold Huber. The script, by Talbot Jennings, Tess Slesinger, and Claudine West, was partly based on a stage version by Owen and Donald Davis. This film, which was four years in the making, is dedicated to its producer, Irving Thalberg, who died in 1936; his associate, Albert Lewin, completed it. The first director, George Hill, who had supervised shooting the background footage in China, committed suicide, and the project was taken over by Sidney Franklin, who directed with his usual lack of imagination, individuality, and style. He was the M-G-M heavyweight champ. Herbert Stothart was in charge of the music; the montage work is by Slavko Vorkapich; Arnold Gillespie headed the special-effects department that produced the visually exciting locust attack. The cinematographer was the great Karl Freund. In sepia. (Regency; Feb. 26-27.)

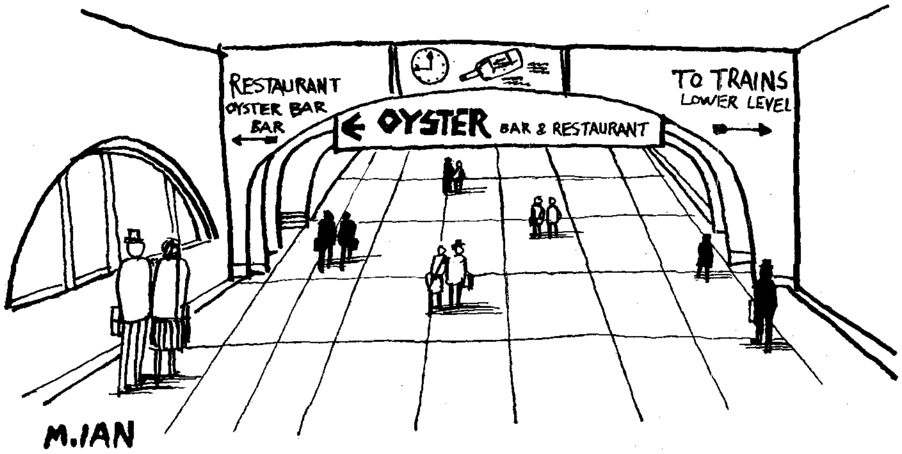
HAROLD AND MAUDE (1971)—Bud Cort is Harold, a rich, suicidal introvert with a soft, unformed face—he's nineteen but looks younger. Ruth Gordon is poor but spunky Maude, the wizened seventy-nine-year-old woman who's like a cheerleader for Life. She lives in a railway car, would like to change into a sunflower, frets over how to save an ailing tree, prankishly steals vehicles and drives crazily; she advises Harold to "reach out." In this satirical-whimsical romantic comedy, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Colin Higgins, Harold reaches out by falling in love with Maude, and their love is consummated on the eve of her eightieth birthday. Many young moviegoers have returned to this eccentric film repeatedly (in 1974, one twenty-two-year-old claimed to have seen it a hundred and thirty-eight times); maybe this is partly because of its mixture of the maudlin and the highly sophisticated. The message is not very different from that of "Hello, Dolly!" and "Mame," but Harold's flaccid asexuality (he's like a sickly infant, a limp, earthbound Peter Pan) and Maude's advanced stage of pixiness give that message a special freaky quality. And the film has been made with considerable wit and skill. The early scenes, in which Harold tries out various gruesome methods of suicide without scaring his unflappable mother (Vivian Pickles), have a stylized humor. But Ashby has *directed* eccentrically. The actors are often seen at a great distance and the dialogue reaches us from a distance, too; the sound level varies so much that we keep losing the voices, and Harold's lines often fade away. With Cyril Cusack, Ellen Geer, and Charles Tyner. Music by Cat Stevens, with mush-minded lyrics. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 2-3.)

A LETTER TO JANE (1972)—A forty-five-minute-long lecture-demonstration that is a movie only in a marginal sense. A single news photograph appears on the screen; it is of tall Jane Fonda towering above some Vietnamese, and on the track Jean-Luc Godard and Jean-Pierre Gorin discuss the implications of the photograph. Their talk is didactic, condescending, and offensively inhuman. In French. (Film Forum; Feb. 28.)

THE LONELY GUY—Thrown out by his girlfriend, Steve Martin falls into a subculture of Lonely Guys, a secret society of men who recognize each other. (It's like the closeted gay subculture of the fifties.) Adapted from Bruce Jay Friedman's 1978 "The Lonely Guy's Book of Life," this comedy has some wonderful gags and a lot of other good ideas for gags, but it was directed by Arthur Hiller, who is the opposite of a perfectionist, and it makes you feel as if you were watching television. Steve Martin has his moments, though, and he and Charles Grodin (as a veteran Lonely Guy) do a series of partly improvised sketches; they're a great manic-depressive team—Martin is starry-eyed and hopeful, Grodin is droopy and negative. With Judith Ivey, Steve Lawrence, Robyn Douglass, and pointless guest appearances by Loni Anderson, Merv Griffin, and Dr. Joyce Brothers. The adaptation is by Neil Simon; the script is by Ed Weinberger and Stan Daniels. The atrocious cinematography is by Victor J. Kemper. (2/20/84) (Rivoli; through Feb. 23.)

LOST HORIZON (1937)—The original version of the James Hilton novel, directed by Frank Capra, from Robert Riskin's script—part popular adventure and part prissy, high-flown cracker-barrel sentimentality. The early trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his charmingly cadenced manner, but Shangri-La, the genteel Himalayan utopia of peace, health, and eternal life, resembles, as Graham Greene pointed out, a film star's luxurious estate in Beverly Hills. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, and Edward Everett Horton, Thomas Mitchell, Isabel Jewell, H. B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, and Jane Wyatt. Score by Dmitri Tiomkin. (Regency; Feb. 26-27.)

LOVE AND ANARCHY (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant



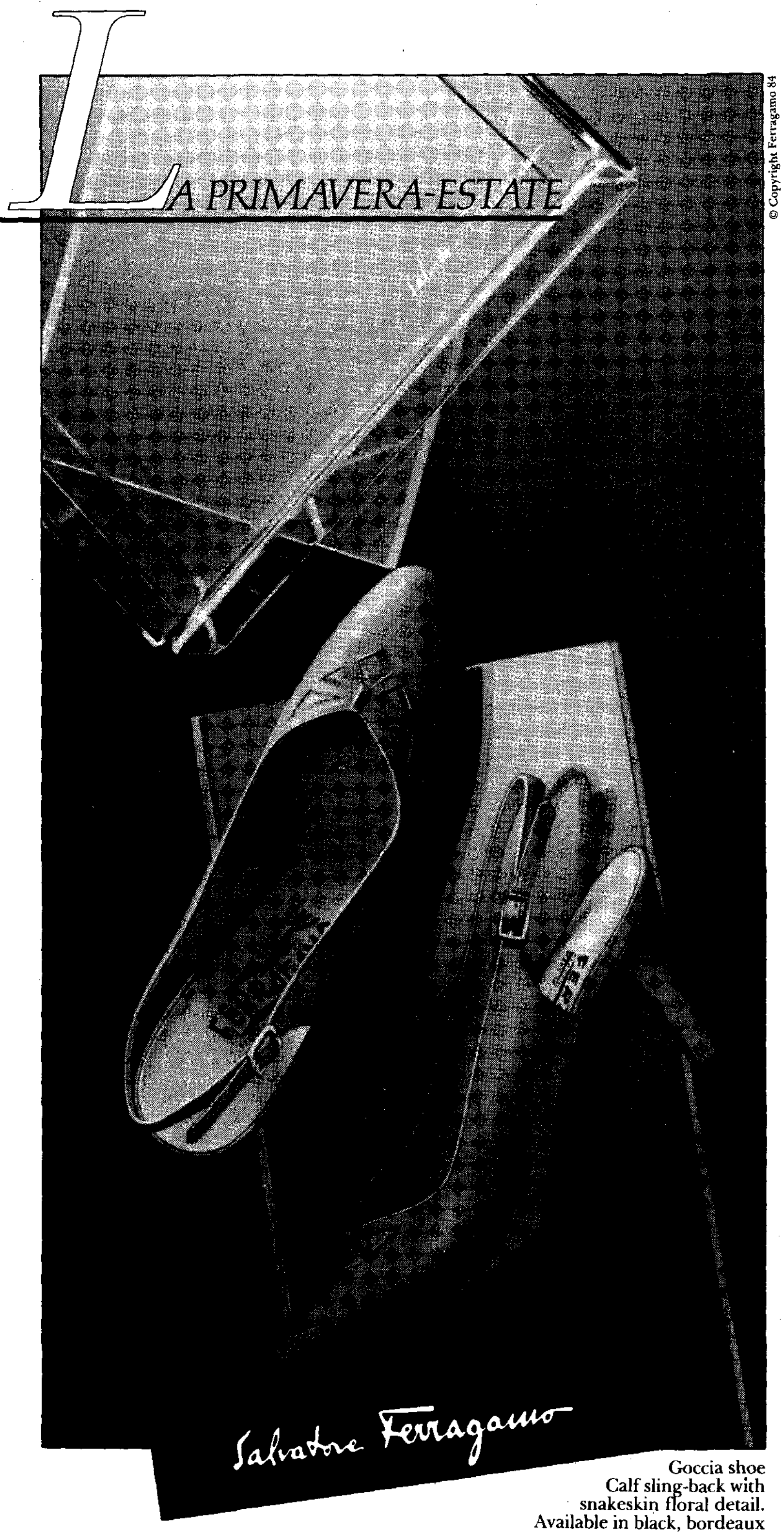
and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. With Mariangela Melato, Lina Polito, Elena Fiore, and Eros Pagni. Cinematography by Giuseppe Rotunno; music by Nino Rota. In Italian. (Thalia; Feb. 26.)

The More the Merrier (1943)—It has a memorable, summer-night love scene: the very proper government-worker heroine (Jean Arthur) reluctantly sits down on the front steps of her apartment building with the inventor-hero (Joel McCrea); they begin to neck, and she's embarrassed by what she feels. It's lovely; sexy and funny. The film is set in Washington, D.C., during the Second World War; the housing shortage results in their becoming part of an innocent *ménage à trois* with Charles Coburn, an elderly businessman who enjoys playing Cupid. Directed by George Stevens, this hit comedy is lively and well paced, but the fun is too often forced, and Jean Arthur overdoes her adorably prim act. McCrea, though, is easy and casually sophisticated, and, as usual, serves his co-stars, gets his laughs, and never hogs attention. Written by many hands (Robert Russell, Frank Ross, Richard Flournoy, Lewis R. Foster); with Bruce Bennett and Richard Gaines. (Remade in 1966 as "Walk, Don't Run," with Cary Grant in the Coburn role.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 28.)

Never Cry Wolf—Adapted from Farley Mowat's autobiographical book, this Carroll Ballard film is about a young biologist (Charles Martin Smith) working for the Canadian government, who is sent to spend a year in the sub-Arctic North. His mission is to find a way to get rid of the wolves that have supposedly been devastating the caribou herds, but he learns that men, rather than wolves, are the predators. Visually (and aurally, too), the film is magnificent. It needed a more stirring script and a central actor with more range (and some depth). But there's a lot of free-floating transcendence, and though it doesn't serve the prosaic story, it certainly holds you. Everything that Ballard (working with Hiro Narita as the cinematographer) shoots seems new, and it has a distinctive, shimmering purity. (12/12/83) (Gramercy, U.A. 85th St. East, Olympia Quad, and Embassy.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars (1983)—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion;" and maybe, because it's about the Second World War and Renoir's film was about the First, at times it's like a more deracinated "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. The full fresco treatment that the directors give to the events of that summer is based on their own wartime experiences as adolescents, and on the accounts of others; it's this teeming, fecund mixture, fermenting in their heads for almost forty years, that produces the film's giddy, hallucinated realism. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (68th St. Playhouse.)

El Norte—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands, which probably hasn't changed much since pre-Columbian times, to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Within a matter of days, Rosa goes from carrying a large jug of water on her head to trying to operate an electronic washing machine in a Beverly Hills mansion. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of



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Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan as Josefita, Trinidad Silva as the L.A. job broker, and Lupe Ontiveros as Nacha. In Spanish. (2/20/84) (72nd Street East, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock (1975)—An Australian film by Peter Weir set on St. Valentine's Day in 1900 in a prissy girls' school that attempts, under the eye of Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, to import an English way of thought into the Australian outback. The plot has to do with the occult disappearance of a gang of the schoolgirls and of their mistress; the moral matter has to do with the impropriety of trying to impose one culture on another. A very interesting film. (Film Forum; Feb. 26-27.)

Planet of the Apes (1968)—This is a slick commercial picture, with its elements carefully engineered—pretty girl (who unfortunately doesn't seem to have had acting training), comic relief, thrills, chases—but when expensive Hollywood engineering works, the results can be impressive. This is one of the liveliest science-fiction fantasies ever to come out of Hollywood. The writing, by Michael Wilson and Rod Serling, who adapted Pierre Boulle's novel "Monkey Planet," is often fancy-ironic in the old school of poetic disillusion, but the construction is first-rate. An American astronaut finds himself in the future, on a planet run by apes; the audience is rushed along with this hero, who keeps going as fast as possible to avoid being castrated or lobotomized. All this wouldn't be so forceful or so funny if it weren't for the use of Charlton Heston in the role. With his perfect, lean-hipped, powerful body, Heston is a godlike hero; built for strength, he's an archetype of what makes Americans win. He doesn't play a nice guy; he's harsh and hostile, self-centered and hot-tempered. Yet we don't hate him, because he's so magnetically strong; he represents American power—and he has the profile of an eagle. He is the perfect American Adam for this black-comedy entertainment. The director, Franklin Schaffner, has thought out the action in terms of the wide screen, and he uses space and distance dramatically. The makeup (there is said to be a million dollars' worth) and the costuming of the actors playing the apes are rather witty, and the apes have a wonderful nervous, hopping walk. The best little hopper is Kim Hunter, as an ape lady doctor; she somehow manages to give a distinctive, charming performance in this makeup. With Roddy McDowall, Maurice Evans, James Whitmore, James Daly, and Linda Harrison. The movie spun off four sequels and a TV series. (Cinema Village; Feb. 26-28.)

The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was, set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Manhattan, Loews 83rd Quad, Movieland, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

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Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (86th St. East, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad, evening performances only.)

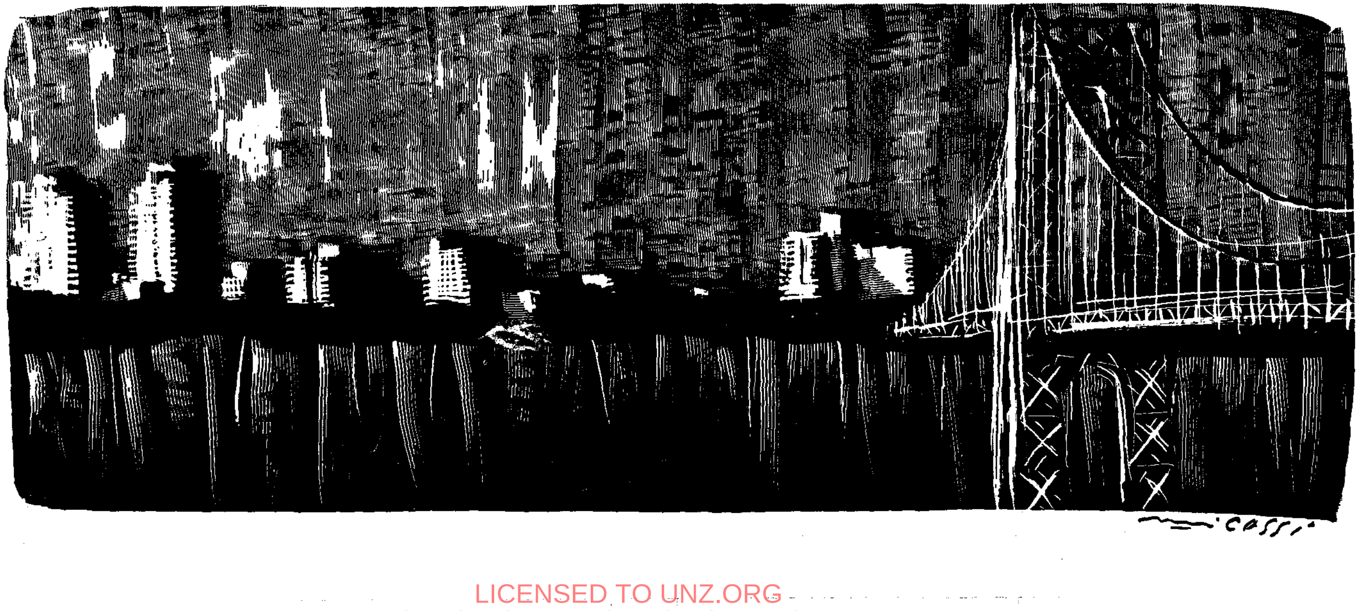
The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife and his Cranach-faced mistress. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (Thalia; Feb. 26.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This three-and-a-half-hour epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated, but no one has come near it. With Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura. (For a period in the fifties, it circulated in a much shorter version under the title "The Magnificent Seven," but in 1960 that title was appropriated by an American version of the story, with the samurai changed to gunmen.) In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; starting March 2.)

Silkwood—An absorbing but cloudy and unfocussed account of Karen Silkwood's union activism, her contamination by plutonium, and her death in a single-car crash. Directed by Mike Nichols, this passive advocacy film is permeated with paranoia and hopelessness. As the heroine, Meryl Streep has the external details of "Okie bad girl" down pat, but she's like a replicant—all shtick. Kurt Russell, who plays Karen's lover, is used mostly for his bare chest and his dimples. Cher (as Karen's friend and roommate) has a lovely, dark-lady presence, but she's used as a lesbian Mona Lisa, all faraway smiles and shrugs. As a cosmetician in a mortuary, Diana Scarwid gets laughs out of her tight walk and line readings—she sounds like Jean Harlow as a Valley Girl. The cast includes Craig T. Nelson, Ron Silver, E. Katherine Kerr, Sudie Bond, Josef Sommer, and Fred Ward. The script is by Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen. (1/9/84) (Loews Tower East, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

Splendor in the Grass (1961)—William Inge wrote the baroque primer-Freud screenplay, about the frustrations of adolescent sexuality, and Elia Kazan whipped it up. The picture, set in a small Kansas town in the twenties, is hysterically on the side of young love, and this hysteria seems integral to the film's moments of emotional power, its humor, and its beauty. Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty are high-school sweethearts whose parents think they are too young to marry. And so, deprived of love together, the boy turns to a floozy and the girl, maddened by loss of him, goes to a mental institution. The parents are the mean, hypocritical monsters you expect in this sort of youth-slanted picture, which pretends to deal with real adolescent problems but actually begs the issue by having the two kids tenderly in love. The movie doesn't suggest that adolescents have a right to sexual experimentation—it just attacks the corrupted grownups for their failure to value love above all else. It's the old corn, fermented in a new way. The extraordinary cast includes Sandy Dennis, Barbara Loden, Zohra Lampert, Pat Hingle, Martine Bartlett, Audrey Christie, Fred Stewart, Gary Lockwood, Phyllis Diller as Texas Guinan, and Inge himself as the Reverend. Cinematography by Boris Kaufman; production design by Richard Sylbert; music by David Amram. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 2-3.)

Sudden Impact—Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry Callahan of the San Francisco Police Department for the fourth time, and the picture is a slightly psychopathic version of an old Satur-



day-afternoon serial, with Harry sneering at the scum and cursing them before he shoots them. The murderer he's on the trail of is played by Sondra Locke, who, it turns out, is a saintly executioner, much like him; she's taking care of her quota of scum, and might just as well be called Dirty Harriet. The whole thing is so obvious that it might be mistaken for parody if the sledgehammer-slow pacing didn't tell you that the director (Eastwood) wasn't in on the joke. With Pat Hingle, Audrie J. Neenan, Bradford Dillman, Albert Popwell, Paul Drake, Jack Thibeau, Mara Corday, and Michael V. Gazzo. (1/23/84) (Criterion Theatres.)

The Sundowners (1960)—This major film by a major director (Fred Zinnemann) was neglected when it came out—possibly because Warners didn't believe that people would go to see a movie set in Australia—and it has never achieved the reputation it deserves. It's a large, episodic movie, with a strong emotional texture—an epic about the space and emptiness of the country, and about Robert Mitchum as a man who doesn't want to stay in one place, and Deborah Kerr as the wife who keeps moving with him, raising a son (Michael Anderson, Jr.) who has never known a settled existence. There are marvellous sequences: one involving a race horse who's like a pipe dream of a horse; another, a great sheep-shearing contest, with Mitchum pitted against a wizardly little old geezer (Wylie Watson). And the characters seem more red-blooded and vigorous and eccentric than in other Zinnemann films. Deborah Kerr isn't at all aristocratic or mannered here; this may be her richest performance. Peter Ustinov and Glynis Johns play a secondary, contrasting pair of lovers, and the cast includes Dina Merrill, Chips Rafferty, Ronald Fraser, John Meillon, and Mervyn Johns. The script, by Isobel Lennart, is based on a novel by Jon Cleary; the cinematography is by Jack Hildyard. (Regency; Feb. 28-29.)

Tender Mercies—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptized at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere; the widow's motel-gas station is as isolated as the mansion in "Giant." (It's a mystery how she could ever make a living from it.) Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. (These two have matching deep-sunk eyes.) The theme song—which Duvall sings in a dry, unmusical voice—is called "It Hurts to Face Reality." Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism, the script recalls the alleged Golden Age of Television. With the fine young actress Ellen Barkin, whose few scenes as Mac's daughter by his first marriage are the film's high points, and Betty Buckley, who stirs things up a bit as the brassy, country-star first wife. (5/16/83) (Cinema 3, and Loews Paramount.)

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slap-happy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John

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Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (34th St. East, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

To Be or Not to Be—This remake of Ernst Lubitsch's *1942* picture about a Polish theatre troupe that outwits Nazi officialdom is a mild farce—benign but not really very *funny*. The roles once played by Jack Benny and Carole Lombard are now filled by Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft. She's friendly and sexy, and she seems more at ease in the general silliness than Brooks does. He rushes around in one disguise after another, pretending to be a whole series of Nazis; he never cuts loose. The tall, dazed Christopher Lloyd has a good moment or two, and Charles Durning (as a Nazi colonel) keeps his energy up high enough to give the picture a boost. Others in the cast include José Ferrer, Jack Riley, Tim Matheson, George Gaynes, and James Haake. Directed by Alan Johnson, who doesn't seize his opportunities to work up a head of steam. The semi-new script is by Thomas Meehan and Ronny Graham. (1/9/84) (Olympia Quad.)

Too Many Husbands (1940)—In "My Favorite Wife" and its many variations, the husband with two wives is generally frantic. Here, Jean Arthur, caught between Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas, loves the dilemma. A well-written, light-spirited comedy, adapted by Claude Binyon from Somerset Maugham's play "Home and Beauty." The cast includes Harry Davenport, Melville Cooper, Edgar Buchanan, and Dorothy Peterson. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. (A musical version in 1955 starred Betty Grable and was called "Three for the Show;" it was one of Grable's last and best pictures.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 28.)

The Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico dig for gold and strike it rich—and the writer-director, John Huston, "looks on," as he says, and "lets them stew in their own juice." Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston is the toothless, shrewd old prospector; Tim Holt is a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization, Robert Blake as a Mexican boy, and Bruce Bennett, and with the director himself as the victim of Bogart's cadging. From the B. Traven novel; Ted McCord was the cinematographer; Max Steiner wrote the terrible score. The first section (about twenty minutes), set in Tampico, with Bogart getting a haircut and fighting Barton MacLane in a bar, is so sure and lucid it's as good as anything John Huston ever did—maybe even better than "The Maltese Falcon." But there he sustained the hard, economic style; here he doesn't. And an episode involving the reading of a letter written by Bruce Bennett's wife is so false and virtuous that it's hard to believe that it's in the same movie as those scenes in Tampico. The picture is emotionally memorable, though—it has a powerful cumulative effect; when it's over you know you've seen *something*. (It was a box-office failure in 1948; apparently audiences resented Bogart's departure from the immensely popular "Casablanca" stereotype.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 1-3.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her (1967)—Godard's picture, with Marina Vlady as a lower-middle-class wife in the outskirts of Paris who becomes a prostitute—respectably parking her children first—in order to buy bourgeois clothes and American cigarettes. The social irony is simply and swiftly confirmed. The "her" of the title probably refers as much to Paris as to the heroine. In French. (Film Forum; Feb. 28.)

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2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's slow, precise yet dreamy sci-fi epic. The ponderous, blurry appeal of the picture may be in its mystical vision of a graceful world of space, controlled by superior, godlike minds, where the hero (Keir Dullea) is reborn as an angelic baby. It says that man is just a tiny nothing on the stairway to paradise; something better (i.e., non-human) is coming, and it's all out of your hands, anyway. Kubrick's story line—which accounts for evolution by an extraterrestrial intelligence—is probably the most gloriously redundant plot of all time. The sulky, peevish voice of Hal, the computer—the only amusing character, he suggests a rejected homosexual lover—was supplied by Douglas Rain; the soft-spoken cast includes Gary Lockwood, Margaret Tyzack, and Leonard Rossiter. The script is by Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke; the chief cinematographer was Geoffrey Unsworth, with additional work by John Alcott. (Cinema Village; Feb. 26-28.)

Uncommon Valor—This realistic action fantasy, in which a group of seven former Marines get together for an expedition into Southeast Asia to bring out the missing-in-action men from their Vietnam unit who have been slave laborers for ten years, is right wing and racist, but the director, Ted Kotcheff, keeps the grandiosity in check and the movie is understated and surprisingly enjoyable. It moves on a strong emotional current. As their leader, Gene Hackman treats soldiering in a businesslike way, and he offers a range of held-in, adult emotion that you don't expect to see in an action movie. The cinematography by Steven H. Burum and Ric Waite and the smooth authority of the editing by Mark Melnick also help to undercut the cheap jingoism. With the heavyweight prizefighter Randall (Tex) Cobb, and Fred Ward, Harold Sylvester, Reb Brown, Tim Thomerson, Patrick Swayze, and also Robert Stack, Alice Lau, Debi Parker, Kwan Hi Lim, and Gail Strickland. The script is by Joe Gayton. (1/23/84) (Embassy.)

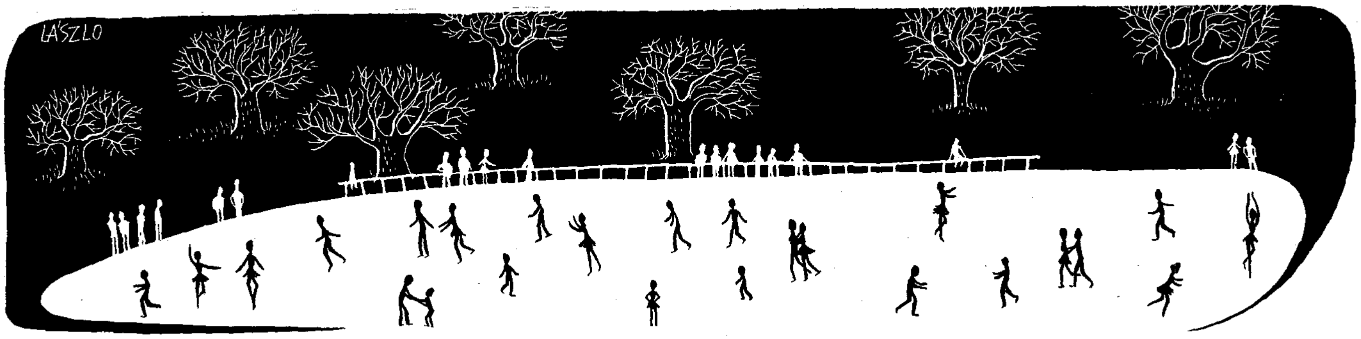
Victim (1961)—This pioneering attempt to create public sympathy for homosexuals and to publicize the English laws that put them in jeopardy is ingenious, moralistic, and moderately amusing. Structurally, it's a slick thriller about a blackmail ring that preys on homosexuals. There's a terribly self-conscious attempt to distinguish between the "love" that the barrister hero (Dirk Bogarde) feels for his wife (Sylvia Syms) and the physical desire—presumably a lower order of emotion—that he once felt for a young man (Peter McEnery), who appears to be more interesting in every way than the wife. The plot requires the barrister to sacrifice his career—to confess his own homosexuality—in order to trap the blackmailers. Basil Dearden directed, from a screenplay by Janet Green and John McCormick. With Dennis Price. The film marked a turning point in Bogarde's career; having been an actor for more than twenty years, he was tired of playing boyishly charming, happy, bouncy roles ("I was the Loretta Young of England," he has said), and this time he acted his age in what was, in those years, a daring role. (Thalia; March 2-3.)

The Wanderers (1979)—The Bronx, 1963: dead-end kids vs. adolescent nightmares, to the music of Dion, the Shirelles, etc. A good adaptation, somewhat more upbeat, of the lurid novel by Richard Price. Directed by Philip Kaufman, who wrote the screenplay with Rose Kaufman. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 27-28.)

Yentl—Barbra Streisand directed, produced, co-wrote, and stars in this musical version of the Isaac Bashevis Singer story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy," and it's funny, delicate, and intense—all at the same time. Set in the thriving Polish-Jewish communities of an imaginary, glowing past, it tells of a young woman with a passion for religious study who grows up in a tradition-bound society where women are excluded from scholarship; when her widower father (who has secretly taught her) dies, she dresses as a boy and goes off to enroll in a yeshiva in a distant town. Dressed as a boy, Yentl for the first time feels attracted to a man—the virile, bearded Avigdor, played by Mandy Patinkin, who can hardly wait for his wedding to Hadass, played by Amy Irving. When these three repressed characters become entangled, the movie (like Singer's story) brushes up against darkness on the one hand and sex farce on the other. The music by Michel Legrand isn't varied enough and the lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman are tainted with feminist psychobabble and Broadway uplift, but Streisand sings with passionate conviction. The cast includes Nehemiah Persoff as Yentl's papa, and Steven Hill as Hadass's father. The diffuse, poetic lighting is by the cinematographer David Watkin. (11/28/83) (Eastside Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and Greenwich Playhouse; through March 1.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (R.K.O. Century Art, and Gemini.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most poetic films ever made and one of the most influential, both in theme (as in Truffaut's "The 400 Blows" and Lindsay Anderson's "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in Godard's "Breathless"). Vigo himself was clearly influenced by Abel Gance's pillow-fight sequence in "Napoléon." In French. (Film Forum; starting Feb. 29.)



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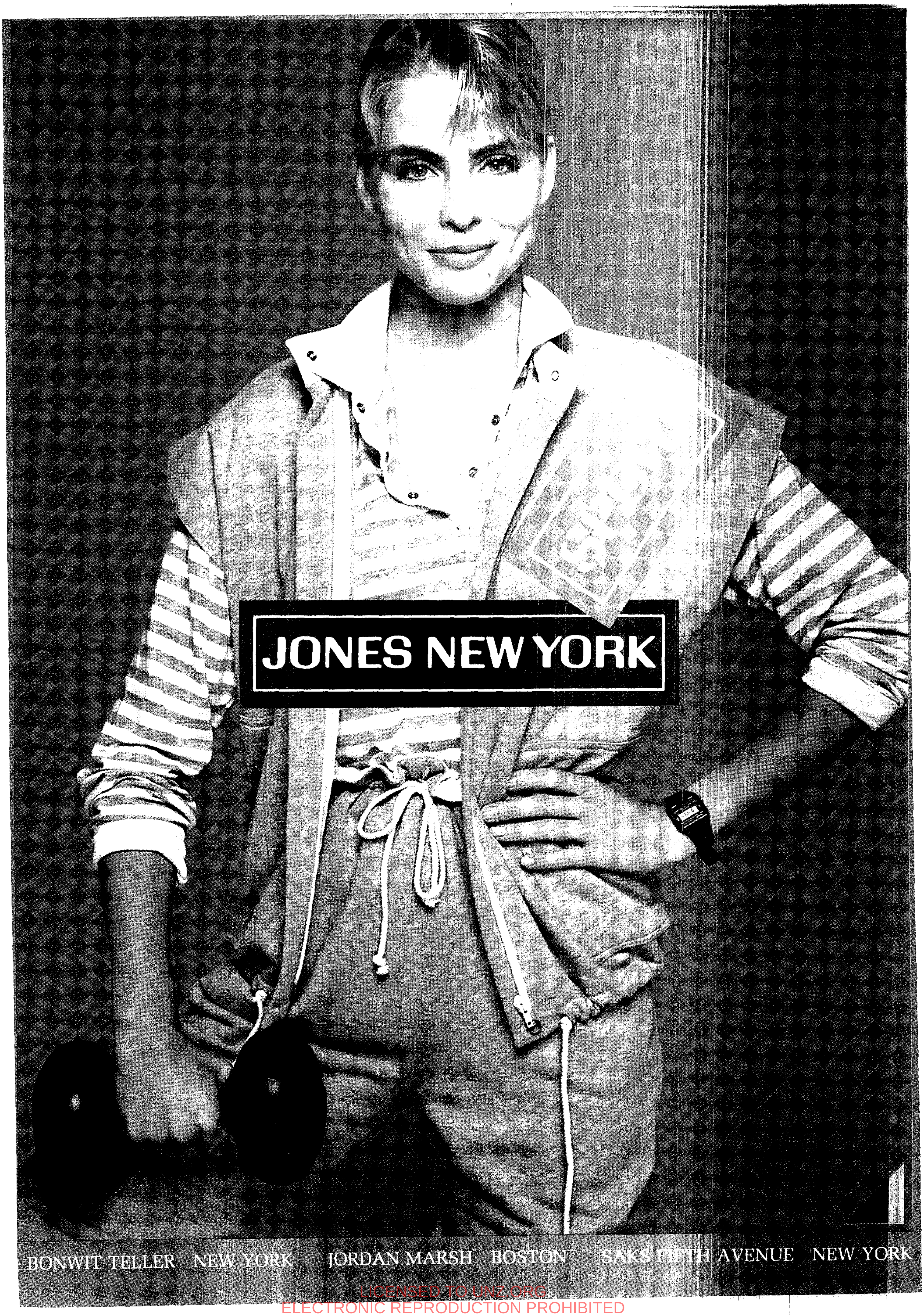
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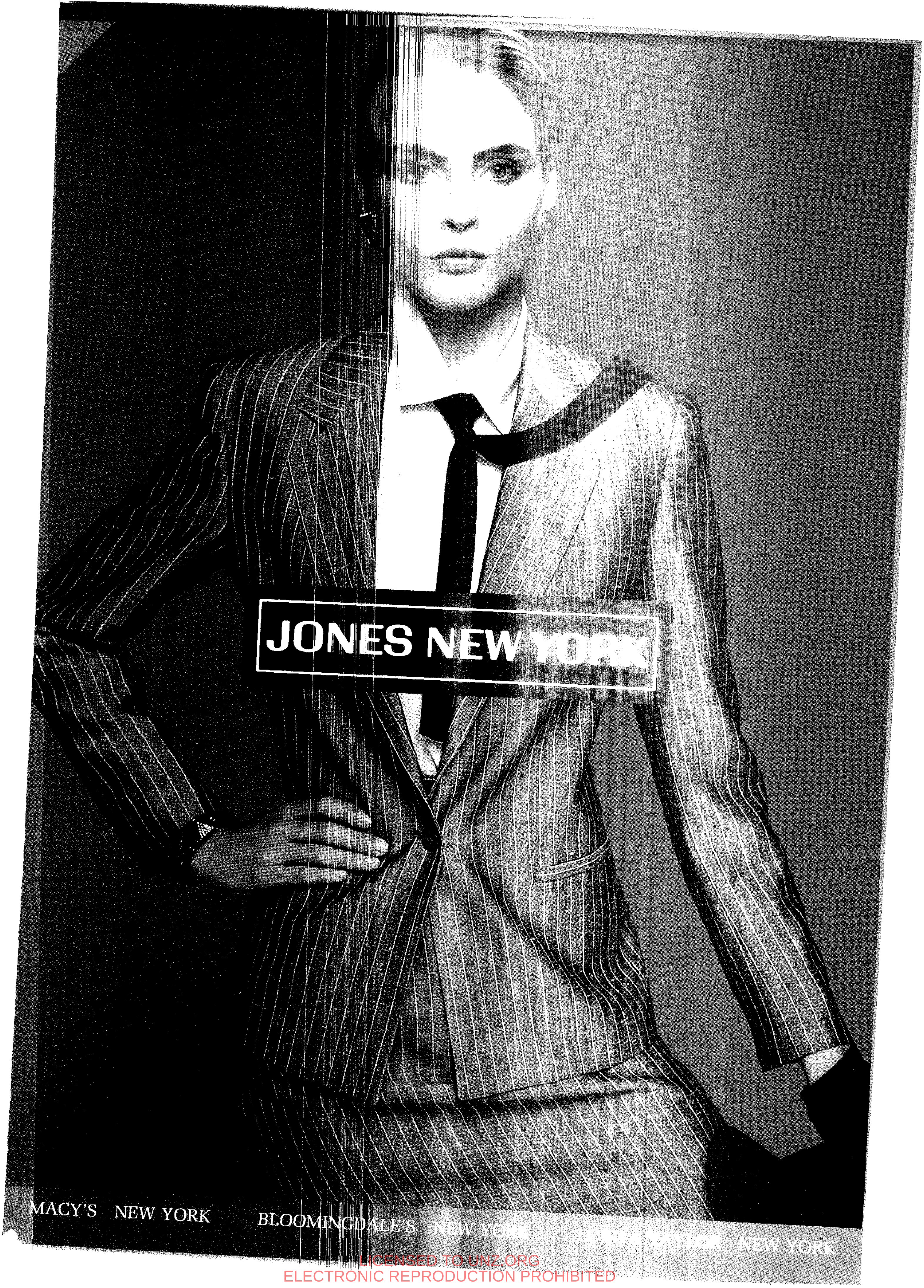
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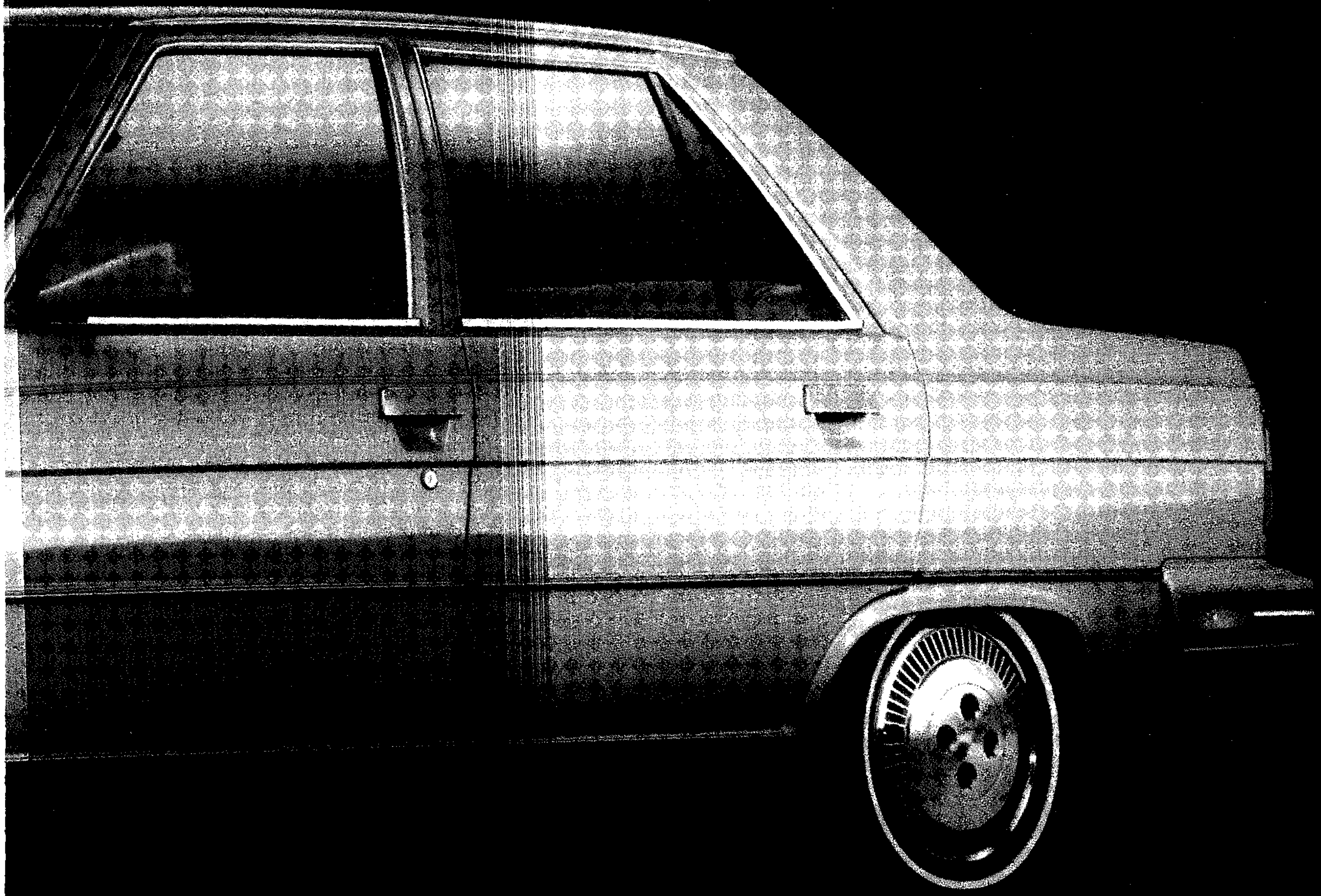

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

Now that the President has assured us that the economy is looking up, my wife and I have been thinking about buying a new motor vehicle. What else can you get these days, after all, for under ten grand that may last a couple of years? So we've been watching the automobile, van, and light-truck ads on television with special intensity. Trouble is, they haven't been showing us much that seems suitable to our needs. Few of the shiny bargains we scrutinize behave like ordinary cars. They're forever being driven across a riverbed or a desert or a ski slope, or they're soaring through the air like Evel Knievel, or standing on their heads, or lying on their backs. As soon as some company comes up with a model that keeps its wheels on the ground and travels, as we generally do, on roads, we'll probably rush right over to its nearest dealer and ask for a demonstration spin.

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Spender at Seventy-five

STEPHEN SPENDER is writing seven days a week. "Now, more than ever, I realize that I don't have much time," he said when we called on him at his house—a modest one in St. John's Wood, in London—shortly before his seventy-fifth birthday. He is assembling a new edition of his collected poems; preparing a book that is based on his translation of Sophocles' three Oedipus plays, staged in Cambridge last year; and working on his memoirs. "I'd like to reduce the book reviews and journalism," he said, "but I always seem on the point of having two articles to write before I can get around to writing poetry." Yet Spender appeared happy to be working steadily; pleased to be living by his pen instead of off his name. Wearing an open-throated blue shirt and a brown sweater, he looked casually elegant. His blue eyes shone softly beneath the familiar shock of silver hair. Even today, he could probably be recognized from Christopher Isherwood's description of him during his university days, over half a century ago, when he and Isherwood and W. H. Auden became friends: "He burst in upon us, blushing, sniggering loudly, contriving to trip over the edge of the carpet—an immensely tall, shambling boy of nineteen, with a great scarlet poppy-face, wild frizzy hair, and eyes the violent colour of bluebells."

Between the two great wars, Auden, Isherwood, and Spender, together with Louis MacNeice and C. Day Lewis, influenced an entire generation of poets and other writers. Spender, in particular, remains a symbol of the effort to balance art and political engagement—a struggle that continues for many writers in the Western world, who are seeking to demonstrate in print against the nuclear-arms race. His turning point was the Spanish Civil War. In Spain, he spent some time at the front, but his poetry was concerned more with the horrors of war than with its politics. "No poet of my generation wanted to be political," he told us. "We recognized the need to defeat Fascism, but we also saw that the threat was to our literature. Later, Auden tried to remove anything political from his poems, but I never tried to edit out my past, even when my past stuck to me. I've had funny experiences with immigration officers in New York because of my left-wing affiliations and the Spanish Civil War. The first time, when I came to the States to teach at Sarah Lawrence, I was questioned about my passport by an immigration officer and got a pleasant shock. 'Are you Stephen Spender the poet?' he asked. I confessed that I was, and he let me through. Another time, I carried an old passport, and the immigration officer said there was something wrong with it—something arcane from my past. There were two little dots on the passport, indicating some sort of radical affiliation. Then the officer surprised me. He asked, 'Do you know Auden?' I said that I did, so he admitted me without further questioning."

Spender and Auden frequently debated the role of the writer in wartime. "Auden thought that writers had no influence on politics, but that was nonsense," Spender said. He fetched two wineglasses, set them down, filled them, and went on, "Shakespeare, Goethe, and Dante all influenced ideas and events. By deciding to write in the vernacular, Dante helped to achieve Italian unification. The same could be said about Goethe in Germany. It was Shakespeare's language that created the political inspiration to resist the Nazis during the Battle of Britain. Even though these writers were not political figures, their words counted. Don't you think that writers like Tolstoy and Brecht gave shape to events? Brecht was always trying to align himself with Stalin, because of his own anti-Fascist and anti-Nazi views, but he was basically concerned with human aspirations, and that is why his work endures."

Spender served in the London fire service during the Second World War. Later, he wrote that London acquired "a regal dignity" under the flames. One of his fireman poems, "Epilogue to a Human Drama," celebrated that time:

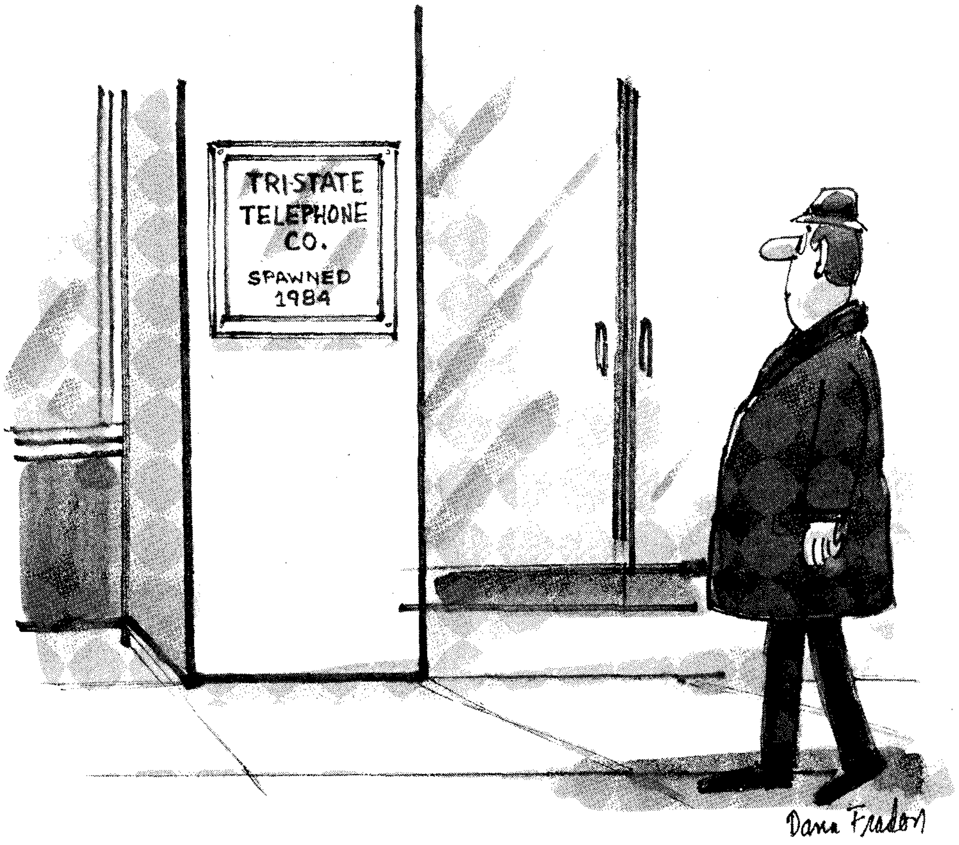
London burned with unsentimental dignity
Of resigned kingship: those stores and Churches
Which had glittered century-long in dusty gold
Stood near the throne of domed St. Paul's
Like courtiers round the Royal sainted martyr.

At the end of the war, Spender volunteered to serve in the British-occupied zone of Germany. He knew Berlin well, having observed it in the company of Isherwood during the early nineteen-thirties. "After the war ended, I was responsible for reopening the libraries and at the same time de-Nazifying them," he said. "I remember one librarian who worked with me summing up my work in her own words: 'I must take all the books by Nazis off the shelves and put them in the cellars, Herr Spender, and bring up from the cellars all the books by Jews and put them on the shelves.' It was a fairly accurate job description."

Spender is still involved in the concerns of writers and their freedom around the world. His main activity in this sphere is serving as a director and on the editorial board of *Index on Censorship*, a bimonthly, published in Great Britain, that is partly subsidized by the British Arts Council and by the Fund for Free Expression, in New York. He was one of its founders, in 1972, and had earlier enlisted the support of friends, among them Auden, Henry Moore, Bertrand Russell, and Igor Stravinsky, to help get the magazine off the ground. Every issue contains a country-by-country survey of censored writers and banned books in the East, the West, and the Third World. No nation is immune from exposure, he pointed out. A recent issue reported abuses by the Reagan Administration, including the withholding of historical documents "under stringent new declassification rules." He helped to raise money for the magazine by giving poetry readings in the United States last year.

Although Spender takes no direct part in political affairs, he is very much aware of the trends in his own country and elsewhere. "If Reagan and the Politburo listened to humanity, they would not do what they are doing on armaments," he said. "Politics is too closely caught in the net of physical power today—as in the Falklands, where Mrs. Thatcher had to go out and defend them. Power may run contrary to the interests of ordinary people, and it can result in national paranoia. Toward each other, America and Russia display a hysterical paranoia."

Since many British authors and journalists support the activities of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and the remarkable group of women demonstrating season after season against the missile base at Greenham Common, we asked Spender if their actions engaged his support.



"I am not a participant in the work of the C.N.D.," he said. "It appears to be old-style proletarian. I wish the writers in it would grapple with other things as well as with nuclear disaster—for example, attack poverty wherever it exists. The C.N.D. has a negative view—against the arms build-up—but it ought also to be concerned with improving the lot of people in the Third World and with anti-poverty programs generally. I'm sure the members hold those views as well, but it is not their main expression. I'm glad that the C.N.D. exists—it would be a scandal if it did not—but such actions need participation by both sides. As long as the Russians have their terrific military arms, I don't think the demonstrations will have a real effect."

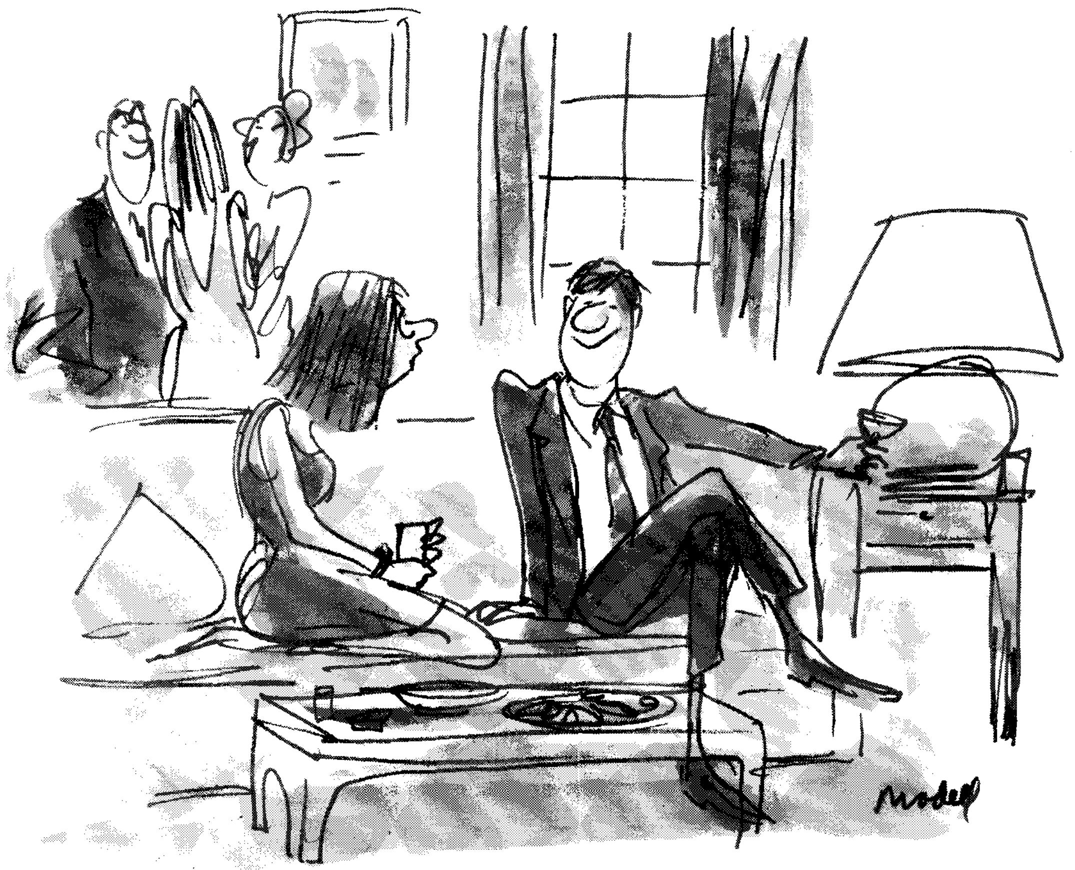
As Spender stood up, we noticed a drawing of him by Henry Moore on a wall. He explained that it was made in the nineteen-twenties for a magazine to illustrate some of his poems, when both he and Moore were at the beginning of their careers.

"In any event, I could not help C.N.D. by joining them," he said. "I'm too much associated with the views of fifty years ago. As I get older, life comes to be like fiction: one sees terrible things happening to people one knows, to old friends. But I have no complaints. Auden and I rather belonged to a generation that did not complain. I have been very lucky. I am still earning my keep, making a living by writing. Touch wood."

Fleeting

WE could swear we saw him. Or it. There in Regine's, next to the brand-new, 1984 Cabbage Patch dolls, and the new Cabbage Patch pets, and the Cabbage Patch sports outfits, and the piles of shrimp, and the indoor/outdoor plastic table with the Cabbage Patch umbrella, under the TV lights, bumping shoulders with the tuxedoed waiters serving vodka tonics in Cabbage Patch plastic cups and with the Coleco Industries executives talking bottom line. A spectre. A spectre haunting the preview of the 1984 Cabbage Patch plans. A spectre so dim it was easy to miss him (or it), a cunning shade changing shape like a late-twentieth-century Proteus. Sometimes he was hard and round, like—like a pet rock. Sometimes he was soft and pliable goo encased in a plastic oval, and all you could think of was Silly Putty. Sometimes—it's horrible but it's true—he took on the unmistakable aspect of a hula hoop. Once, he put on wire-rimmed glasses, and then he was a dead ringer for John Denver. It wasn't a spectre you could *grapple* with, like international Communism or budget-busting deficits. It needed first to be understood, and so, beginning right there at Regine's, we launched a bipartisan inquiry.

At the height of the Cabbage Patch drama last fall, you may recall, moms and dads behaved inappropriately, and sometimes even acted out, while attempting to buy the cuddly kids. We took this subject up with the Coleco president, Arnold C. Greenberg, who put on his serious face and said, "As upsetting as the occasional riot was, and as upsetting as the occasional consumer injury was, we found that people were able to separate that out from the positive feeling they had for the dolls. The dolls came through the riots very well." So well, in fact, that Coleco began its 1984 preview with a film of the frenzied battles. The publicity, coupled with childish affection for the dolls, has continued to propel sales in the post-Christmas era, a Coleco vice-president, Alfred Kahn, told us. "Because no two dolls are alike, there is infinite demand," he said. "Demand is still so strong that they're gobbling up every one we produce. As you know, each doll comes with its own name and adoption papers; we have a staff of people who sit in Southern courthouses and go through birth registries in search of fresh names."



"If I understand you correctly, you're trying to say something very, very profound."

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As the Cabbage Patch population multiplies, new applications arise, a Coleco publicity woman, Barbara Wruck, said. "I'm in receipt of a number of communications that show that the dolls are being used in a party context. One lady wrote in to say that she had given a party for about thirty little girls and their dolls, and that instead of Pin the Tail on the Donkey they had played Put the Pacifier in the Mouth of the Cabbage Patch Kid. And it's not just little girls. For the first time, boys are enjoying dolls, as opposed to action figures. Little boys can relate to the dolls in terms of their own maleness and toddlerness, and they have a vehicle for their emotions of love. The Cabbage Patch Kids have broken down all the traditional barriers." Barbara showed us the most interesting addition to the Cabbage Patch line. "Many owners wrote in to say that their Cabbage Patch Kids wanted dolls to play with, so we have these miniature Cabbage Patch Kids. They have a Velcro strip on the back, so they can attach to the original Cabbage Patch dolls. We think they'll be very popular."

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THAT same day, we found ourself in some acreage bordering on the main Cabbage Patch, this time courtesy of another company (Parker Brothers), at a different ritzy joint (the Helmsley Palace), where they were serving new delicacies (squab), and where attention was focussed not so much on the dolls themselves as on the release of a long-playing album recorded by New York musicians who impersonated the adorable licensed characters. "Cabbage Patch Dreams" marks Parker Brothers' entry into the children's-record market, and it also starts the unfolding of the Cabbage Patch saga, which will continue in subsequent record releases and in a number of books due out in April. "We're now really the keepers of the story," a company executive, Bruce Jones, said. "In the magic valley, the bunny bees sprinkle crystals on the cabbage plants, and that's where the kids come from. It's sort of a biological oddity. We want stories for kids, not kiddie stories. And we want records and books that adults can stand, because they buy them."

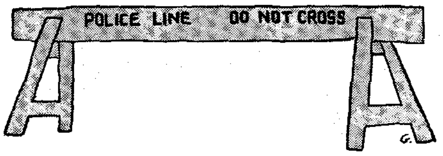
Over spinach salad (we'd hoped for coleslaw), John Keller, who is the Parker Brothers editorial director, explained to us how he was producing the Cabbage Patch books. "The old way is to give authors their head," he said. "We, on the other hand, make up a list of, say, thirty interesting plot ideas, and then we do consumer testing. We have people who go into supermarkets and stop shoppers in the aisles, and if they are potential buyers of children's books they are asked to rank the thirty plots in order of interest to their children. Once I have the rankings, I call up my pool of authors and give them a plot to work with, and a style sheet explaining the characters—Otis Lee is a small, hairless boy, for instance. And then I say, 'Please write twenty-five hundred words filled with verve and excitement.' "

Speaking of verve and excitement, Tom and Stephen Chapin and three children picked that moment to begin belting out some of the tunes on the new album, which include "Cabbage Patch Theme," "Cabbage Patch Dreams," and "Cabbage Patch Parade." "When we started to work on the record," Tom said afterward, "our first decision was to make it a story, not just a collection of ten songs. There's nothing as powerful as a story, from the Bible on. And it gives kids a reason to turn the record over. And to buy the second album, and the third."

Generator

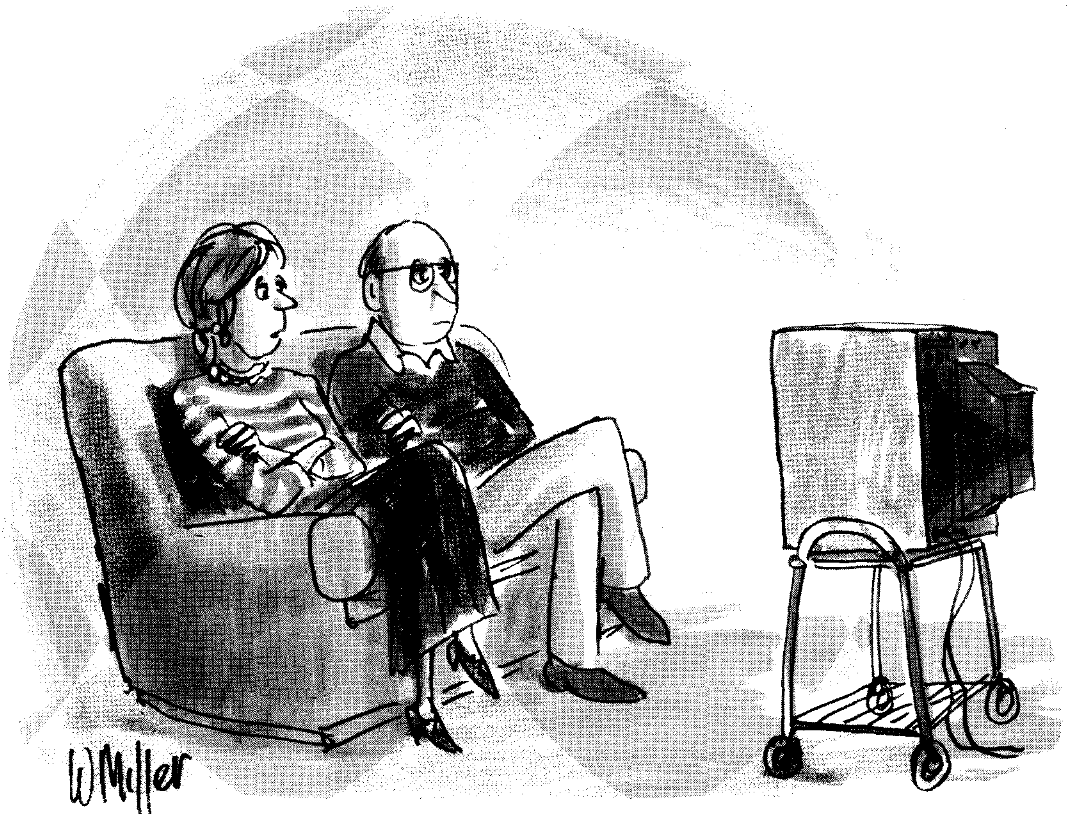
SOAP operas, commercials, specials, documentaries, and other such items made in New York City for television, movies made for movie houses, and live theatre, ballet, concerts, and assorted other performing arts—now including musical videos—are worth two billion dollars to the city each year. This impressive fact, based on a Port Authority study of economic development which was issued last May, was given to us the other day by Patricia Reed Scott, the director of the Mayor's Office of Film, Theatre, and Broadcasting. "The performing arts are a major generator of dollars in the city's economy," Miss Scott said, delivering the line with the authority of someone who knows firsthand whereof she speaks, and someone who is clearly determined to be a very active participant in the generation of dollars. Here are some highlights of Miss Scott's history: now in her forties, she was born in Portsmouth, Virginia, and raised in Southern California; was a child actress on a San Francisco radio station (Little Beaver in the radio version of the "Red Ryder" comic strip); graduated from George Washington University, in Washington, D.C. (English-lit major); married the actor George C. Scott and did summer stock with him in Canada; came to New York in the fall of 1956 and lived at 44 Riverside Drive, in an old apartment where, myth had it, John Barrymore had once lived; had two children, who are now in their twenties and are involved in different aspects of the performing arts; started the Studio Duplicating Service (scripts of all kinds) and sold it; acted Off Broadway ("I enjoyed it, and was good at it, as a matter of fact, but I was never driven"); worked in night clubs like the Blue Angel, Bon Soir, Mister Kelly's, and Troubador, as a singer, in tandem with Woody Allen, George Segal, and Mort Sahl; acquired a press agent, a business agent, and a record contract and then freed herself from all of them; went to work under Mayor John Lindsay as a press officer in the Department for the Aging; produced a television series about aging called "Getting On," which won a couple of Emmys; worked for three years as a deputy press secretary for Mayor Koch; was appointed eight months ago to her present job. She is blond-haired, slightly buxom, good-natured, sharp-eyed, quick to anticipate questions, able to give well-informed answers, and acquainted to some degree or other with thousands of actors, producers, directors, promoters, developers, archivists, and benefactors of the entertainment industries, and also with politicians and strategically placed friends who like what she is trying to do for film, theatre, and broadcasting around here and want to help her do it.

"I didn't perceive the breadth of the activity until I read the Port Authority's description of all the components of the performing arts," Miss Scott told us over a cup of tea at the Algonquin. "The permits issued by our office in 1983 numbered six thousand two hundred and sixty-four for filming on locations, mainly exterior, around the city. That's six hundred and twenty-seven more than in 1982. Films made entirely in New York numbered thirty-three, but that many again were partly made here. These productions, which brought eight hundred and fifty-six million dollars to the city, included 'Trading Places,' with Eddie Murphy and Dan Aykroyd; 'Romancing the Stone,' with Michael Douglas; 'Not for Publication,' with Nancy Allen and Laurence Luckenbill; 'Unfaithfully Yours,' with Dudley Moore and Natassja Kinski; 'The Cotton Club,' with Richard Gere; 'Le Bon Plaisir,' with Catherine Deneuve; 'The Brother Who Fell to Earth,' with Joe Morton and Dee Dee Bridgewater; 'Sweet Ginger Brown,' with Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna; 'Ghost Busters,' with Dan Aykroyd and Bill Murray; 'Staying Alive,' with John Travolta; 'The Goodbye People,' with Martin Balsam and Judd Hirsch; 'The Lonely Guy,' with Steve Martin; 'Broadway Danny Rose,' with Woody Allen and Mia Farrow; 'Moscow on the Hudson,' with Robin Williams; 'The Ultimate Solution of Grace Quigley,' with Katharine Hepburn and Nick Nolte; 'Once Upon a Time in America,' with Robert De Niro; 'Splash,' with John Candy; and 'The Muppets Take Manhattan,' with Miss Piggy and Kermit.


POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

"In television, we've got nine soaps, which we call daytime dramas, being produced here, and those bring in two hundred million dollars a year. We've got five one-hours—'All My Children,' 'Another World,' 'As the World Turns,' 'The Guiding Light,' and 'One Life to Live'—and four half-hours, which are 'The Edge of Night,' 'Ryan's Hope,' 'Search for Tomorrow,' and our newest one, 'Loving.' Each soap gives work to at least a hundred actors, directors, producers, stage managers, gaffers, grips, electricians, camera people, script supervisors, makeup artists, audio technicians, wardrobe people, editors, and others—I have lists of them. What with the soaps and the theatre and commercials, we have a great acting pool. There isn't a better acting pool in the world." Miss Scott took a sip of her tea. "I have constant reminders of the opportunity picture for actors," she told us, with a wry smile. "For instance, seventy-five per cent of all major characters in prime-time television are men, mostly white and mostly between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-five. And the women are mostly white and are mostly between twenty and thirty."

Miss Scott continued, "We've made progress on all fronts. Five years ago, we had the following made here: forty feature films, thirty-nine movies or specials for television, three hundred and seventy-five television programs, nine hundred and sixty-one commercials, four hundred and seventy-four educational documentaries, and five hundred and nineteen student films. Last year, we had anywhere from fifty to a hundred per cent more activity going on. Over the past eight years, we've made steady progress in the restoration of the old Astoria Studios, among the biggest in the world, with the largest soundstage—twenty-six thousand square feet. The whole complex is on a twelve-acre site, with fifteen buildings and eight soundstages—with two of the soundstages opening this month. You probably know that over a hundred silent films were made in the Astoria Studios in the nineteen-twenties. The Marx Brothers, Rudolph Valentino, Clara Bow, W. C. Fields, Gary Cooper, and Claudette Colbert all made movies here before they went out to Hollywood. When Hollywood moans and groans about what it calls 'runaway productions,' I always say, 'What do you mean, runaway? It all started *here*.' "



"Well, between their side and our side we now have one hundred and forty-five years of life experience."

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"How do you encourage filmmakers and others to come here?" we asked.

"We've got a great staff in our office to facilitate production," Miss Scott said. "We don't charge for our services. Other cities charge, but we're here to serve. Two of my people have been production managers, and they really know the business. We have four people issuing permits, including a former Parks Department man, Sam Stone, who knows every rock, every tree, every bush in the parks. Four others are experts on television, the theatre, film operations, and film development. Benefits to the city often go way beyond the actual production. For example, 'The Verdict' used the stairwell of the Tweed courthouse, behind City Hall, as a location. The movie people cleaned and painted the stairwell until it was sparkling, and, of course, that's the way it was left for us. Once a year, I go out to California and see the production heads: Charlie Maguire at Paramount, Fred Gallo at Warner Brothers, Terry Nelson at Universal—all of them. They know what New York looks like. I'm not going to dazzle them with the subway. When they tell me what they need, I tell them what we've got. We have wilderness on Staten Island that is as good as anything out West. If it's caves they want, we've got caves aplenty in Inwood. As a matter of fact, one young filmmaker just finished 'Luggage of the Gods,' set in the time of Neanderthal man, and he used our Inwood caves for the film. The Perry Como Special 'Christmas in New York' came here because its people wanted scenes with a fifth-grade class at the United Nations International School and the Neapolitan Christmas tree at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. We offer extraordinary sets."

Miss Scott went on, "The commercial theatre is also our concern. This city has the best performing live stages in the world, and we're out to help build an audience for the theatre. Early Stages is our program to bring thousands of schoolchildren to see preview performances of shows. Last fall, we bused in eleven hundred kids between the ages of nine and thirteen—one class from each of the thirty-two school districts—to see 'The Tap Dance Kid,' and it was such a success that we're getting ten-thousand-dollar contributions from theatre-related people to do the same thing for other new shows. Audiences talking their heads off at the theatre drive me crazy. That's the influence of television—talking at home no matter what's on the screen. We're going to build a theatregoing audience that keeps quiet."

We asked Miss Scott to give us an example of one of her successes in bringing a film production to New York.

"A producer came to see me the other day," she said quickly. "He said he represented a big, big star. He wanted to know about production costs, and I told him that fringe benefits are cheaper here than in California. Then he said suppose he wanted to hire a fifteen-year-old actress—what about the rules regulating working hours? I told him that our rules are less stringent than California's. What about union costs, he asked, and I threw all of them at him—I.A.T.S.E. (that's International Association of Theatrical Stagehands and Electricians), N.A.B.E.T. (National Association of Broadcast Employees and Technicians), and the Teamsters, the Screen Actors Guild, the Directors Guild, the Writers Guild. And he was satisfied. He's going to make his movie here, about a psychoanalyst and his fifteen-year-old patient, and the star is Frank Sinatra. I like to send people back to California as happy as possible."

BARCELONA

IN the darkened, uneven cobbled square, in the old quarter of Barcelona, the Barrio Gótico, the middle-aged American couple who walk by appear to be just that: American, middle-aged. The man is tall and bald; his head shines dimly as he and his wife cross the shaft of light from an open doorway. She is smaller, with pale hair; she walks fast to keep up with her husband. She is wearing gold chains, and they, too, shine in the light. She carries a small bag in which there could be—more gold? money? some interesting pills? They pass a young Spaniard lounging in a corner whose face the man for no reason takes note of.

Persis Fox, the woman, is a fairly successful illustrator, beginning to be sought after by New York publishers, but she sees herself as being in most ways a coward, a very fearful person; she is afraid of planes, of high bridges, she is overly worried by the illnesses of children—a rather boring list, as she thinks of it. Some years ago she was afraid that Thad, her husband, who teaches at Harvard, would take off with some student, some dark, sexily athletic type from Texas, possibly. More recently she has been frightened by accounts everywhere of muggings, robberies, rapes. She entirely believes in the likelihood of nuclear war. She can and does lie awake at night with such thoughts, for frozen hours.

However, walking across these darkened cobbles, in the old quarter of Barcelona, toward a restaurant that Cambridge friends have recommended, she is not afraid at all, only interested in what she is seeing: just before the square, an arched and windowed walk up above the alley, now crenellated silhouettes, everywhere blackened old stones. Also, she is hungry, looking forward to the seafood for which this restaurant is famous. And she wishes that Thad would not walk so fast; by now he is about five feet ahead of her, in an alley.

In the next instant, though, before she has seen or heard any person approaching, someone is running past her in the dark—but not past; he is beside her, a tall dark boy, grabbing at her purse, pulling its short strap. Persis' first instinct is to let him have it, not because she is afraid—she is not, still not, afraid—but from a conditioned reflex, instructing her to give people what they want: children, her husband.

In the following second a more primitive response sets in, and she cries out, "No!"—as she thinks, Kindergarten, some little boy pulling something away. And next thinks, Not kindergarten. Spain. A thief.

He is stronger, and with a sudden sharp tug he wins; he has pulled the bag from her and run off, as Persis still yells, "No!"—and as (amazingly!) she remembers the word for thief. "LADRÓN!" she cries out. "*Ladrón!*"

Then suddenly Thad is back (Persis has not exactly thought of him in those seconds), and almost before she has finished saying "He took my bag!" Thad is running toward the square, where the thief went. Thad is running, *running*—so tall and fast, such a sprint, as though this were a marathon, or Memorial Drive, where he usually runs. He is off into the night, as Persis yells again, "*Ladrón!*" and she starts out after him.

Persis is wearing low boots (thank God), not heels, and she can hear Thad's whistle, something he does with two fingers in his mouth, intensely shrill, useful for summoning children from ski slopes or beaches as night comes on. Persis, also running, follows the sound. She comes at last to a fairly wide, dimly lit street where Thad is standing, breathing hard.

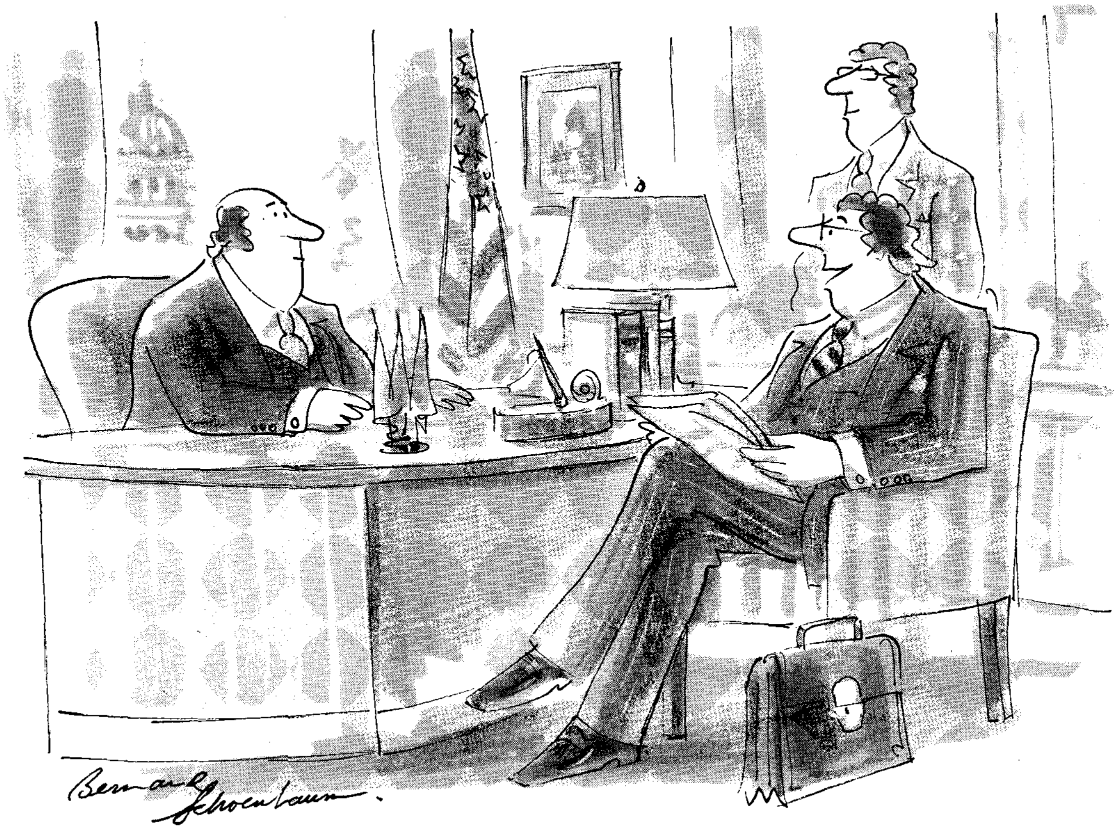
She touches his arm. "Thad—"

Still intent on the chase, he hardly looks at her. He is not doing this for her; it is something between men. He says, "I think he went that way."

"But Thad—"

The street down which he is pointing, and into which he now begins to stride, with Persis just following—this street's darkness is broken at intervals by the steamy yellow windows of shabby restaurants, the narrow open door of a bar. Here and there a few people stand in doorways, watching the progress of the Americans. Thad sticks his head into the restaurants, the bar. "I don't see him," he reports back each time.

Well, of course not. And of course each time Persis is glad—glad that the boy is hidden somewhere. Gone. Safe, as she and Thad are safe.



"According to our estimates, a campaign budget around six point two million is needed to successfully sing your praises."

They reach the end of the block, when from behind them a voice calls out, in English, not loudly, "Lady, this your bag?"

Thad and Persis turn to see a dark, contemptuous young face, a tall boy standing in a doorway. Not, Thad later assures Persis, and later still their friends—not the thief, whom he saw as they first crossed the square, and would recognize. But a friend of his?

The boy kicks his foot at something on the cobbles, which Thad walks over to pick up, and which is Persis' bag.

"I can't believe it!" she cries out, aware of triteness, as Thad hands over the bag to her. But by now, now that everything is over, she is seriously frightened; inwardly she trembles.

"Well, we got it." Thad speaks calmly, but Persis can hear the pride in his voice, along with some nervousness. He is still breathing hard, but he has begun to walk with his purposeful stride again. "The restaurant must be down here," he tells her.

Astoundingly, it is; after a couple of turns they see the name on a red neon sign, the name of the place they have been told about, where they have made a reservation.

The kitchen seems to be in the front room, next to the bar: all steam and steel, noisy clanging. Smoke and people, glasses rattling, crashing. "I really need a drink," Persis tells Thad, as instead they are led back to a room full of tables, people—many Americans, tourists, all loud and chattering.

At their small table, waiting for wine, with his tight New England smile Thad asks, "Aren't you going to check it? See what's still there?"

Curiously, this has not yet occurred to Persis as something to be done; she has simply clutched the bag. Now, as she looks down at the bag on her lap, it seems shabbier, a battered survivor. Obediently she unsnaps the flap. "Oh good, my passport's here," she tells Thad.

"That's great." He is genuinely pleased with himself—and why should he not be, having behaved with such courage? Then he frowns. "He got all your money?"

"Well no, actually there wasn't any money. I keep it in my pocket. Always, when I go to New York, that's what I do."

Why does Thad look so confused just then? A confusion of emotions is spread across his fair, lined face. He is disappointed, somehow? Upset that he ran after a thief who had stolen a bag containing so little? Upset that Persis, who now goes down to New York on publishing business by herself, has tricks for self-preservation?

Sipping wine, and almost instantly dizzy, light in her head, Persis tries to explain herself. "Men are such dopes," she heedlessly starts. "They always think that women carry everything they own in their bags. Thieves think that, I mean. So I just shove money and credit cards into some pocket. There's only makeup in my bags."

"And your passport." Stern, judicious Thad.

"Oh yes, of course," Persis babbles. "That would have been terrible. We could have spent days in offices."

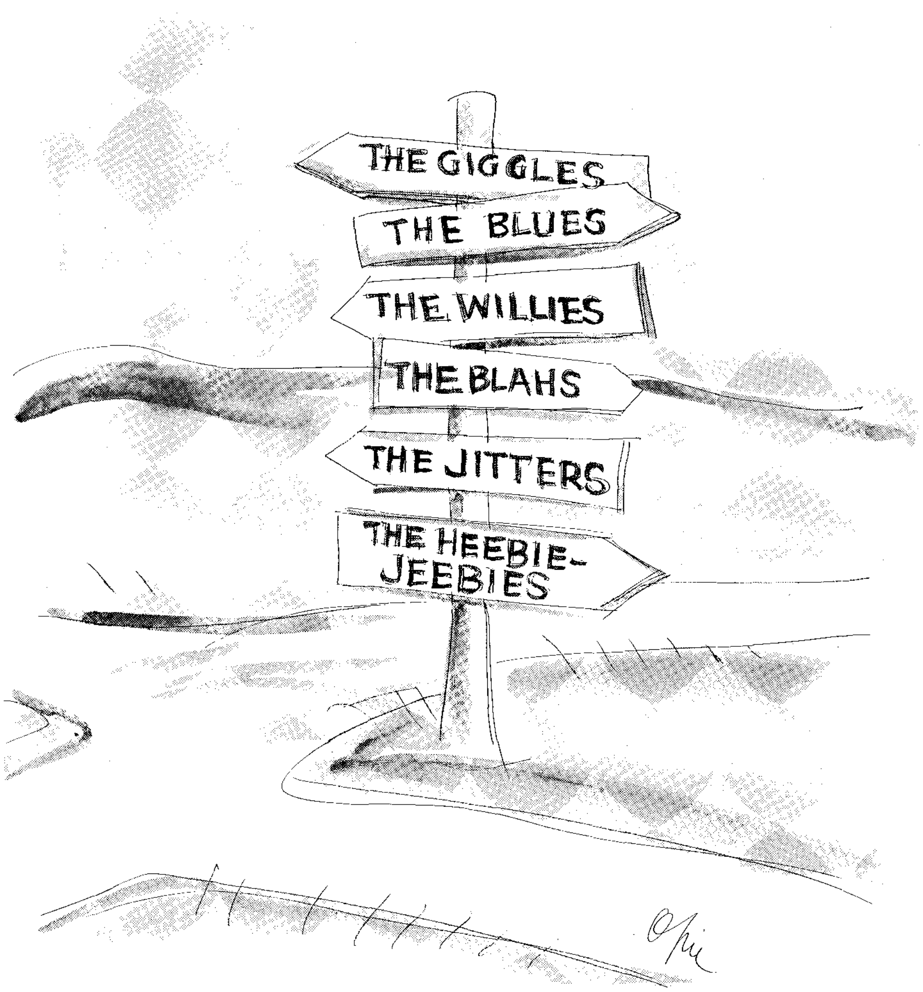
Gratified, sipping at his wine, Thad says, "I wonder why he didn't take it, actually."

Persis does not say, "Because it's hidden inside my address book"—although quite possibly that was the case. Instead, she says what is also surely true: "Because you scared him. The last thing he expected was someone running after him, and that *whistle*."

Thad smiles, and his face settles into a familiar expression: that of a generally secure, intelligent man, a lucky person, for whom things happen more or less as he would expect them to.

Persis is thinking, and not for the first time, how terrible it must be to be a man, how terrifying. Men are always running, chasing something. And if you are rich and successful, like Thad, you have to hunt down anyone who wants to take away your possessions. Or if you're poor, down on your luck, you might be tempted to chase after a shabby bag that holds nothing of any real value, to snatch such a bag from a foreign woman who is wearing false gold chains that shine and glimmer in the dark.

—ALICE ADAMS



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Besides its home performances, the Pittsburgh Ballet constantly tours. Last year, they traveled from Florida to upstage New York.—*El Paso (Texas) Times.*

Pittsburgh, go home.

MIDAIR

A SUNNY, windy day on the lower East Side of New York. The year is 1942. Sean, aged six, is being more or less pulled along the sidewalk by his father, who has shown up from nowhere to take him home from school. Sean tries to keep the pace, although he does not remember the last time he has seen this big, exuberant man, nor is he altogether sure that he trusts him. Mary, on the other side, is nine. Her legs are longer, and she seems happy, skipping every now and then, shouting into the wind, calling him Daddy. Sean cannot hear what they're saying except in fragments—the wind tears at the words. His hand, wrist, and part of his forearm are enclosed in his father's fist. The big man strides along, red-faced, chin jutting forward proudly, his whole carriage suggesting the eagerness and confidence of a soldier marching forward to receive some important, hard-won medal.

He is not a soldier, as Sean's mother has recently explained. He is not in the Army (although a war is going on) but in something called a rest home, where people go in order to rest. He does not seem tired, Sean thinks.

"It'll be a different story now, by God," his father says as they turn the corner onto Seventh Street. "A completely different story." Energy seems to radiate from the man like an electrical charge. His body carries a pale-blue corona, and when he speaks his white teeth give off white lightning. "What a day!" He lets go of the children's hands and makes a sweeping gesture. "An absolute pip of a day. Look at that blue sky! The clouds! Seventh Street! Look how vivid the colors are!"

Sean cannot look. He is preoccupied with the unnatural force of his father's enthusiasm. It is as if all that has been pointed out is too far away to be seen. The boy's awareness is focussed on the small bubble of space immediately surrounding himself, his father, and his sister. Within that area he sees clearly—as if his life depended on it—and there is no part of him left over to see anything else.

They reach the tenement building and climb the stoop. His father hesitates at the door.

"The key," he says.

"Mother has it," Mary says.

"You haven't got it?" He rolls his head in exasperation.

"I'm sorry." Mary is afraid she has failed him. "I'm sorry, Daddy."

Sean is uneasy with her use of the word "Daddy." It sounds strange, since they never use it. It is not part of their domestic vocabulary. On those extremely rare occasions when Sean, Mary, and their mother ever mention the man, the word they have always used is "Father."

Mrs. Rosenblum, second floor rear, emerges from the house.

"Good morning," his father says, smiling, catching the door. "In you go, children."

Mrs. Rosenblum has never seen this big man before but recognizes, from his expensive clothes and confident manner, that he is a gentleman, and the father of the children. A quick glance at Mary, smiling as he touches her head, confirms everything.

"Nice," Mrs. Rosenblum says. "Very nice."

Inside, Sean's father takes the steps two at a time. The children follow up to the top floor—the fourth—and find him standing at the door to the apartment, trying the knob.

"No key here, either, I suppose."

"It's the same one," Mary says.

He gives the door a hard push, as if testing. Then he steps back, looks around, and notices the iron ladder leading up to the hatch and the roof.

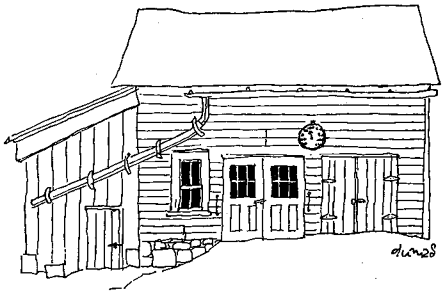
"Aha! More than one way to skin a cat." He strides over to the ladder and begins to climb. "Follow me, buckos. Up the mainmast!"

"Daddy, what are you doing?" Mary cries.

"We'll use the fire escape." He pushes up the hatch and sunlight pours down. "Come on. It's fun!"

Sean can hear the wind whistling up there as his father climbs through. Mary hesitates an instant and then mounts the ladder. As she approaches the top, Sean follows her. He ascends into the sunshine and the wind.

The big man moves rapidly across the tarred roof to the rear of the building and the twin hoops of the fire-escape railing. He shouts back at the children, but his words are lost. He beckons, turns, and grabs the railings. His feet go over the edge and he begins to descend. Then he stops—his head and shoulders visible—and shouts again. Mary moves forward, the big man sinks out of sight, and Sean follows.



The boy steps to the edge and looks over. His father is ten feet below, on the fire-escape landing, red face upturned.

"Come on!" The white teeth flash. "The window's open."

The wind whips Mary's skirt around her knees as she goes over. She has to stop and push the hair out of her eyes. When she reaches the landing below, Sean grabs the hoops. Five floors down, a sheet of newspaper flutters across the cement at the bottom of the airshaft. It seems no bigger than a page from a book. He climbs down. Pigeons rise from the airshaft and scatter. On the landing, he sees his father, already inside, lifting Mary through the kitchen window. He follows quickly on his own.

The kitchen, although entirely familiar in every detail, seems slightly odd in its totality. The abruptness of the entry—without the usual preparation of the other rooms—tinges the scene with unreality. Sean follows his father and sister through the kitchen, into the hall, and to the doorway of his mother's room. His father does not enter but simply stops and looks.

"Have you been here before?" Sean asks.

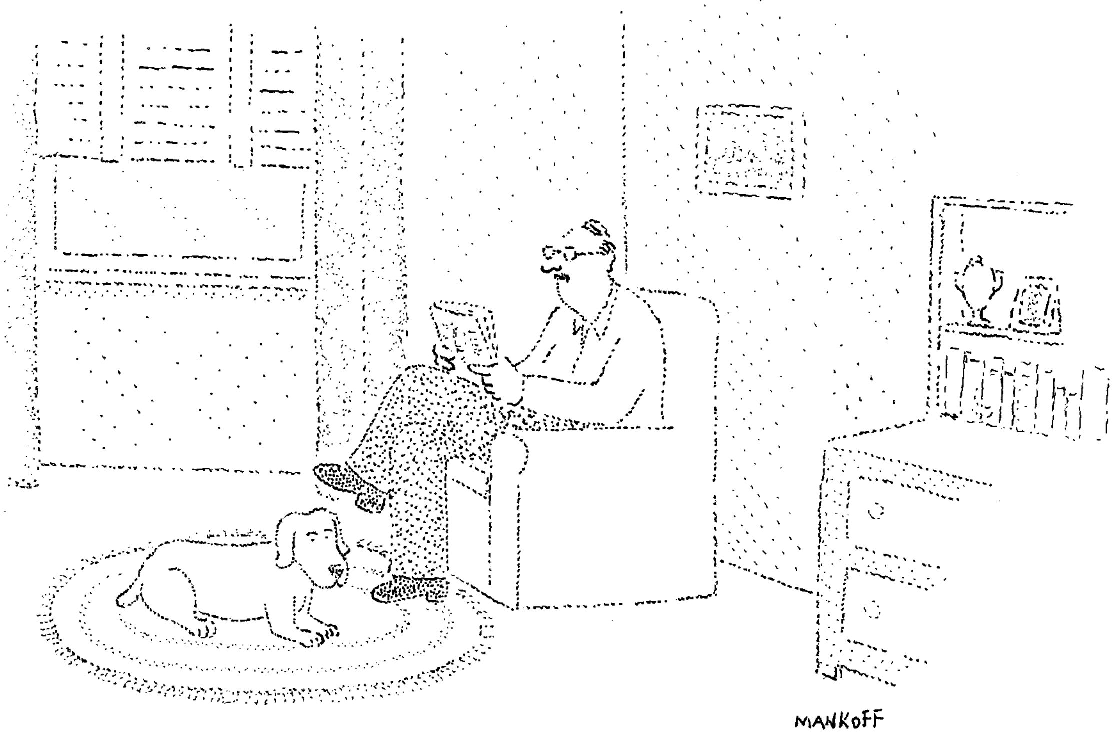
"Of course he has, silly," Mary says rapidly.

His father turns. "Don't you remember?"

"I don't think so," Sean says.

As they pass the main door to the apartment, toward the front of the hall, his father pauses to slip on the chain lock.

FOR more than an hour they have been rearranging the books on the living-room shelves, putting them in alphabetical order by author. Sean's father stops every now and then, with some favorite book, to do a dramatic reading. The readings become more and more dramatic. He leans down to the children to emphasize the dialogue, shouting in different voices, gesticulating with his free arm in the air, making faces. But then, abruptly, his mood changes.



Zack Brillard and Live-In Companion

"The windows are filthy," he says angrily, striding back and forth from one to another, peering at the glass. The books are forgotten now as he goes to the kitchen. Mary quickly pushes them over to the foot of the bookcase. Sean helps. While doing this, they look very quickly, almost furtively, into each other's eyes. It takes a fraction of a second, but Sean understands. He is aware that his father's unexplained abandonment of an activity in which he had appeared to be so deeply involved has frightened Mary. His own feelings are complex—he is gratified that she is scared, since in his opinion she should have been scared all along, while at the same time his own fear, because of hers, escalates a notch.

"What's going to happen?" Sean asks quietly.

"Nothing. It's O.K." She pretends not to be afraid.

"Get Mother." The sound of water running in the kitchen.

Mary considers this. "It's O.K. She'll come home from work the way she always does."

"That's a long time. That's too long."

The big man returns with a bucket and some rags. His face seems even more flushed. "We'll do it ourselves. Wait till you see the difference." He moves to the central window, and they are drawn in his wake. Sean recognizes a shift in the atmosphere: before, with the books, there was at least a prete [illegible] of the three of them doing s [illegible] gether—a game they [illegible] ut now his father's [illegible] and intensified [illegible] dows. He

Sean begins to move backward.

"No," Mary says quickly. "We have to stay."

The boy stops beside the rocking chair where his mother sits after dinner.

The big man reënters, and steps back to regard the results of his work. "Much better. Much, much better." He moves on to the next window. "Fresh water, Mary. Take the bucket."

Mary obeys, and goes back to the kitchen.

The big man stares down at the street. Sean stays by the rocking chair.

"You don't remember," the big man says. "Well, that's all right. Time is different for children. In any case, the past is behind us now. What counts is the future." He gives a short, barking laugh. "Another cliché rediscovered! But that's the way it is. You have to penetrate the clichés, you have to live them out to find out how true they are. What a joke!"

Mary brings the bucket of water to his side. Suddenly he moves closer to the window. He has seen something [illegible] he street.

[illegible] damn." He moves back rap[illegible] ns and runs down the hall [illegible] Sean and Mary can see [illegible] locking the rear win- [illegible] he shouts.

Mary moves sideways to glance through the window to the street.

"What is it?" Sean asks.

"An ambulance." Her voice is beginning to quaver. "It must be that ambulance."

Now he comes back into the living room and paces. Then he rushes to the newly washed window, opens it, and tears the gauzy curtains from the rod and throws them aside. Sean can see Mary flinch as the curtains are torn. The big man moves from one window to the next, opening them and tearing away the curtains. Wind rushes through the room. Torn curtains rise from the floor and swirl about.

He gathers the children and sits down on the couch, his arms around their shoulders. Sean feels crushed and tries to adjust his position, but his father only tightens his grip. The big man is breathing fast, staring into the hall, at the door.

"Daddy," Mary says. "It hurts."

A slight release of pressure, but Sean is still held so tightly to the man's side he can barely move.

"Oh, the bastards," his father says. "The tricky bastards."

The buzzer sounds. Then, after a moment, a knock on the door. The big man's grip tightens.

Another knock. The sound of a key. Sean watches the door open a few inches until the chain pulls it short. He sees the glint of an eye.

"Mr. Kennedy? This is Dr. Silverman. Would you open the door, please?"

"Alone, are you, Doctor?" An almost lighthearted tone.

A moment's pause. "No. I have Bob and James here with me." A calm voice, reassuring to Sean. "Please let us in."

"The goon squad," his father says.

"Bob in particular is very concerned. And so am I."

"Bob is a Judas."

"Mr. Kennedy. Be reasonable. We've been through this before, after all."

"No, no." As if correcting a slow student. "This is different. I'm through with you people. I'm through with all of that. I've come home, I'm here with my children, and I'm going to stay."

A pause. "Yes. I can see the children."

"We've been having a fine time. We've been washing the windows, Doctor." An almost inaudible chuckle.

"Mr. Kennedy, I implore you to open the door. We simply must come in. We must discuss your plans."

"I'm not going to open the door. And neither are you. What we have here, Doctor, is a Mexican standoff. Do you get my meaning?"

"I'm very sorry to hear you say that." Another pause—longer this time. "Bob would like a word with you."

"Mr. Kennedy? This is Bob." A younger voice.

"I'm not coming back, Bob. Don't try any crap with me. I know why you're here."

"I'm worried about you. You're flying. You know that."

"Got the little white jacket, eh, Bob? The one with the funny sleeves?"

"Look, if you don't come back they'll assign me to Mr. Farnsworth. You wouldn't do that to me. Please."

"Cut the crap, Bob."

"Listen. I'm with you. You know that. I mean, how many times have we talked about your—"

A tremendous crash as the door is kicked in, the wall splintering where the chain has come away. Sean is aware that things are happening very fast now, and yet he can see it all with remarkable clarity. Wood chips drift lazily through the air. Three men rush through the door—two in white uniforms, one in ordinary clothes. He knows they are running toward the couch as fast as they can—their faces frozen masks of strain—but time itself seems to have slowed down.

Still clamped to his father's side, Sean feels himself rise up into the air. He sees his father's other hand make a grab for Mary, who is trying to escape. He gets hold of her hair, but she twists away with a yell. Sean betrayed that she has gotten away. She was the one calling him Daddy. The wind roars as the big man rushes the window and climbs out on

"Stop where you are!"

back at the men.

Sean canno

the men

M

ARKANSAS TRAVELLER

On the far side of the water, high on a sandbar,
Grandfathers are lolling above the Arkansas River,
Guitars in their laps, cloth caps like Cagney down over their eyes.
A woman is strumming a banjo.
                    Another adjusts her bow tie
And boiled shirtwaist.
And in the half-light the frogs begin from their sleep
To ascend into darkness,
Vespers recalibrate through the underbrush,
          the insect choir
Offering its clear soprano
Out of the vaulted gum trees into the stained glass of the sky.

Almost ninety-five years to the day I saw
Ellison Smythe passed out
          on the back seat of an Oldsmobile 88
In the spring of 1952 in Biltmore Forest, N.C.,
Who then rose up from the dark of his sixteenth year
And said to the nothingness,
                    Where are we,
Who's driving this goddam thing?
My great-grandfather stepped off the boat
          from the Archduchy of Upper Austria
And headed north to the territory.
And into another war
          here, just past the Mississippi,
On the Arkansas.
                    I don't know that it was such a great blessing
Sending us to Arkansas,
But it was so regarded at the time, and we're grateful to Gen. Jackson.
Still, don't let me die as grandmother did,
          suddenly on a steamboat
Stuck fast on a sandbar unable to get to Little Rock.
And was four years later a volunteer Captain
In the Confederacy,
          and took a minnie ball in his palate
At Chickamauga he carried there till his death
Almost half a century afterwards.
                    And wrote a poem back
To the widow of one of his men about a sure return
"Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections, transient fire . . . in heaven's light."
And was captured again,
          and wounded again, confined for two years
At Rock Island prison.
And came back to Little Rock and *began his career.*
And died at sixty-six,
          a ticket to Cuba stored flat in his jacket pocket.

When Jesus walked on the night grass
they say not even the dew trembled.
Such intricate catechisms of desire.
Such golden cars down the wrong side of the sky.

Each summer in Little Rock,
like a monk in his cell
Saying the lesson over and over
Until it is shining, all day I'd prove up my childhood till lights out
Snapped on the fireflies who floated
Like miniature jellyfish
off the reefs of the sleeping porch
Whose jasmine- and rose-scented air broke over me back and forth
Before I could count the half of them,
and settled me under.
This was before I was ten.
That year my grandfather, my look-alike on the sandbar, died,
The war ended, and nothing was ever the same way
Again.
His mantelpiece clock sits on my dresser now,
Still gilded and nineteenth-century.
Devotion, remember, is what counts.
Without it you're exiled, twisted and small.

The next morning we'd play golf,
four holes on the back side,
Trailing our footprints like paired bodies emptied and left out to dry
In the web of sunlight and wet grass
behind us over the clipped fairways,
My grandmother and I up before anyone else
Each day I was there,
the sun already a huge, hot thumb
At 7 o'clock on our bare heads.
Later, its print still warm on my forehead—
Sunset like carrot juice down the left pane of the sky
Into the indeterminacy of somewhere else—
I'd roll the tarpaulin down and up
On the sleeping porch,
the frog-shrill and the insect-shrill
Threading out of the bushes
as palpable as a heart string,
Whatever that was back then, always in memory . . .

To speak of the dead is to make them live again:
we invent what we need.
Knot by knot I untie myself from the past
And let it rise away from me like a balloon.
What a small thing it becomes.
What a bright tweak at the vanishing point, blue on blue.

—Charles Wright

He stares down at the street, at the cracks in the sidewalk. With the very limited motion available to his arms, he finds his father's belt and hangs on with both fists.

"You bastards," his father shouts. "What you don't realize is I can do anything. Anything!"

Something akin to sleepiness comes over Sean. As time passes he realizes—a message from a distant outpost—that he has soiled himself. Finally, they are pulled back in, with great speed and strength, and fall to the floor. His father screams as the men cover him.

In college, his father long dead, and all memory of his father's visit in 1942 completely buried, Sean looks for a wife. He is convinced that if he doesn't find someone before he graduates, he will have missed his chance for all time. The idea of living alone terrifies him, although he is not aware that it terrifies him. He lives as if he did not have a past, and so there is a great deal about himself of which he is not aware. He is entirely ignorant of his lack of awareness, and believes himself to be in full control of his existence. He zeroes in on a bright, rather guarded girl he meets in Humanities 301, and devotes himself to winning her hand. It is a long campaign, and the odds are against him—her family disapproves vehemently, for reasons that are never made clear, and she is more intelligent than Sean, and ambitious, in a way he is not, for power in some as yet unnamed career. She is older than he is. She is not afraid of living alone. Yet in the end his tenacity prevails. Graduate school provides no route for her ambition, she drifts for a bit, and finally capitulates over the telephone. Sean is exultant.

They are married by a judge in her parents' midtown brownstone. Sean is six feet two inches tall, weighs a hundred and thirty-three pounds, and appears, with his Irish, slightly acned face, to be all of seventeen. (He is actually twenty-two.) His wife is struck by the irony of the fact that more than half of the relatives watching the event are divorced. Sean is impressed by the activity outside the window during the ceremony. The New York Foundling Hospital is being torn down—the wrecker's ball exploding walls even as the absurdly short judge drones on. For both of them—in a moment of lucidity whose importance they are too young to recognize—the ceremony is anticlimactic, and faintly ridiculous.

Four years pass, and nothing happens. They both have a small monthly income from trust funds. She dabbles in an occasional project or temporary job but always retreats in mysterious frustration to the safety of their apartment. He writes a book, but it contains nothing, since he knows very little about people, or himself. He remains a boy; the marriage that was to launch him into maturity serves instead to extend his boyhood. Husband and wife, they remain children. They live together in good will, oddly sealed off from one another, and from the world. He dreams of people jumping out of windows, holding hands, in eerie accord. He has no idea what the dreams mean, or where they come from. She confesses that she has never believed in romantic love. They are both frightened of the outside, but they respond differently. She feels that what is out there is too dangerous to fool with. He feels that, however dangerous, it is only out there that strength can be found. In some vague, inchoate way, he knows he needs strength.

Privately, without telling him, she decides to have children. Philip is born. John is born. Sean is exultant.

A SUMMER night in 1966. Sean drives down from Harlem, where he has gotten drunk in a jazz club. The bouncer, an old acquaintance, has sold him an ounce of marijuana. Sean carries it in a sealed envelope in his back pocket. He turns off the Henry Hudson Parkway at Ninety-sixth Street, slips along Riverside Drive for a couple of blocks, turns, and pulls up in front of Judy's house. It's a strange little building—five floors with a turret up the side, a dormer window on her top-floor apartment, bits of crenellation and decoration, like some miniature castle. A Rapunzel house.

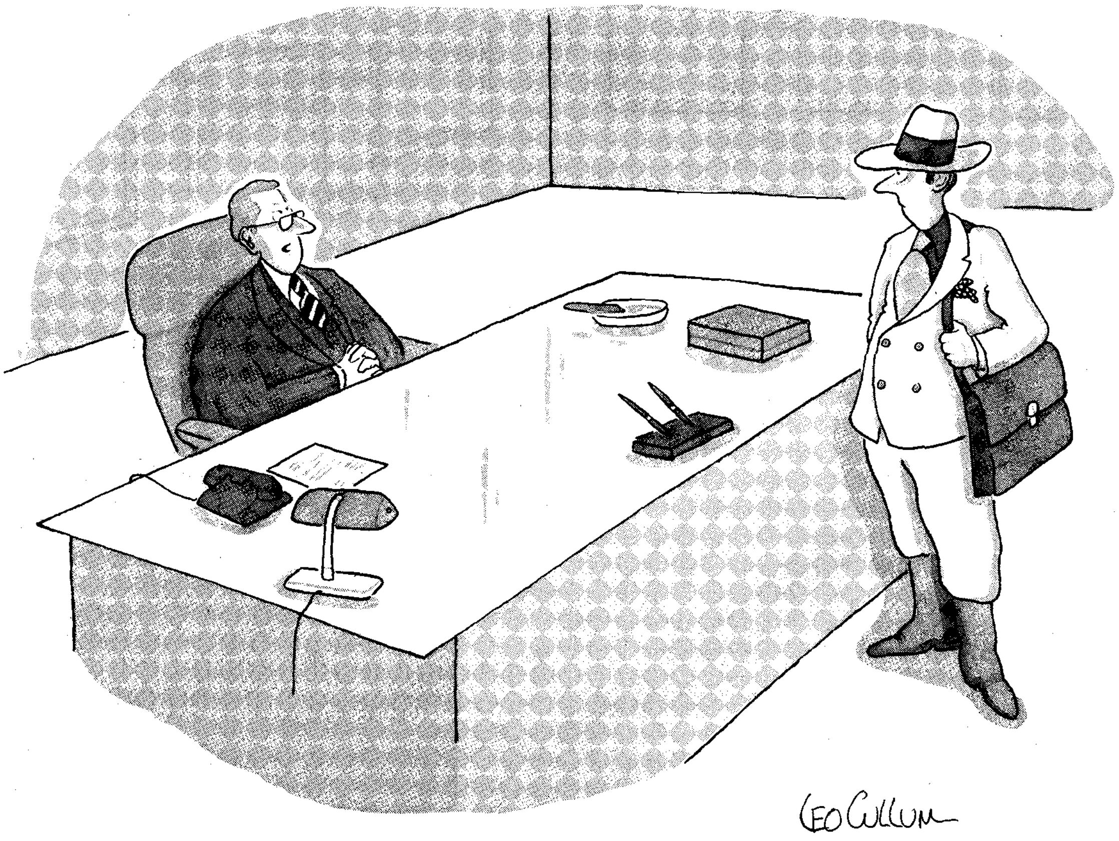
He had met her on the sidelines during a soccer game. Kneeling on the grass, he had turned his head to follow the fullback's kick, and found himself looking instead at the slender, blue-jeaned thigh of the girl standing next to him. Perhaps it was the suddenness, the abrupt nearness of the splendid curve of her backside, the images sinking into him before he had time to protect himself. The lust he felt was so pure it seemed, for all its power, magically innocent, and he got to his feet and began talking to her. (She was eventually to disappear into medical school, but never, as it turned out, from his memory.)

He stares up at the dark window. Behind the window is a room, and in the room a bed, in which for a year he has been making love to Judy. She is gone now, away for a month, driving around France in a *deux-chevaux* Citroën leased by him as a gift. The room is dark and empty, and yet he has to go in. He does not question the urge. He simply gets out of the car and approaches the building. Once he is in motion, a kind of heat suffuses him. He experiences something like tunnel vision.

Inside, he scans the mailboxes. A few letters are visible behind the grille in hers. He opens the door with his key and runs up the stairs—turning at landings, climbing, turning, climbing, until he is there, at the top floor. It is midnight, and the building is silent. He slips the key into the lock, turns and pushes. The door will not open. He has forgotten the police lock, the iron bar she'd had installed before she left—with a separate locking mechanism. He doesn't have that key. He leans against the door for a moment, and the faint scent of the room inside reaches him. He is dizzy with the scent, and the door suddenly enrages him. The scent is inside, and he must get inside.

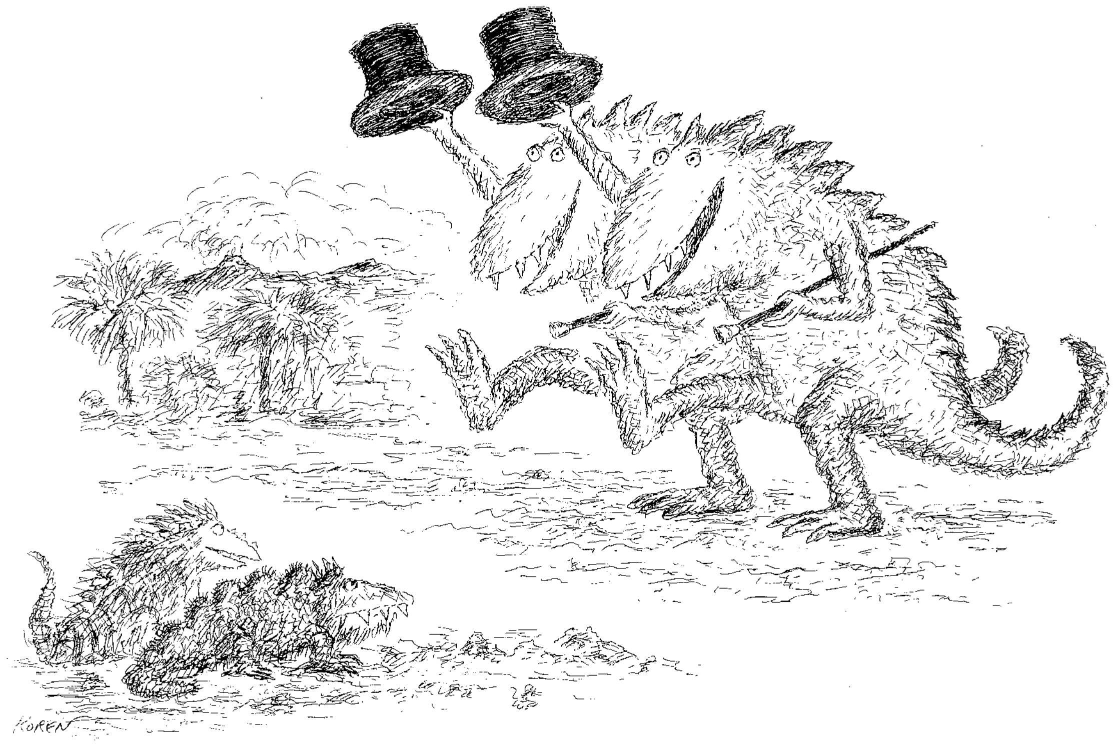
He pounds his shoulder against the glossy black wood in a steady rhythm, putting all his weight against it. The door shakes in its hinges, but he can feel the solidity of the iron bar in the center. There is not an iota of movement in the bar. He moves back in the hallway—halfway to the rear apartment—runs forward, raises his right leg, and kicks the central panel of the door. A terrific crash, but the door does not yield. He continues to run and kick, in a frenzy, until he starts falling down.

Out of breath, he sits on the stairs to the roof and looks at Judy's door. He cannot believe there is no way to get it open. The wood is cracked in several places. Finally, as his breathing slows, he gives up. The iron bar will never move.



"May I remind you that here at Atherton, Pembroke & Wills we do ***not*** *take fashion risks."*

Slowly, swirling like smoke, an idea emerges. He turns and looks up the stairs, into the darkness. After a moment he stands up, mounts the stairs, opens the hatch, and climbs out onto the roof. The air cools him—he is drenched with sweat. Purple sky. Stars. He crosses the flat part of the roof to the front of the building, where it suddenly drops off in a steep slope—a Rapunzel roof, tiled with overlapping slate. There is a masonry ridge, perhaps an inch high, at the bottom edge, fifteen feet down. He moves sideways until he comes to a place he estimates lies directly above the dormer window. He gets down on his belly and carefully slides his legs over onto the tiles, lowering more and more of him-



"It looks like the ornithosuchians are attempting a comeback."

• •

self onto the steep incline, testing to see if he can control his downward motion. Sufficient control seems possible, and, very slowly, he releases his grip on the roof and begins to slide. His face presses against the slate, and he can feel the sweat from his cheek on the slate. From somewhere off toward Amsterdam Avenue comes the sound of a siren.

He descends blindly and stops when his toes touch the ridge. Beyond the ridge, there is empty space and a clear drop to the sidewalk, but he is unafraid. He remains motionless for several moments, and his noisy brain falls still. He is no longer drunk. A profound calm prevails, a sense of peacefulness—as sweet, to him, as water to some traveller in the desert. Carefully, he slides down sideways until his entire body lies along the ridge. He raises his head and looks at the deserted street below—the pools of light under the street lamps, the tops of the parked cars, the square patterns of the cracks in the sidewalk—and there is a cleanness and orderliness to things. He becomes aware that there is a reality that lies behind the appearance of the world, a pure reality he has never sensed before, and the knowledge fills him with gratitude.

He moves his head farther out and looks for the dormer window. There it is. He had thought to hang on to the edge of the roof and swing himself down and into the window. In his mind, it had been a perfectly straightforward procedure. In his mind, he had known he could do anything—anything he was capable of imagining. But now, as he looks at the dormer window—too far away, full of tricky angles—he sees that the plan is impossible. He immediately discards the plan, as if he had been caught up in a story that ended abruptly. He no longer has any interest in getting into the apartment.

Moving slowly and carefully, as calm in his soul as the calmness in the great purple sky above him, he retreats. Using the friction of his arms and legs, of his damp palms and the sides of his shoes, he inches his way up the sloping roof. He reaches the top of the building.

Once inside, he closes the roof door behind him and descends rapidly. He passes the door to the apartment without a glance.

As his children are born, Sean begins to write a book about his past. At first he is ebullient, possessed by gaiety. He doesn't remember much—his childhood all jumbled, without chronology. There are only isolated scenes, places, sights and sounds, moods, in no apparent order. It seems a small thing to write down these floating memories, to play with them at a distance. It seems like fun.

His children, simply by coming into the world, have got him started. As the work gets difficult, the fact of his children sustains him in some roundabout fashion. His gaiety changes to a mood of taut attentiveness, as the past he had trivialized with his amnesia begins, with tantalizing slowness, to reveal itself. He knows hard work for the first time in his life, and he is grateful. Soon he finds himself in a kind of trance; after hours of writing he will look down at a page or two with a sense of awe, because the work is better than anything he could reasonably have expected of himself. He will live this way for four years. In his mind, his writing, his ability to write at all, is connected to his children.

He develops a habit of going into their room late at night. Blue light from the street lamp outside angles through the large windows to spill on the waxed wooden floor. Philip is three, sleeping on his side, his small hand holding a rubber frog. Sean crosses the room and looks at John, aged two. Behind delicate eyelids, his eyes move in a dream. Sean goes to a spot equidistant from both beds and sits down on the floor, his legs folded. He stares at the pale-blue bars of light on the floor and listens. He hears the children breathe. When they move, he hears them move. His mind clears. After half an hour he gets up, adjusts their blankets, and goes to bed.

At a small dinner party with his wife, in Manhattan, he becomes aware that the host and hostess are tense and abstracted. The hostess apologizes and explains that she should have cancelled the dinner. There had been a tragedy that afternoon. The young couple living directly above, on the eighth floor, had

left a window open, and their baby girl had somehow pulled herself up and fallen through to her death.

"You're white as a ghost," his wife says as they leave the table. "Sean, you're trembling!"

They forgo coffee, with apologies, and go home immediately. Sean drives fast, parks by a hydrant, and runs up the stoop into the house.

"It's O.K., it's O.K.," his wife says.

He nods to the sitter in the living room and keeps on going, up the stairs, to the children's room. They are asleep, safe in their beds.

"We have to get guardrails," he says, going to the windows, locking them. "Bars—those things—whatever they are."

"Yes. We will," his wife whispers. "O.K."

"All the windows. Front and back."

"Yes, yes. Don't wake them, now."

That night he must sleep in their room.

Sean lies full length in the oversize bathtub, hot water to his chin. When he comes home from work (he writes in a small office a mile away), he almost always takes a bath. Philip and John push the door open and rush, stark naked, to the tub. They're about to be put to bed, but they've escaped. Sean doesn't move. Philip's head and shoulders are visible, while John, shorter, shows only his head. Their faces are solemn. Sean stares into their clear, intelligent eyes—so near—and waits, showing no expression, so as to draw the moment out. The sight of them is a profound refreshment.

"Do it, Daddy," Philip says.

"Do what?"

"The noise. When you wash your face."

Sean rises to a sitting position. He washes his face, and then rinses by bending forward and lifting cupped handfuls of water. He simultaneously blows and moans into the handfuls of water, making a satisfying noise. The boys smile. The drama of Daddy-in-the-bath fascinates them. They can't get enough of it.

Sean reaches out and lifts first one and then the other over the edge and into the tub. His hands encompass their small chests, and he can feel the life in them. The boys laugh and splash about, slippery as pink seals fresh from the womb. They hang on his neck and slide over his chest.

His wife comes in and pulls them up, into towels. They go off to bed. Later, in the kitchen, she says, "I wish you wouldn't do that."

"What?"

"In the bath like that."

He is nonplussed. "Good heavens. Why not?"

"It could scare them."

"But they love it!"

"It's icky."

"Icky," he repeats. He goes to the refrigerator for some ice. He can feel the anger starting, his face beginning to flush. He makes a drink and goes into the living room. The anger mounts as he hears the sounds of her working in the kitchen, making dinner. Abruptly, he puts down his drink, goes into the hall, down the stairs, and out the front door. He spends the evening in a bar frequented by writers and returns home drunk at three in the morning.

A FEW years later, Sean drives home from the office. He has worked late, missed dinner. He thinks about his boys, and begins to weep. He pulls off the expressway and parks in the darkness by the docks. It occurs to him that he is in bad trouble. The weeping has come out of nowhere, to overwhelm him, like some exotic physical reflex, and it could as well have happened on the street or in a restaurant. There is more pressure in him than he can control, or even gauge, his pretenses to the contrary notwithstanding. As he calms down, he allows himself to face the fact that his wife has begun to prepare for the end: a whisper of discreet activity—ice-skating with a male friend on weekends, veiled references to an unknown future, a certain coyness around the house. When he goes, he will have to leave the children. He starts the car, and the boys are in his mind; he feels the weight of their souls in his mind.

He unlocks the front door of the house, hangs his coat in the closet, and climbs the stairs. Silence. A fire burns in the fireplace in the empty living room. The kitchen and dining room are empty. He moves along the landing and starts up the second flight of stairs.

"Daddy." Philip is out of sight in his bedroom, but his voice is clear, his tone direct, as if they'd been talking

Joseph Farris

together, as if they were in the middle of a conversation.

"I'm coming." Sean wonders why the house is so quiet. His wife must be up in the attic. John must be asleep.

"Why were you crying?" Philip asks.

Sean stops at the top of the stairs. His first thought is not how the boy knows but if the knowledge has scared him. He goes into the room, and there is Philip, wide awake, kneeling at the foot of his bed, an expectant look on his face.

"Hi." Sean can see the boy is not alarmed. Curious, focussed, but not scared.

"Why?" the boy asks. He is six years old.

"Grownups cry sometimes, you know. It's O.K."

The boy takes it in, still waiting.

"I'm not sure," Sean says. "It's complicated. Probably a lot of things. But it's O.K. I feel better now."

"That's good."

Sean senses the boy's relief. He sits down on the floor. "How did you know I was crying?" He has never felt as close to another human being as he does at this moment. His tone is deliberately casual.

The boy starts to answer, his intelligent face eager, animated. Sean watches the clearly marked stages: First, Philip draws a breath to begin speaking. He is confident. Second, he searches for language to frame what he knows, but, to his puzzlement, it isn't there. Third, he realizes he can't answer the question. He stares into the middle distance for several moments. Sean waits, but he has seen it all in the boy's face.

"I don't know," the boy says. "I just knew."

"I understand."

After a while the boy gives a sudden large yawn, and gets under the covers. Sean goes downstairs.

THE time arrives when he must tell the boys he is going away. Philip is eight, and John almost seven. They go up into the attic playroom. Sean masks the storm in his heart and explains that no one in the family is at fault. He has no choice—he must leave, and not live in the house anymore. As he says this, the boys glance quickly at each other—almost furtively—and Sean feels a special, sharp, mysterious pang.

TWELVE years later, Sean stands on line at Gate 6 in Boston's Logan Airport, waiting to check in for Eastern's 7:45 A.M. flight to Philadelphia. He is gray-haired, a bit thick around the middle, wears reading glasses low on his nose, and walks, as he moves closer to the desk, with a slight limp, from a cartilage operation on his right knee. He wears a dark suit and a trenchcoat, and carries a soft canvas overnight bag hanging from his shoulder.

"Morning." The attendant is a black woman with whom he has checked in every Monday morning for the last two years. "It's nowhere near full," she says. "I'll upgrade you now." Sean commutes weekly between the two cities, and the airline has provided him with a special card. When first class is not full, he gets a first-class seat at no extra charge. She hands him his boarding pass, and he nods as he moves away.

He sits down and waits for the boarding call. Businessmen surround him, two military officers, three stewardesses, a student carrying a book bag from the university in Boston where Sean teaches. He doesn't recognize the student but watches him abstractedly. Philip and John are that age now. Sean recalls that when his boys entered college, in Washington and Chicago, he found himself easing up on his own students in Boston, softening his style despite himself.

The flight is called. He surrenders his ticket and moves down the enclosed walkway to the open door of the plane. The stewardess recognizes him and takes his coat. He settles down in seat 2-A and accepts a cup of coffee. The ritual is familiar and reassuring. Sean is at ease.

It had not always been thus. When he'd begun commuting, Sean was tense in the air. It had been difficult for him to look out the window without a flash of panic. In his fear, he was abnormally sensitive to the other passengers—controlling his anger at loud conversations, conscious of any intrusion, however minute, into the space allotted to him. Expansive, relaxed people irritated him the most. He could not stand the way they threw their elbows about, or thoughtlessly stretched their legs, or clumsily bumped into his seat. He found himself hating the other passengers, cataloguing their faults like a miser counting money. But eventually, as he got used to flying, he began to recognize the oddness, the almost pathological oddness of his hatred, and it went away. Only on very rough flights did it recur.

Now he can gaze down through miles of empty space without fear. He wonders why, and concludes that both his former fear of heights and his present lack of fear are inexplicable. The stewardess brings breakfast, and his right knee cracks painfully as he adjusts his position.

The tenth summer of Sunday softball. The game Sean helped to organize had become a tradition in the town of Siasconset. Philip and John began as small boys and grew to young men playing the infield. Sean's second wife had taken pictures from the start, and the effect was that of time-lapse photography—a collapsed history in which the father grew older, the sons grew taller and stronger, and everyone else stayed more or less the same. Sean stood on the mound with a one-run lead, runner at first, and two outs. The batter was Gino, a power hitter. Sean threw an inside pitch and watched Gino's hips come around, watched the bat come around, and heard the snap of solid contact. The ball disappeared in speed toward third base. Sean turned to see John frozen in the air, impossibly high off the ground, feet together, toes pointed down, his legs and torso perfectly aligned in a smooth curve, a continuous brushstroke, his long arm pointing straight up at full extension, and there, nestled deep in the pocket of his glove, the white ball. Sean gave a shout of joy, dimly aware of pain in his knee, shouting all the way down as he fell, twisting, utterly happy, numb with pleasure.

The stewardess clears away his breakfast. Below, New York City slips past. He finds the old neighborhood, even the street, but he can't make out the house where his first wife still lives. They have retained good relations, and talk on the phone every month or so. His second, younger wife approves of the first, and vice versa. Sean is absurdly proud of this.

"Do you ever dream about me?" he had once asked her on the phone. "I mean, do I ever appear in your dreams?"

Slightly taken aback, she had laughed nervously. "No. What an odd question."

SAYING GOODBYE TO THE DEAD

I walk on the dirt roads being my father.
Between tobacco fields empty in February
except for the wooden stakes and the wires.
The earth is spongy after the rains
which washed the snow away. Dogs bark
near the houses around the fields.
Mountains beyond that. I clap my hands
in the air over my head, four times.
Turn on one foot around with my arms lifted.
Stop and look at the sky fast and hard.
Then walk to the bakery and buy day-old
sweet rolls to eat in my room at the hotel.

—Linda Gregg

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"I only ask because you crop up in mine. What is it—eleven years now, twelve? You still show up now and then."

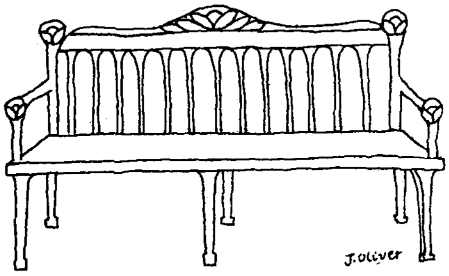
The plane lands smoothly at the Philadelphia airport. Looping his bag over his shoulder, Sean is out the door, through the building, and into a cab.

"Downtown. The Drexler Building."

In his late forties, to his amazement, and through a process he never completely understood, the board of the Drexler Foundation had asked him to direct that part of their organization which gave money to the arts. It is work he enjoys.

He pays the driver and stares up at the Drexler Building—seventy stories of glass reflecting the clouds, the sky. Pushing through the big revolving door, he crosses the lobby, quickening his step as he sees the express elevator ready to leave. He jumps through just as the doors close behind him, pushes the button for the sixty-fifth floor, and turns.

For a split second he is disoriented. Philip, his older son, stands before him on the other side of the elevator, facing front. Sean's heart lurches, and then he sees that it is a young man of Philip's age, size, and general appearance, delivering a large envelope to Glidden & Glidden, on sixty-four. For a moment the two ideas overlap—the idea of Philip and the idea of the young man—and in that moment time seems to slow down. It is as if Sean had seen his son across a supernatural barrier—as if he, Sean, were a ghost haunting the elevator, able to see the real body of his son but unable to be seen by him. An almost unbearable sadness comes over him. As he emerges from this illusion, he knows full well that his son is hundreds of miles away at college, and yet he finds within himself a pressure of love for the young man so great it is all he can do to remain silent. The elevator ascends, and Sean regains control of himself. Now he can see the young man clearly—alert, a little edgy, clear blue eyes, a bit of acne.



"I hate elevators," the young man says, his eyes fixed on the lights above the door indicating the floors.

"I'm not crazy about them, but it beats walking."

The elevator approaches sixty-four, but then the lights go out, the emergency light comes on, and it stops between sixty-three and sixty-four. A slight bump downward. Sean grabs the rail involuntarily. Under the flat white light of the emergency bulb, the young man is pale, gaunt-looking.

"Oh my God," he says.

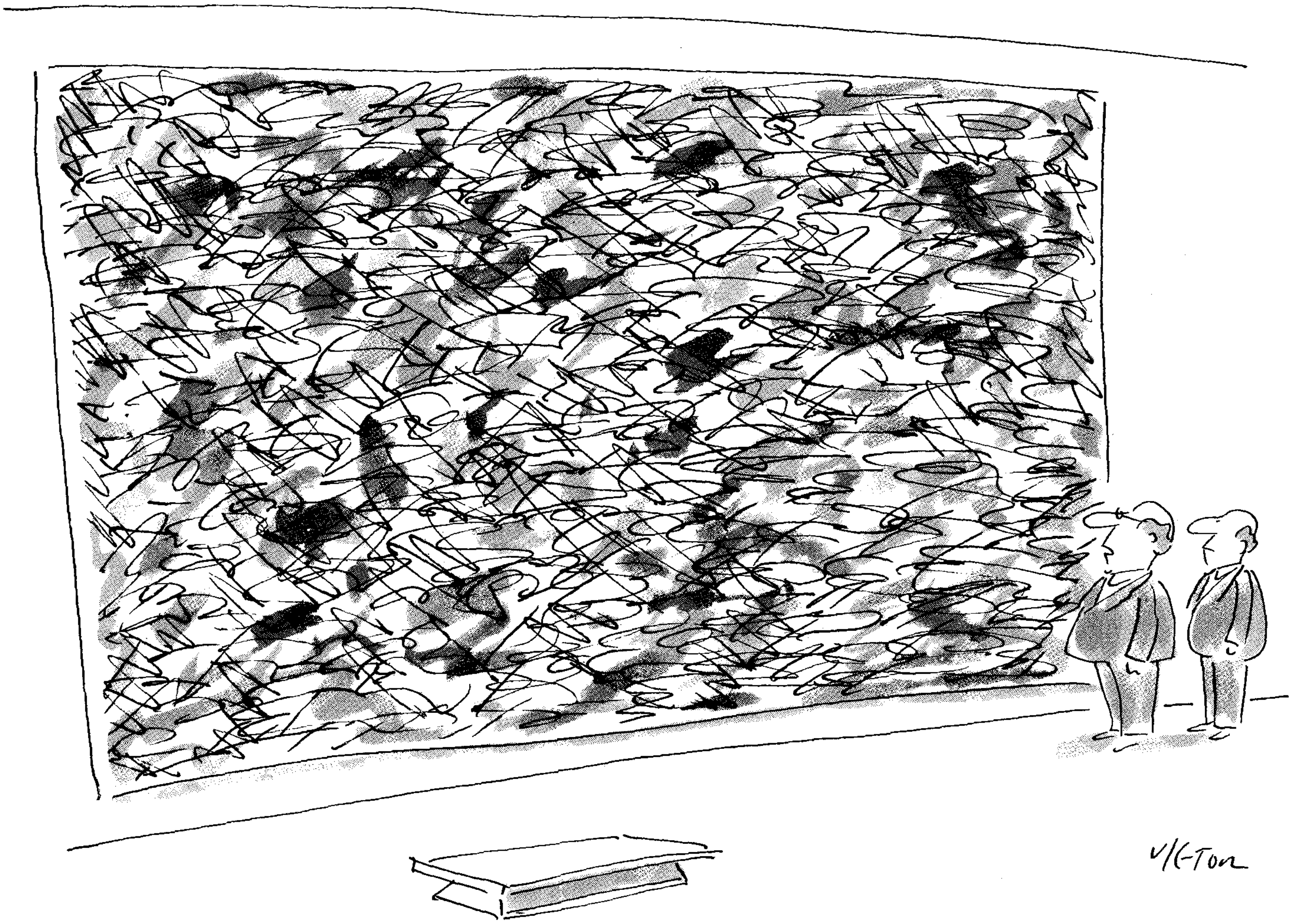
They fall a few feet more.

The young man presses himself into a corner. His eyes are wild.

Sean is utterly calm.

"Oh God oh God oh God." The young man's voice begins to rise.

"This has happened to me several times," Sean lies. "In Chicago. Once in Baltimore. The elevators have brakes, non-electrical, separate from all the other systems, which automatically engage if the elevator exceeds a certain speed." This, he thinks, is the truth. "Do you understand what I'm saying?"



"My dentist paints."

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The young man's mouth is open, as if to scream. He looks in all directions, finally at Sean.

"It can't fall. It can't. Do you understand?"

"Yes." The young man swallows hard.

"We're perfectly safe."

Sean watches the young man as several minutes go by. He remains silent, remembering his own panic in airplanes, his own need for privacy on those occasions, guessing that the boy feels likewise. After another minute, however, he can see the fear rising again in the young man's face. Sean shrugs off his bag and crosses the space between them.

"Listen," he says quietly, "it's going to be O.K."

The young man is breathing fast. He stares at Sean without seeing him. Sean reaches out and takes the young man's head in his hands.

"I want you to listen to me, now. We are quite safe. Focus on me, now. I know we are safe, and if you focus on me *you* will know we are safe." The young man sees him now. He moves his head slightly in Sean's hands.

"Hypnotism," he whispers.

"No, for Christ's sake, it isn't hypnotism," Sean says. "We're going to stay like this until the lights come on. We're going to stay like this until the door opens, or they come get us, or whatever." Sean can feel the young man begin to calm down. He holds the boy's head gently and stares into his eyes. "Good. That's good."

After a while the lights come on, the elevator rises, and the doors open. The boy jumps out. "Come on, come on!" he cries.

Sean smiles. "This is sixty-four. I'm going to sixty-five."

The young man moves forward, but the door closes. The elevator goes up one floor, and Sean gets out.

That night, as he lies in bed waiting for sleep, Sean goes over the entire incident in his mind. He laughs aloud, remembering the young man's expression when he realized Sean was going to stay in the elevator.

Then he remembers the day in 1942 when his father showed up unexpectedly, took him home from school, washed the windows, and carried him out on the windowsill. He remembers looking down at the cracks in the sidewalk. Here, in the darkness, he can see the cracks in the sidewalk from more than forty years ago. He feels no fear—only a sense of astonishment.

—FRANK CONROY

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REFLECTIONS

WEAPONS AND HOPE

IV—CONCEPTS

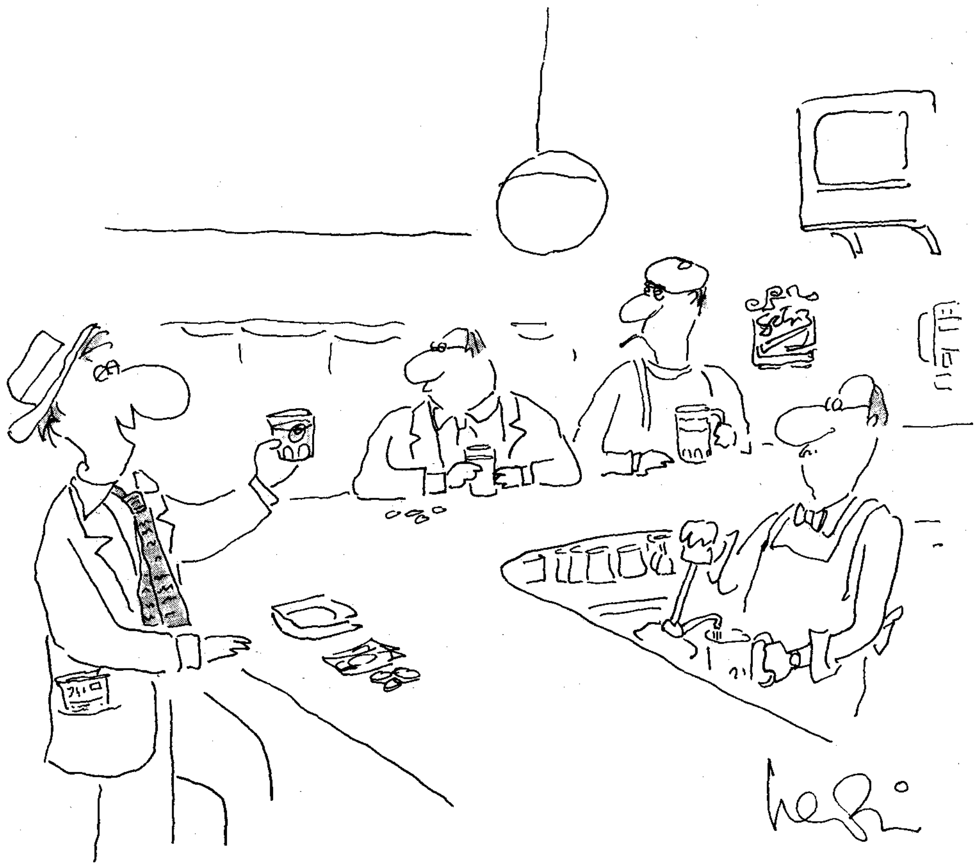
I know that most men—not only those considered clever, but even those who are clever and capable of understanding the most difficult scientific, mathematical, or philosophic problems—can seldom discern even the simplest and most obvious truth if it be such as obliges them to admit the falsity of conclusions they have formed, perhaps with much difficulty—conclusions of which they are proud, which they have taught to others, and on which they have built their lives.—*Leo Tolstoy, 1898.*

THE QUEST FOR CONCEPT

I BORROWED the title of this section of my essay from George Kennan. He wrote an essay with this title seventeen years ago. I decided that Kennan's way of looking at things is the best way of coming to grips with the problems of nuclear weapons, so I have adopted Kennan's title as my own. This does not mean that Kennan is responsible for my conclusions. It means that I have accepted Kennan's fundamental standpoint: that we shall not succeed in dealing with the political and technical problems of controlling our weapons until we have agreed upon a coherent concept of what the weapons are for.

First, I go back into history to illustrate what the word "concept" means. As a schoolchild in England, I was taught the fundamental concept of British foreign policy. The concept is this: Whichever happens to be the strongest power in Continental Europe shall not be allowed to dominate the narrow seas around Britain. The leading Continental power was Spain in the sixteenth century, Holland briefly in the seventeenth, France in the eighteenth and nineteenth, and Germany in the first half of the twentieth. England fought wars against every one of these powers. Perhaps it fought too many wars. But England's wars had at least the virtue of being fought for a concept that was clear, and practical, and feasible. Because the wars were fought for a limited objective, it was possible to win most of them without totally humiliating the adversary. One may agree or disagree with the concept. One may think that it is moral or immoral, necessary or unnecessary. But at least one has to admit that it is durable. It served pretty well as a basis for British policy for four hundred years, surviving the rise and fall of a great empire—the growth and decline of England as a world power. During all that time, the narrow seas stayed open and England stayed free. The concept remained the same whether we were dealing with Philip II or with Louis XIV or with Napoleon or with Hitler. It remains the same today. It has nothing to do with ideology and little to do with moral principles or legal obligations.

Kennan was arguing, and still is arguing, for a similarly clear and limited concept upon which to base American foreign policy. He observes that American policy once had a clear conceptual basis. This basis lasted for about a hundred years after the founding of the republic. Actually, it comprised two concepts: one was the Monroe Doctrine, saying that any new annexation of territory by a European power in either North or South America would be regarded as "dangerous to our peace and safety;" the other was the doctrine of the open frontier, saying that the United States should be free to expand westward all the way to the Pacific. These two concepts were sufficient as a basis for American policy until shortly before the end of the nineteenth century. But then "there crept into the ideas of Americans about foreign policy something that had not been there in the earlier days," Kennan says. "It was a histrionic note—a note of self-consciousness, or pretension. There was a desire not just to *be* something but to *appear* as something: to appear as something greater perhaps than one actually was. . . . It was inconceivable that any war in which we were involved could be less than momentous and decisive for the future of humanity. . . . As each war ended, and it became necessary to talk about the world political future, we took appeal to universalistic, utopian ideals, related not to the specifics of national interest but to legalistic and moralistic concepts that seemed better to accord with the pretentious significance we had at-



"To my data, right or wrong."

tached to our war effort.”

LOANS
WEBER

“Boy! Are you a sight for sore eyes!”

• •

This was the situation as Kennan saw it in 1947, when he became director of the Policy Planning Staff of the State Department. Under his guidance, the staff defined a new concept, which it proposed as a basis for American policy in the world that emerged from the Second World War. The concept was modest and realistic. It was simply that the major centers of industrial strength then existing outside the United States and the Soviet Union—namely, Britain, Germany, and Japan—should not be allowed to fall under Soviet control. Nothing was said about China. Nothing was said about Cuba, Iran, or Afghanistan. Nothing was said about leading a world crusade against Communism. The concept was that the vital interests of the United States would be adequately protected as long as the main concentrations of population and industry capable of producing modern weapons remained in independent hands. As a concept, this idea had some similarity to the British concept of keeping open the narrow seas. In both cases, the concept had the purpose of establishing a limited area within which a nation's vital interests were regarded as lying. The limited area could be, and must be, defended from annexation by rival powers. Outside the limited area, the nation should be under no obligation to act as policeman in other people's quarrels.

Kennan's concept of limited liability did not become the policy of the United States. Instead, the United States government adopted a concept called “containment,” which was based on Kennan's ideas but missed his essential point. The concept of containment, as it evolved in practice, was that the United States would be committed to opposing the territorial expansion of Communism with equal fury no matter where it occurred and no matter who might be responsible for it. It was the concept of containment in this expanded sense which led us into disaster in Vietnam and came close to leading us into an even greater disaster in Cuba.

Kennan wrote his “Quest for Concept” in 1967, when the Vietnam tragedy was still unfolding and no end was in sight. His final sentences express the hope that sustained him through those dark days—a hope that should also sustain us today as we struggle to deal with the enduring problems of nuclear armaments:

> It remains my hope that if the Vietnam situation takes a turn that permits us once again to conduct our affairs on the basis of deliberate intention, rather than just yielding ourselves to be whip-sawed by the dynamics of a situation beyond our control, we will take up once more the quest for concept as a basis for national policy. And I hope that when we do, what we will try to evolve is concept based on a modest unsparing view of ourselves; on a careful examination of our national interest, devoid of all utopian and universalistic pretensions; and upon a sober, discriminating view of the world beyond our borders—a view that takes account of the element of relativity in all antagonisms and friendships, that sees in others neither angels nor devils, neither heroes nor blackguards; a concept, finally, which accepts it as our purpose not to abolish all violence and injustice from the workings of international society but to confine those inevitable concomitants of the human predicament to levels of intensity that do not threaten the very existence of civilization.
>
> If concept could be based on these principles, if we could apply to its creation the enormous resources of intelligence and ingenuity and sincerity that do exist in this country, and if we could refine it and popularize it through those traditional processes of rational discussion and debate on the efficacy of which, in reality, our whole political tradition is predicated, then I could see this country some day making, as it has never made to date, a contribution to world stability and to human progress commensurate with its commanding physical power.

In this essay, I am trying to carry forward into the areas of weapons and strategy the processes of rational discussion and debate upon which Kennan rested his hope for the future. The United States now possesses weapons of mass destruction whose capacity for killing and torturing people surpasses all our imaginings. The Soviet government has weapons that are as bad or worse. The two countries have been almost totally unsuccessful in halting the multiplication and proliferation of these weapons. Following Kennan's lead, I want to ask some simple questions. What are these weapons for? What are the concepts that drive the arms race, on the American side and on the Soviet side? Since the existing

"That's the Fairlawns—Ed and Dottie, who plays his unhappy wife."

• •

concepts have led both of us into a situation of mortal danger, with no escape in sight, can we find any new concepts, which might serve our interests better? Can we find a concept of weaponry which would allow us to protect our national interests but would not commit us to threatening the wholesale massacre of innocent people?

Above all, a concept should be robust: robust enough to survive mistranslation into various languages, to survive distortion by political pressures and interservice rivalries, to survive drowning in floods of emotion engendered by international crises and catastrophes. General Sir Archibald Wavell, who commanded the British forces in the Middle East in the early years of the Second World War, published an anthology of poetry and also a book on generalship. I quote now from his book on generalship: "Whenever in the old days a new design of mountain gun was submitted to the Artillery Committee, that august body had it taken to the top of a tower, some hundred feet high, and thence dropped onto the ground below. If it was still capable of functioning it was given further trial; if not, it was rejected as flimsy." Wavell remarked that he would like to be allowed to use the same method when he was choosing a general. His suggestion applies equally well to the choice of a strategic concept. Any concept that is to succeed in regulating the use of weapons must be at least as robust as the weapons themselves and the generals who command them. A test of robustness for a concept which is roughly equivalent to Wavell's hundred-foot drop for a mountain gun is the process of verbal mauling that occurs in the public budgetary hearings of the committees of the United States Senate and House of Representatives.

The nuclear strategy of the United States was based for many years upon a concept that was definitively stated by Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara in 1967: "The cornerstone of our strategic policy continues to be to deter deliberate nuclear attack upon the United States, or its allies, by maintaining a highly reliable ability to inflict an unacceptable degree of damage upon any single aggressor or combination of aggressors at any time during the course of a strategic nuclear exchange—even after our absorbing a surprise first strike." A year earlier, McNamara had given a less formal definition of the concept: "Offensive capability or what I will call the capability for assuring the destruction of the Soviet Union is far and away the most important requirement we have to meet." Because of McNamara's choice of words, the concept is called Assured Destruction. It is also sometimes called Mutual Assured Destruction, with the implications that the Russians possess the same capacity for destroying us that we possess for destroying them, and that Soviet strategy should be based on the same concept as our strategy. I shall discuss Soviet strategy a little later. One thing that emerges clearly from Soviet doctrines is that the Soviet Union does not accept Assured Destruction as a strategic goal. The word "mutual" is therefore misleading. It is better to call McNamara's concept Assured Destruction and to let the Russians speak for themselves.

Assured Destruction has at least the virtue of robustness. McNamara never had any difficulty in explaining it to congressional committees. It survived untouched the Vietnam War and the attendant political upheavals that changed so many other aspects of American life and, incidentally, put an end to McNamara's tenure as Secretary of Defense. It survives today, as an important component of American strategy and of the American conduct of arms-control negotiations. The words "assured destruction" are clear and unambiguous, and their meaning survives translation into Russian. The ability to survive translation is an essential virtue. Endless trouble and misunderstanding have been caused by the word "deterrence," which is a

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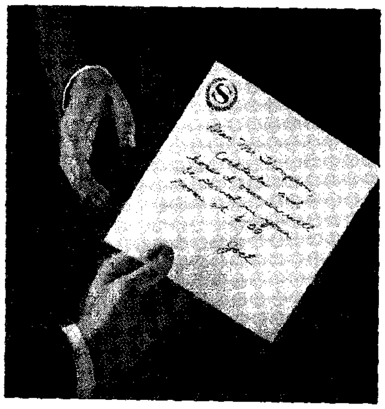

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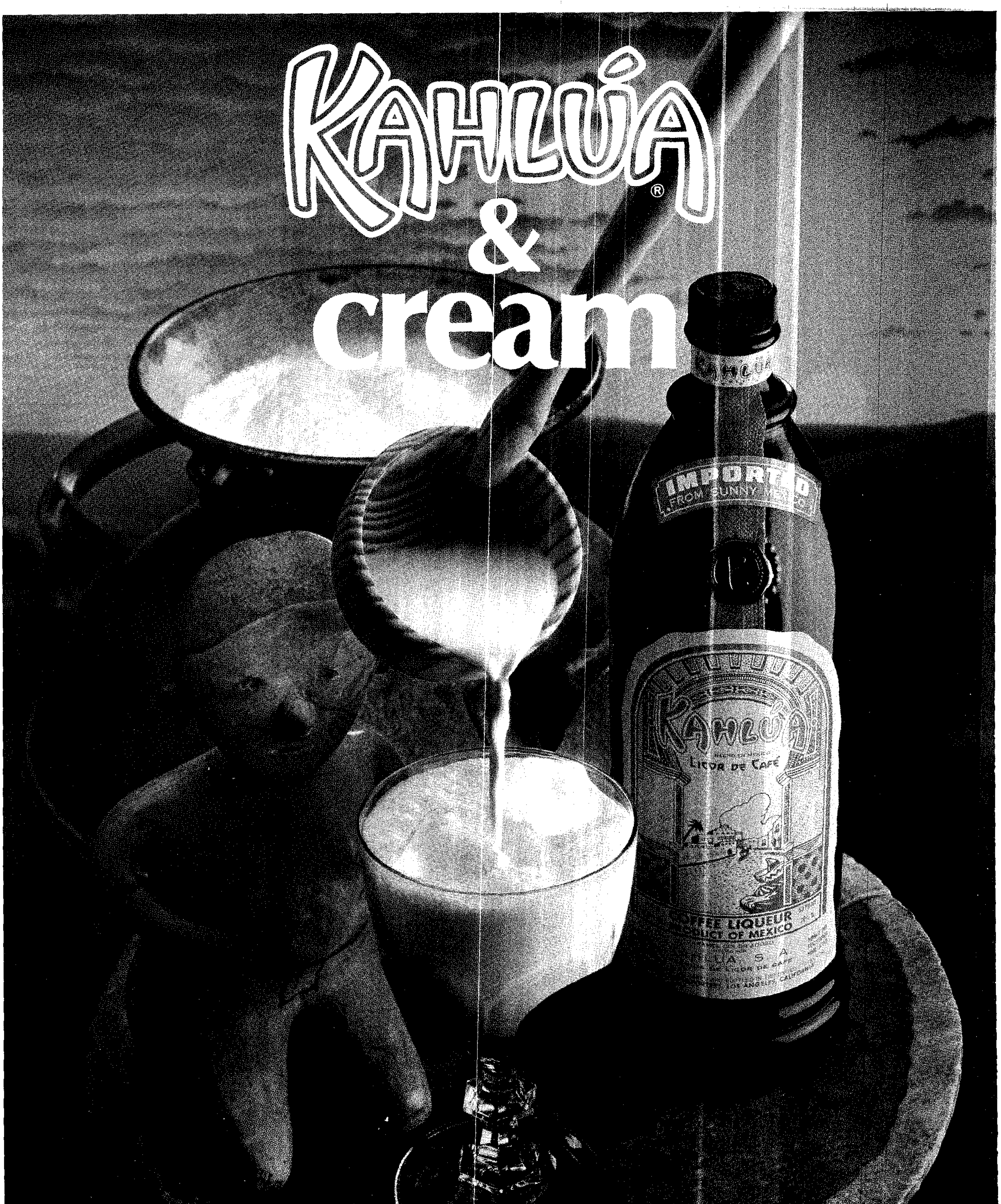
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©1983 Kahlúa® 53 Proof. Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc., Universal City, CA slippery concept in English and is usually translated into Russian as *ustrashenie*. It turns out that the word *ustrashenie* really means "intimidation," and so it is not surprising that discussions with Russians about deterrence have proved frustrating to all concerned. There is no such difficulty with Assured Destruction. Assured Destruction means exactly what it says. It means: No matter what you do and no matter what happens to us, we retain the capacity for bombing you back into the Stone Age.

I make a sharp distinction between Assured Destruction as a fact and Assured Destruction as a concept. It is a fact that we Americans can assuredly destroy any country in the world, including our own, any time we feel like it. It is a fact that the Soviet Union can do the same. These are facts that everybody must accept. But the concept of Assured Destruction means something else. The concept means that we adopt as the ruling principle of our foreign policy the perpetuation of this state of affairs. The concept means that we actively desire and pursue the capacity for Assured Destruction, with a priority overriding all other objectives. That is what McNamara said: "The capability for assuring the destruction of the Soviet Union is far and away the most important requirement we have to meet." Assured Destruction must come first, and everything else, including our own survival, second. The concept requires that we maintain at all times an assortment of offensive nuclear weapons so numerous and so close to invulnerable that their ability to destroy the Soviet Union is mathematically guaranteed. The fact of Assured Destruction is at the moment inescapable. The concept of Assured Destruction as a permanently desirable goal is only one of many concepts that we are free to accept or to reject. The concept was accepted as the basis of American policy during the McNamara era and is still preferred by most of my friends in the American academic world who are experts in strategy and arms control. But many political and military leaders within the American government have always been dissatisfied with Assured Destruction and are now pursuing other concepts.

One of the alternative concepts of the function and purpose of nuclear weapons is Limited Nuclear War. The concept of Limited Nuclear War was concisely stated in 1956 by Paul Nitze—the same Paul Nitze who was in 1983 negotiating with the Soviet Union the reduction of intermediate-range nuclear forces in Europe: "It is to the West's interest, if atomic war becomes inevitable, that atomic weapons of the smallest sizes be used in the smallest area, and against the most restricted target systems possible, while still achieving for the West the particular objective which is at issue."

Robert Oppenheimer believed in the same concept in 1951, when he campaigned for the initial deployment of nuclear weapons to defend Europe against invading armies. The concept of Limited Nuclear War has always been inherent in American doctrines for the use of tactical nuclear weapons; to that extent, it has always been a part of American nuclear strategy. But when Nitze discussed the concept in 1956 he was not thinking only of tactical weapons. Like many people professionally involved with weaponry, Nitze believed that Limited Nuclear War should apply to strategic weapons, too. Especially in the subterranean world of war planners who draw up lists of targets for strategic weapons, the concept of Limited Nuclear War has had a strong influence, even during the years when the publicly proclaimed purpose of strategic deployments was Assured Destruction only. People who carry the responsibility for aiming weapons of mass destruction prefer to believe that the destruction for which they are responsible is directed at some specific military objective rather than at mere destruction for destruction's sake. Furthermore, as strategic weapons became more numerous and more accurate the mission of Assured Destruction no longer provided enough targets for the available warheads. The professional targeters were compelled, whether they believed in Limited Nuclear War or not, to assign warheads to missions of a more limited character than Assured Destruction. In this fashion, the concept of Limited Nuclear War became unofficially embodied in the target lists long before it was officially acknowledged as a determining factor of strategic policy.

From time to time, successive Secretaries of Defense referred guardedly to

AT LEAST
SLOW DOWN
(formerly STOP)
D. Reilly

"*Time sure does fly. It's Mardi Gras again.*"

Limited Nuclear War in their public statements. Finally, in July, 1980, President Carter approved a document called Presidential Directive 59, which formally confirmed the fact that the concepts of Limited Nuclear War and Assured Destruction would thenceforth have equal standing in American nuclear strategy. The Reagan Administration accepted the doctrine of P.D. 59 and continued to put it into practice. I cannot discuss P.D. 59 in detail, because I do not know precisely what it says. Secretary of Defense Harold Brown's description of P.D. 59 stated that it leaves intact the concept of Assured Destruction as the ultimate purpose of our strategic forces but that it adds to Assured Destruction a number of preliminary stages, so that we can theoretically carry out a variety of limited nuclear attacks on military and political targets in the Soviet Union while keeping in reserve the weapons needed for assured destruction. Secretary Brown emphasized that the new doctrine described only an evolutionary change, and not a radical departure from previous concepts. The change consisted mainly in bringing the theory of strategic deployments into line with the long-established realities of targeting. Our public doctrine is now, as our targeting has always been, a compromise between Assured Destruction and Limited Nuclear War.

One of the major defects of the concepts of Assured Destruction and Limited Nuclear War is that they are not shared by the Soviet Union. Soviet leaders have told us repeatedly, in no uncertain terms, that they reject them both. They have told us that they consider the concept of Limited Nuclear War to be an illusion, and that any attempt from our side to wage a limited nuclear war will be met from their side by a full-scale nuclear response. They have told us that they consider the concept of deliberate destruction of civilian populations barbarous, and that their strategic forces will never be used for that purpose. We have good reason to believe that the Soviet leaders mean what they say. The counterpart of McNamara's statement of our concept of Assured Destruction is the statement made in 1971 by the Soviet Minister of Defense, the late Marshal A. A. Grechko. Here is Marshal Grechko speaking: "The Strategic Rocket Forces, which constitute the basis of the military might of our armed forces, are designed to annihilate the means of the enemy's nuclear attack, large groupings of his armies, and his military bases; to destroy his military industries; and to disorganize the political and military administration of the aggressor as well as his rear and transport."

Marshal Grechko's concept may not be gentler or more humane than McNamara's, but it is certainly different. Grechko did not target his forces with the primary mission of doing unacceptable damage to our society. Their primary mission is to put our military forces out of action as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Unacceptable damage to our population is a probable consequence of their use, but it is not their main purpose. The technical name for Marshal Grechko's concept is Counterforce. Counterforce means that your ultimate purpose is to insure the survival of your own society by destroying the enemy's weapons. Your immediate objective is to disarm him, not to destroy him.

There are many cultural and historical reasons that the Counterforce concept fits better into the Russian way of thinking about war than into the American. The most important fact to remember about Russian generals is that they start out by reading Tolstoy's "War and Peace." Their whole experience of war and peace in the years since 1914 has confirmed the truth of Tolstoy's vision. According to Tolstoy, war is an inscrutable chaos, largely beyond human understanding and human control. In spite of terrible blunders and terrible losses, the Russian people in the end win by virtue of their superior discipline and powers of endurance. All this is entirely alien to the American view of thermonuclear war as a brief affair, lasting a few hours or days, with the results predictable in advance by a computer calculation that is like a baseball score—so many megadeaths on one side and so many megadeaths on the other. Assured Destruction and Limited Nuclear War make sense if war is short, calculable, and predictable. Counterforce makes sense if war is long drawn out and unpredictable and the best you can do is to save as many lives as you can and go on fighting with whatever you have left. I happen to believe that the Russian view of war, being based on a longer historical experience, is closer to the truth than ours. That is not to say that their concept of Counterforce is free of illusions. Neither Assured Destruction nor Limited Nuclear War nor Counterforce is to me an acceptable concept. If I had to make a choice between Assured Destruction and Counterforce, I would choose Counterforce, as less objectionable on moral grounds. But neither Assured Destruction nor Limited Nuclear War nor Counterforce answers the most urgent need, which is to find a concept that both sides can understand and accept as a basis for arms-control negotiations.

The tragedy of the SALT negotiations arose from the basic incompatibility of American and Soviet strategic concepts. The Soviet concept of Counterforce says, "Whatever else happens, if you drive us to war we shall survive." The American concept of Assured Destruction says, "Whatever else happens, if you drive us to war you shall not survive." It is impossible to find, even theoretically, any arrangement of strategic forces on the two sides which satisfies both these demands simultaneously. No satisfactory treaty, then, can emerge from arms-control negotiations so long as the concepts on the two sides remain as they are. The SALT II agreement is better than no treaty at all, but it is a miserable thing, unloved even by its friends, and demonstrating the bankruptcy of the strategic concepts that gave it birth. If that is the best that our present concepts can do for us, then let us, in God's name, look for some better concepts.

I have drawn up a list of seven strategic concepts. Each of them is a basis for a possible future. Three of them—Assured Destruction and Limited Nuclear War and Counterforce—have provided a basis for American and Soviet policies in the past and the present. As the examples of Assured Destruction and Limited Nuclear War make clear, it is possible for us to espouse two concepts simultaneously, but the confusion resulting from our ambiguous intentions is in itself a source of danger. We would be well advised in the future to choose a single concept, and to make our policies as unambiguous as possible. We would also be well advised to choose a concept that is compatible, if not identical, with the concept preferred by the Soviet Union.

My list of concepts contains, in addition to the three I have mentioned, four to which I give the names Defense Unlimited, Nonviolent Resistance, Non-Nuclear Resistance, and Live and Let Live. This list makes no claim to completeness. I chose these additional concepts to represent four different directions in which we might decide to depart radically from the pat-

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terns of the past. I am thinking of a span of time extending twenty or thirty years into the future, within which radical changes are possible, and perhaps inevitable. Each of the concepts might be adopted in a more extreme or a less extreme version. It is also possible that we shall avoid radical change and stay with our existing concepts for another thirty years. I shall try to weigh the advantages and disadvantages of each of the seven concepts. Defense Unlimited is a shift of emphasis from offensive to defensive weaponry, with defensive weapons of all kinds deployed as rapidly as technology will allow. Nonviolent Resistance is the concept of active pacifism as it was put into practice by Gandhi and by the French pastor André Trocmé. Non-Nuclear Resistance is unilateral nuclear disarmament combined with vigorous deployment of non-nuclear weapons and a willingness to use them. Live and Let Live is a compromise concept, designed to achieve a decisive turning away from dependence on nuclear weapons with the least possible disturbance of existing patterns of thought and behavior.

I did not put "Deterrence" on my list of concepts, because "deterrence" is a word with too many meanings. Any deployment of weapons by one country with the aim of dissuading another country from doing something disagreeable is a form of deterrence. Except for Nonviolent Resistance, every concept on my list involves deterrence in one form or another. One might even classify as deterrence the forty million gas masks deployed by the British civil-defense organization in 1939; those gas masks may be given some credit for deterring Hitler from using poison gas when he attacked the civilian population of London in 1940. A deterrent in the widest sense of the word is any weapon that can be effective without being used. On the other hand, some experts in arms control give deterrence a narrow meaning roughly synonymous with Assured Destruction, while in popular American usage a deterrent simply means an offensive-nuclear-weapon system. Herman Kahn, in his book "On Thermonuclear War," published in 1960, tried to bring order out of this confusion by carefully defining three concepts that he called Type I Deterrence, Type II Deterrence, and Type III Deterrence. I prefer to call my concepts by names that do not need numbers to identify them.

Another word that does not appear on my list of concepts is "Freeze." At the time I am writing, the Nuclear Freeze is the main political objective of the peace movement with which I am associated. If in the next few years a consensus should develop in the United States population and government in favor of a Freeze, this would have important consequences. The Soviet government has already expressed its willingness to negotiate the conditions of a Freeze. It is likely that if the United States were wholeheartedly in favor of a Freeze a treaty could be negotiated which would achieve to a large extent the stated objective of the peace movement: "stopping the nuclear-arms race." There are various possible versions of a Freeze treaty, but they have in common the essential feature of prohibiting the manufacture, testing, and deployment of new nuclear weapons and delivery systems. Such a treaty would be a major achievement. Why should I not consider it worthy of inclusion in my list? I exclude it because it is an action rather than a concept—a means rather than an end. Concerning the purpose of nuclear weapons and the conditions for their use, the Freeze is silent. The Freeze says only that we have enough weapons; it does not say what the weapons are for, and it does not say why we need as many as we have. One of the virtues of the Freeze as a political objective is that people of widely differing viewpoints unite in supporting it. The Freeze is compatible with every concept on my list except Defense Unlimited. One may support the Freeze even if one believes, as I do, that it is valuable as a political symbol of opposition to nuclear weapons rather than as a substantial step toward the prevention of nuclear war.

In 1981, when our local peace group in Princeton, the Coalition for Nuclear Disarmament, was debating the choice of its objectives, some of us wanted to make the Freeze the main objective, while others wanted us to campaign for a United States policy of No First Use of Nuclear Weapons. I belonged to the No First Use party. I argued that a United States commitment to No First Use would directly reduce the risk of nuclear war, whereas a commitment to the Freeze would not. I argued that the No First Use issue goes to the heart of our strategic policy, whereas the Freeze affects only the details of the hardware. But the politically experienced members of our group said that the

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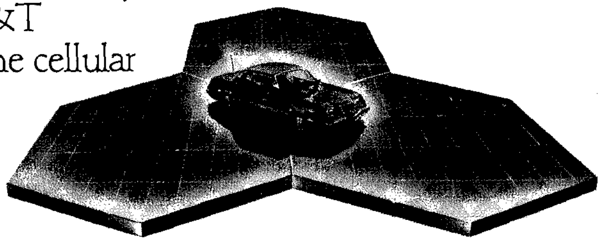

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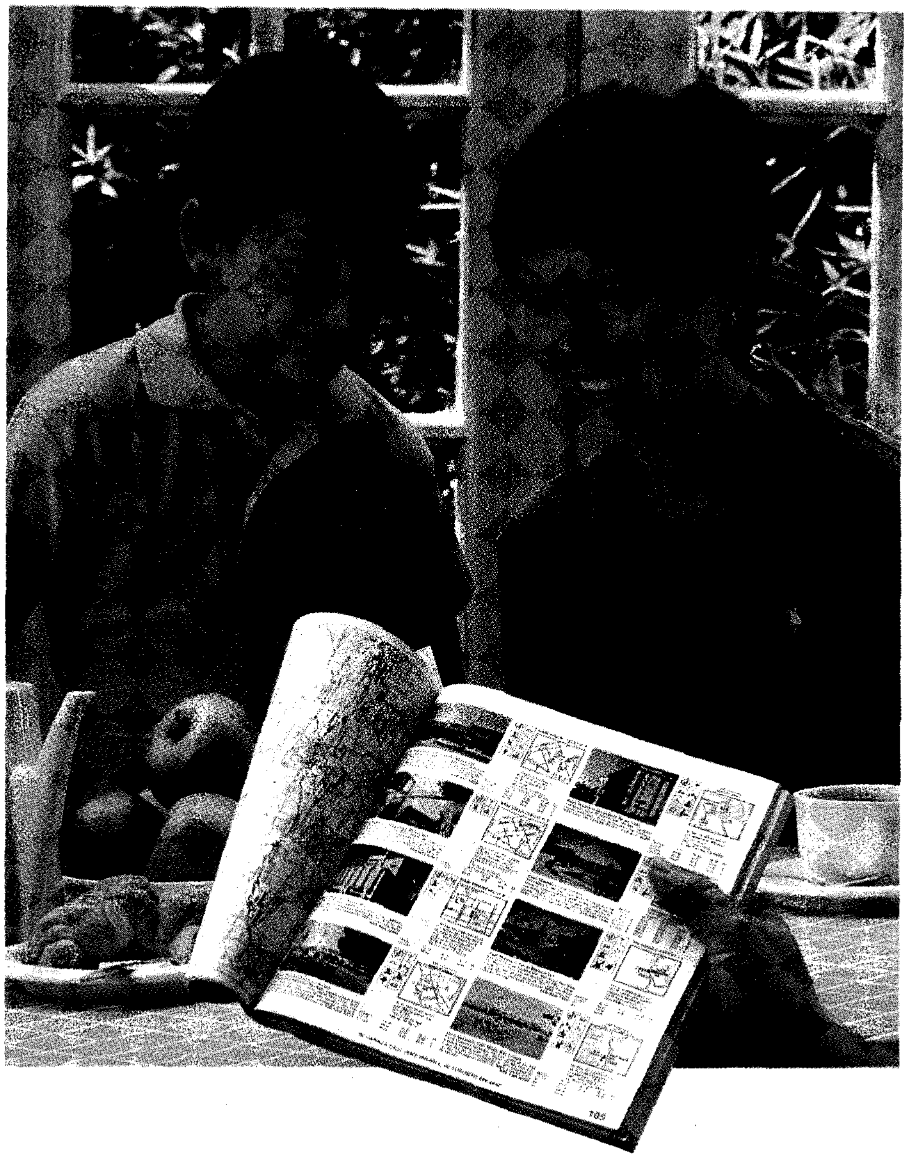

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Freeze was the only objective that had a chance of nationwide support. No First Use was useless as a political-campaign issue, they said, because the ordinary citizen would not understand what it meant. So our group decided to leave No First Use aside and work for the Freeze. It helped to get the Freeze referendum put on the ballot for the 1982 election in the state of New Jersey, and helped to get it approved by a large popular majority. No doubt the political experts in our group were right in choosing an objective that could attract public support quickly and impressively. The popular vote in favor of the Freeze probably influenced the New Jersey representatives when they voted five weeks later in Congress on funds for the production of the MX missile: they voted fourteen to one to deny funding. This defeat of the MX deployment was an important tactical victory for the peace movement. Such tactical victories are the essential mechanism by which public opinion forces a reluctant government to pay attention to its demands. I do not deny the importance of the Freeze as a tactical goal. But it is a short-range goal, having little to do with the quest for concept. After we have negotiated and ratified a treaty establishing a Nuclear Freeze, we shall still be living under the shadow of nuclear annihilation, and we shall still be searching for a concept that will define our aims on a broader time scale.

It would be unfortunate if the concentration of the efforts of the peace movement upon the Freeze should divert attention from longer-range objectives. The major part of the danger of nuclear war comes from the misuse of old weapons rather than from the production of new ones. That is why I consider No First Use an issue of greater substance than the Freeze. But No First Use is also absent from my list of concepts; it is a policy rather than a concept. No First Use is an essential component of the concept that I call Live and Let Live, and I shall come back to it when I discuss that concept in detail.

Another item missing from my list of concepts is World Government. World Government is undeniably a concept. The wisest and most realistic exposition of it is the book "World Peace Through World Law," by Grenville Clark and Louis Sohn. Theoretically, World Government provides a complete solution to our security problems. But it is difficult to imagine either Americans or Russians willingly accepting a world government that they did not dominate. Herman Kahn remarked in a footnote in his book "On Thermonuclear War," apropos of the Clark-Sohn version of World Government, "It is worth noting in this connection that it is easier to be a hero than a saint. It really would not be difficult to find thousands of Westerners willing to give up their lives for a world government of a satisfactory sort, but one would find very few willing to accept Chinese or Indian standards of living, or any appreciable risk of this occurring, for either themselves or their families." Whether one likes it or not, World Government may come into existence, one way or another, in the real world. Edward Teller was promoting World Government in the nineteen-forties while he was also promoting the hydrogen bomb, and it may be true that hydrogen bombs will in the end make World Government inevitable. The reason I reject World Government as a concept to guide our policies is that it violates Kennan's requirement that a concept should be modest, and devoid of utopian and universalistic pretensions. An American foreign policy based upon the concept of World Government would sooner or later degenerate either into a pious ritual divorced from reality or into a cold-blooded attempt to impose this nation's will upon mankind by military force.

All through the history of ideological movements in international life runs a tragic theme—the terrible dissonance of thought and action. Again and again, one sees thought leading to action that clashes with thought and results in folly and disaster. The pious and well-meaning doctrines of the Holy Alliance led in 1831 to the bloody suppression of Poland. The concept of the balance of power led the rulers of Europe into the catastrophe of 1914. Karl Marx's doctrine of the liberation of the workers of the world from their chains led in 1917 to the establishment of a regime as repressive as the Holy Alliance. In the nuclear era, Oppenheimer's concept of Limited Nuclear War as a comparatively humane strategy for defending Europe led to the dangerous proliferation of nuclear warheads overseas in exposed and vulnerable positions. Finally, the concept of Assured Destruction, which was supposed, according to the theorists of arms control, to give the world strategic stability at a fixed level of armament, has led in reality to unending fears of vulnerability and ever-increasing deployments. After looking at this dismal record of unfulfilled hopes, one might well conclude that all concepts are a delusion—that the dissonance of thought and action will always turn our concepts into traps. If the concepts we have put into practice led us into such disasters, what reason have we to expect that concepts we have not yet put into practice will not run into equally deadly snags?

In answer to this question, I can only say yes, we must never put an absolute trust in concepts. We must always be aware that concepts may betray us. We must never let concepts overrule common sense. But we cannot avoid concepts altogether. Every nuclear policy must have some conceptual basis, realistic or unrealistic, wise or foolish. The option of acting without concepts is not open to us. The only alternative to wise concepts is foolish concepts. In spite of the failures of concepts in the past, we still must have concepts for the future, and we cannot avoid the responsibility of choosing our concepts in the light of whatever wisdom we can derive from conscience and from history.

The experience of the past has not been uniformly bleak. There have been some historical examples of wise concepts leading to good results. The British concept of the freedom of the seas led in the nineteenth century to an era of widespread peace and prosperity. Gandhi's concept of Nonviolent Resistance led to a peaceful transfer of power in India. Kennan's concept of limited liability led to the Marshall Plan in Europe and to a generous peace settlement in Japan. Both the Marshall Plan and the Japanese settlement were directly influenced by Kennan, and both have been lastingly beneficial. A comparison of this list of conceptual successes with my earlier list of failures shows that the concepts that failed were generally ones that violated Kennan's principle of avoiding universalistic pretensions and apocalyptic overtones. Doctrinaire concepts usually prove disastrous. Modest and empirical concepts are more often successful. The Holy Alliance and Marxist historical determinism are prime examples of universalistic concepts that failed. Assured Destruction is an example of a failed concept with apocalyptic overtones. The disaster of 1914 is an exception to the rule: the concept of the balance of power is modest, according to Kennan's criteria, and still it failed. This exception may be explained by noting that several of the rulers of Europe in 1914 had lost sight of the balance of power and were pursuing dreams of military glory. There is no guarantee that any concept, however modest and well grounded in practical experience, will save us from the consequences of human folly.

The quest for concept promises us no sure road to survival. But it gives us solid ground for hope that a road will be found. We have seen that concepts modest in scope and careful in execution, keeping thought and action in harmony, can sometimes answer the needs of mankind with unexpected ease. Kennan, with his unrivalled double experience in the worlds of action and of thought, recently addressed a message to his colleagues in the world of thought, urging them not to abandon their efforts to bring light and reason into the world of action: "If we, the scholars, with our patient and unsensational labors, can help the statesmen to understand these basic truths—if we can help them to understand not only the dangers we face and the responsibility they bear for overcoming these dangers but also the constructive and hopeful possibilities that lie there to be opened up by wiser, more restrained, and more realistic policies—if we can do these things, then we will be richly repaid for our dedication and our persistence; for we will then have the satisfaction of knowing that scholarship, the highest work of the mind, has served, as it should, the highest interests of civilization."

Assured Destruction

THE concept of Assured Destruction defines the purpose of our nation's nuclear weapons to be readiness at any time—before or during or after a Soviet attack—to destroy the Soviet Union as a functioning society. Assurance and destruction, the two components of the concept, are equally essential. Destruction means demolishing cities and killing people. Assurance means that the sufficiency of our weapons for this purpose must be reliably guaranteed. The proponents of Assured Destruction like to use the euphemism "unacceptable damage" in order to avoid explicit mention of poisoned earth and burned bodies. They calculate in various ways the number of cities that have to be demolished and the number of people who have to be killed to do "unacceptable damage to Soviet society." Unacceptable damage seems generally to require a few tens of millions of corpses.

Anybody possessing normal human feelings and imagination has difficulty in reacting with intellectual detachment to the literature of strategic analysis. The difficulty was well described twenty years ago by the British physicist Patrick Blackett: "When I come to study in detail some of the arguments of these new military writers about nuclear war, I will necessarily have to adopt many aspects of their own methods and terminology, that is, I will have to meet them on the methodological ground of their own choosing. I want therefore to apologise in advance for the nauseating inhumanity of much of what I will have to say." Like Patrick Blackett, I am compelled to suppress feelings of disgust while I am discussing theories of nuclear strategy; like him, I trust the suppressed feelings more than I trust the theories.

The dissonance of thought and action is nowhere sharper than in the doctrine of Assured Destruction. On the one hand is the concept of Assured Destruction as it is taught by academic theorists, with their euphemistic jargon—"stable deterrence" and "invulnerable second-strike forces" and "counter-value targeting." On the other hand is the reality of weapons held constantly in readiness to wipe out of existence tens of millions of people and to destroy forever the monuments of mankind's cultural heritage.

The theory of Assured Destruction is simple and logical. The theory says that our nation needs only to maintain a force of offensive nuclear weapons satisfying three conditions: the force must be powerful enough to destroy Soviet urban society, inaccurate enough not to threaten Soviet strategic weapons, and invulnerable enough to survive a Soviet attack. If these conditions are satisfied, then a stable equilibrium has been achieved. The situation is stable in two senses: there is crisis stability, which is to say that even if we and the Soviet Union become involved in an intense crisis neither side has any incentive to attempt a disarming first strike; and there is arms-race stability, which is to say that the forces required to carry out the Assured Destruction strategy have a limited size and need not grow constantly larger. That is the theory. According to the theory, stability is the key to survival. If both crisis stability and arms-race stability can be maintained, then the world can continue living with nuclear weapons indefinitely and the weapons will never be used.

The concept of Assured Destruction has other advantages besides theoretical simplicity. It has been tested in the real world. United States weapon deployments have been guided for thirty years, in theory and to a large extent in practice, by the requirements of Assured Destruction. The fact that all of us are still alive is evidence of the concept's practical success. At least up to the present moment, it has worked. During these thirty years, the world has lurched from one crisis to another, and bitter wars have been fought in many countries; but none of the local wars have grown into the Third World War, and the nuclear weapons have sat since 1945 unused. There is no way to measure how much the doctrine of Assured Destruction has contributed to survival. American citizens and politicians, seeing that the nation has survived with this doctrine for thirty years, tend to give the Assured Destruction strategy a large share of the credit. Even I, opposed as I am in principle to Assured Destruction, have to admit that the concept has helped to keep the world at peace.

Assured Destruction has another advantage in the real world of people and politics. It separates nuclear weapons from other political and military activities. It keeps nuclear weapons isolated in a separate corner of people's minds. There is much to be said for a concept that makes nuclear war seem unreal and apocalyptic. There is much to be said for a concept that encourages people to forget about nuclear weapons. For most of the time during the last thirty years, Assured Destruction has been disconnected from the problems of daily life. It is good for one's psychological health not to worry about irremediable disasters. The concept of Assured Destruction, placing the mythological hell of nuclear war at a great distance from the everyday world of jobs and children, makes it easier not to worry. If people are not worrying about nuclear weapons, they may have more time and attention to spare for the real needs of suffering humanity, for the economic development of poor countries, and for the preservation of the biosphere.

The strategy of Assured Destruction is seen in its purest form in the nuclear policies of Britain and France. Britain and France deploy offensive missile forces with the ostensible purpose of destroying Moscow and a few other Soviet cities in the event of a Soviet attack

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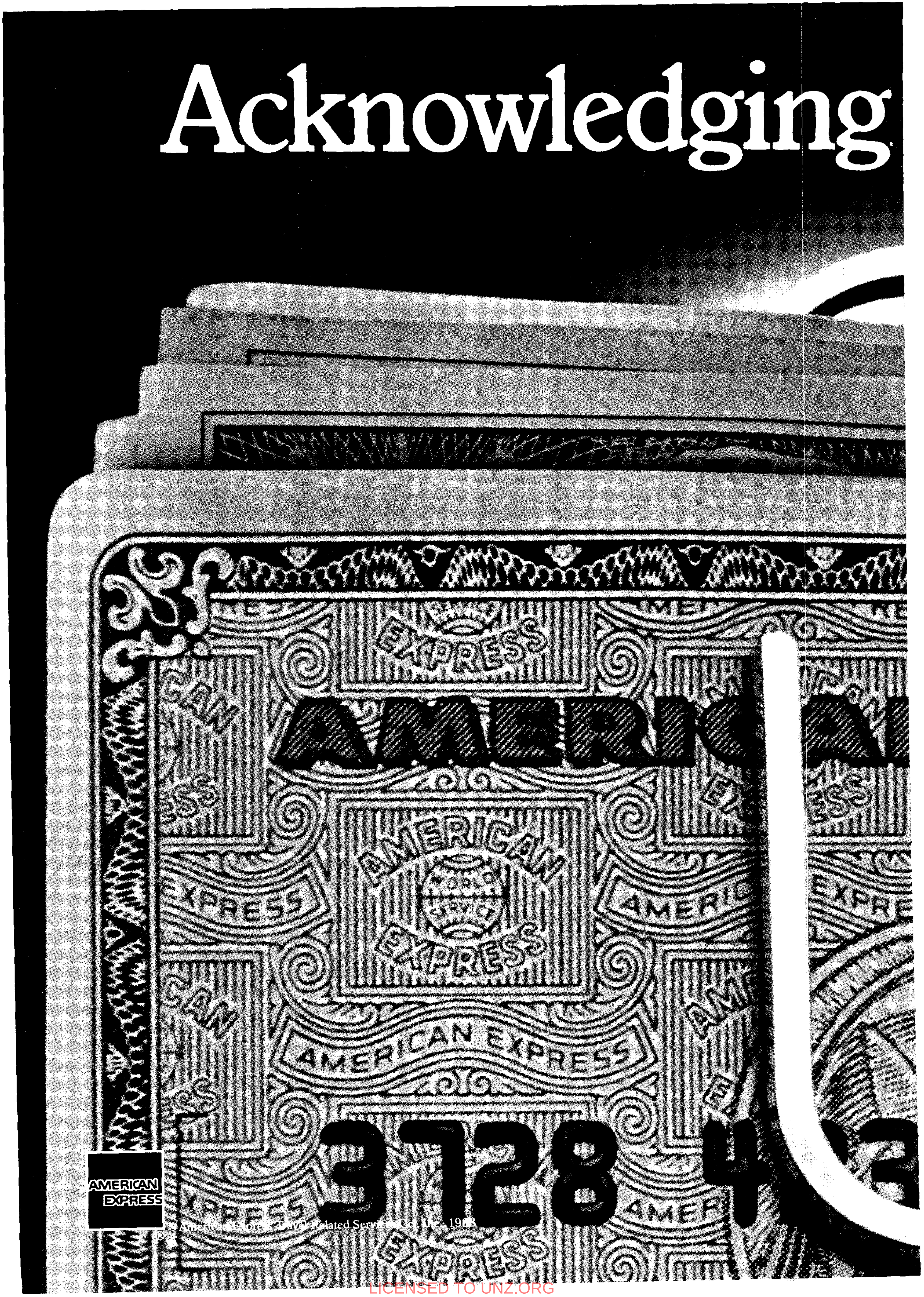

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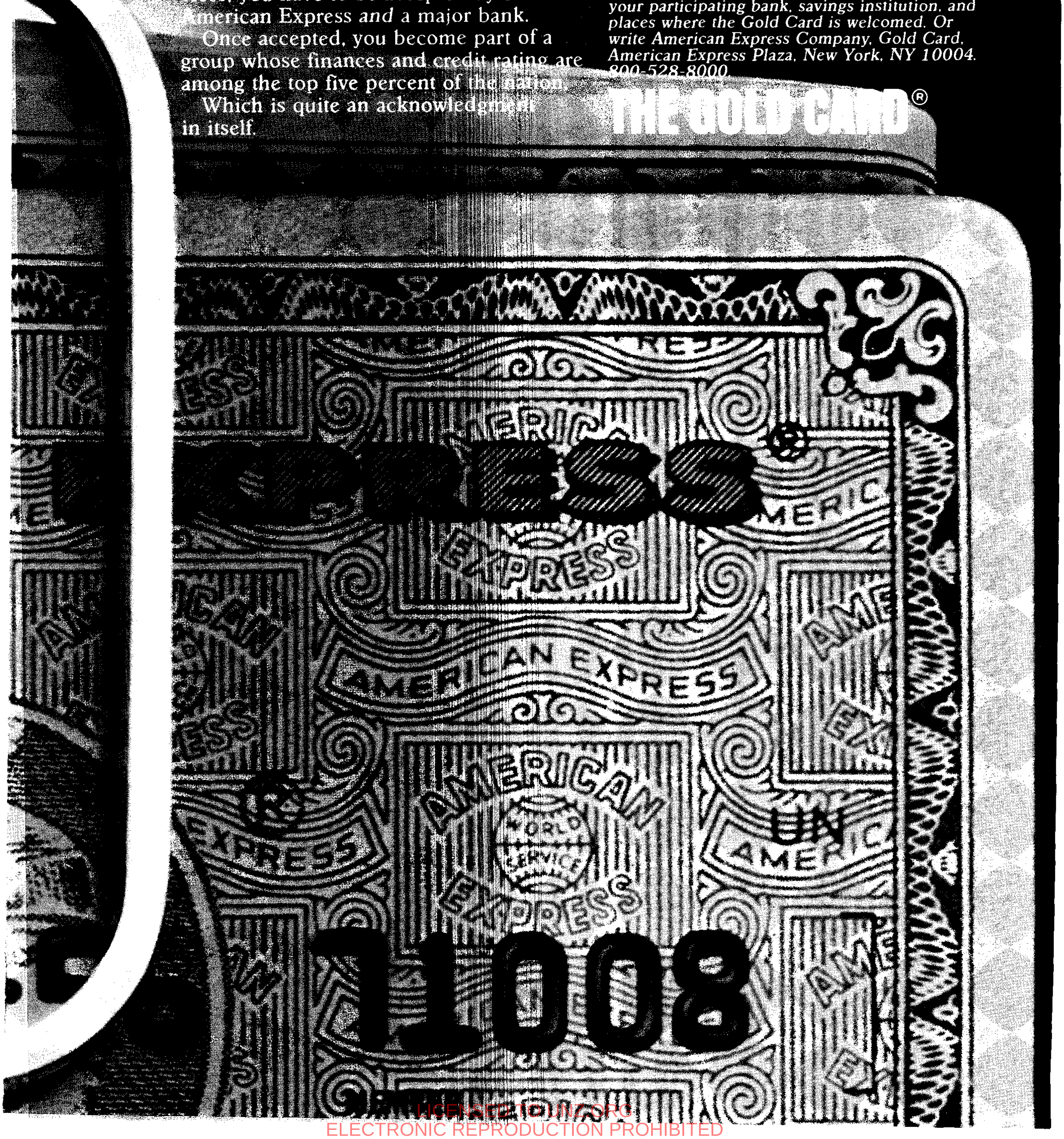

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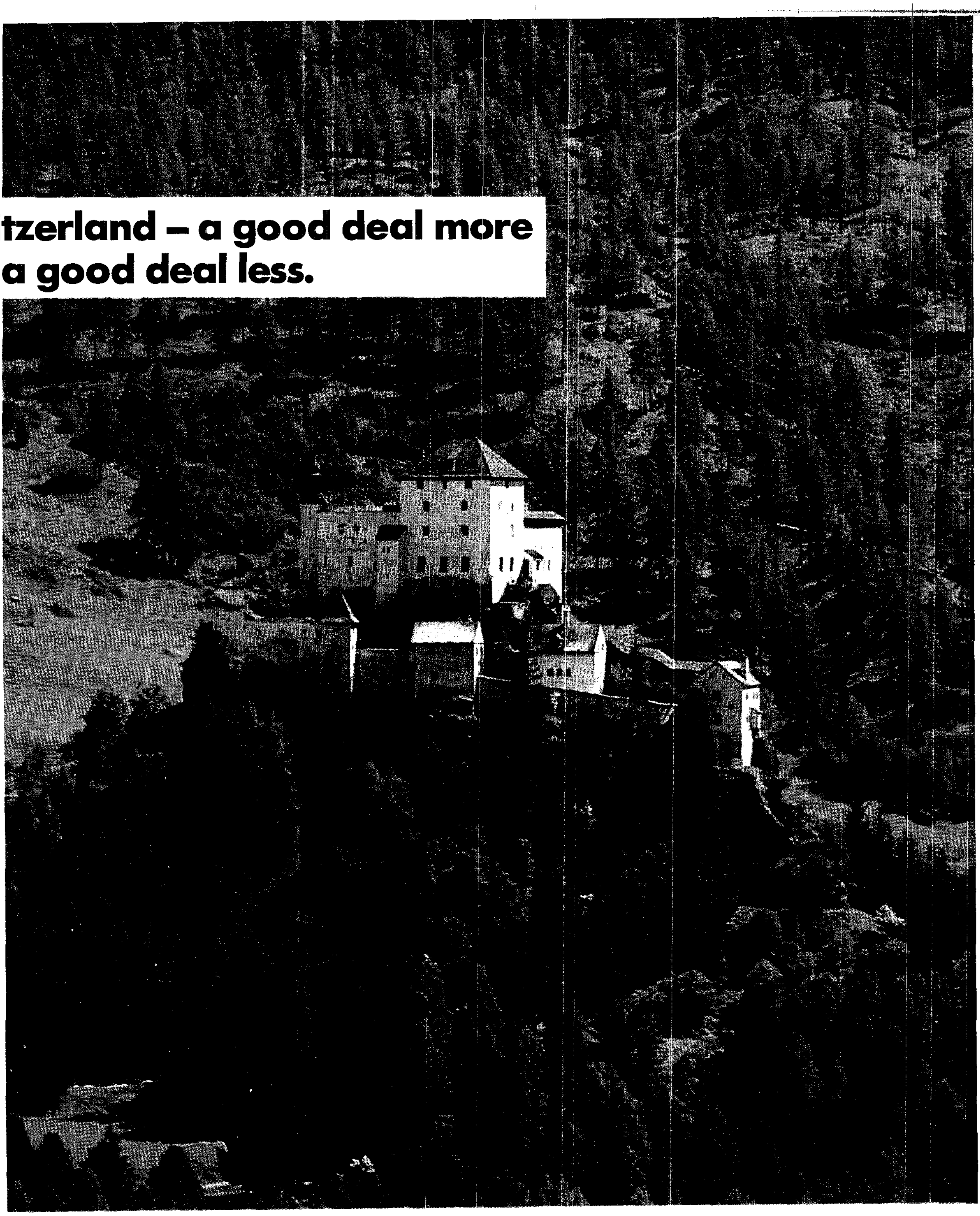

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upon Britain or France. For this purpose, the British and French weapons do not need to be numerically comparable to Soviet forces. They need only to be mobile and well hidden, so that they can survive a Soviet attack long enough to be fired. If they are ever fired, Britain or France will have committed suicide. The apocalyptic purpose of these weapons has made them seem irrelevant to the ordinary citizens of Britain and France. Life continues almost as if they did not exist. The politicians who maintain and control them seem to regard them as abstract symbols of national status rather than as real instruments of destruction.

Lord Zuckerman, who was for many years scientific adviser to the British defense establishment, argues the case for independent British and French nuclear forces in his recent book "Nuclear Illusion and Reality." He is a strong believer in Assured Destruction, not only for Britain and France but for the United States, too. He likes the concept of Assured Destruction because it permits nuclear forces to remain small and invisible. He believes that the United States and the Soviet Union could reduce their forces drastically if only they would both keep strictly to the Assured Destruction strategy. One of his arguments for the maintenance of a British nuclear force is that "its continued possession could help in the process of world disarmament, not because the UK might be allowed to argue the case in the conference chamber, but because the scale of what it has, and what the French have, is an indication to the two super-powers of the forces that are adequate to maintain a deterrent threat."

Zuckerman may be deluding himself if he seriously imagines that the British and French nuclear forces might impress American political leaders as worthy examples for the United States to follow. Americans who have to deal with strategic issues tend to regard the British and French forces as unimportant nuisances, contributing nothing to international security and complicating the negotiation of arms-control agreements. They speak disparagingly of the British nuclear force as a useless relic of vanished great-power status. The idea that the United States has anything to learn from the British example never enters their minds. Nevertheless, Zuckerman has a valid point. It is true, as he says, that the size of the British and French forces—at the moment (1984), one hundred and ninety-two British warheads and ninety-eight French—is adequate for countries pursuing a pure Assured Destruction strategy. It is true that the United States force of ten thousand warheads and the Soviet force of eight thousand warheads are grossly excessive for this purpose. If both the United States and the Soviet Union could be persuaded to adopt Assured Destruction as the only mission of their nuclear forces, the road to drastic disarmament would be open, and there would be a possibility of reducing American and Soviet forces to sizes comparable to the existing British and French forces. The world of which Zuckerman dreams, the world of small, stabilized, invisible nuclear forces dedicated to a pure Assured Destruction mission, is a possible future for mankind and a valid long-range objective for arms-control negotiations.

Unfortunately, Zuckerman's world is very far from the world of today. The Soviet Union has never believed in Assured Destruction. And the United States has never believed in it exclusively. The United States has always maintained, behind the official doctrine of Assured Destruction, a variety of nuclear forces devoted to other missions. Herman Kahn's "On Thermonuclear War" was important, and unpopular, because it revealed the glaring discrepancies between the theory of Assured Destruction and the actual course of events in the real world. Kahn also annoyed people by speaking plainly of killing and cancer instead of using the customary euphemisms. He pointed out that the Assured Destruction strategy was incompatible with two American habits that were already well established in 1960—the habit of regarding nuclear weapons as a substitute for non-nuclear forces in the defense of Europe, and the habit of worrying publicly about every real or imagined Soviet technological advance. During the years since 1960, these two habits have continued to erode the Assured Destruction component of American strategy. Gradually, the fraction of the American weapons dedicated to Limited Nuclear War objectives has increased. And at the same time the assurance demanded by the Assured Destruction strategy has been diminished by constant worries about the vulnerability of the weapons to a Soviet first strike and about the alleged ability of Soviet civil defense to nullify their destructive effects.

As a result of these processes of erosion, the United States is left in 1983 with an Assured Destruction strategy that is weakened in two ways: it provides neither crisis stability nor arms-race stability—the two advantages it is theoretically supposed to possess. Crisis stability is lost because of the mixture of Assured Destruction with Limited Nuclear War objectives. Many of the nation's nuclear weapons are deployed overseas with an operational doctrine permitting first use; these weapons, intended for fighting a limited nuclear war, are inherently crisis-unstable, and their use in a crisis would probably lead to an unconstrained nuclear exchange. Thus, the Limited Nuclear War weapons infect the Assured Destruction weapons with their own crisis instability. Arms-race stability is lost because the Assured Destruction demand for absolute assurance cannot be satisfied so long as the Soviet Union continues to believe in the possibility of survival. The Soviet first-strike threat and the Soviet civil-defense program are not, in my opinion, technically capable of defeating America's Assured Destruction strategy. But they are politically important, as a statement that the Soviet Union will never acquiesce in its own extinction. As long as the Soviet Union refuses to accept the concept of Assured Destruction, Soviet Counterforce weapons and Soviet civil defense will continue to create alarm in American minds, and doubts about the assurance of Assured Destruction will persist. As long as doubts about assurance persist, America's Assured Destruction weapons will be considered insufficient, and arms-race stability will remain elusive.

Herman Kahn was one of the first Americans to worry seriously about Soviet civil defense. His

worries always seemed to me misplaced and exaggerated. Several times, I argued with him about this, saying that it would take the Russians many decades to bring their civil-defense system up to Swiss standards, and asking why Americans should begrudge the Russians whatever thin shreds of comfort they might derive from digging holes in the ground. Failing to convince him that his worries were unfounded, I ended by saying, "Oh, it's no use talking with you. You're paranoid."

"Of course I'm paranoid," he replied cheerfully. "Didn't you know that? I make it my business to be paranoid. You had to be paranoid in 1933 to believe that Hitler would exterminate the Jews, and you had to be paranoid in 1941 to believe that the Japanese would attack Pearl Harbor."

Kahn's criticism of the Assured Destruction strategy was based on historical analogies that may or may not be valid. But he was right in stressing the incompatibility between the assumption of rational behavior upon which the theory of Assured Destruction is based and the many examples of irrational, paranoid, and unpredictable action which fill the pages of history. In 1967, Kahn organized a conference at his Hudson Institute to discuss the political and economic development of the world up to the year 2000. For two days, we listened to learned academicians prognosticating the growth of industry, the consumption of electricity, and the world price of wheat, according to calculations based on the standard techniques of economic forecasting, with allowance for probable technological innovations. On the last day of the meeting, Kahn said, "You have heard what the experts think the future will be like. Now I am going to show you what the future will really be like." He then introduced three surprise speakers. The first was a white revolutionary, preaching death to capitalism. The second was a black revolutionary, telling us of cities burning and blood flowing in our streets. The third was a hippie with flowers in his hair, describing the universal peace and brotherhood that would follow from the universal use of LSD. Unfortunately, these surprise talks were not included in the official record of the conference which the Hudson Institute published. They left a powerful impression on those who heard them. They made us aware of the enormous gulf that separates the world of economic theory from the world of human passion. An even wider gulf separates the human world from the world of strategic analysis. The central message of "On Thermonuclear War" is contained in one sentence: "History has a habit of being richer and more ingenious than the limited imaginations of most scholars or laymen."

The concept of Assured Destruction failed to provide a stable basis for American strategy because it required human beings to forget their humanity. Assured Destruction became diluted and confused with Limited Nuclear War objectives because men whose job it is to target weapons insist on trying to target them humanely. Assured Destruction lost its mathematical assurance because the Soviet leaders insist on trying to save their people's lives as best they can with Counterforce deployments and with civil defense, and because Americans rightly regard these Soviet countermeasures, in spite of their technical inadequacy, as evidence of a lasting Soviet unwillingness to accept the premises upon which the Assured Destruction doctrine rests. Assured Destruction would be a stable strategy in a world of computers. In a world of human beings, it fails to bring stability, because it lacks the essential ingredients that human beings require—respect for human feelings, tolerance of human inconsistency, adaptability to the unpredictable twists and turns of human history.

The case against the concept of Assured Destruction rests on three counts: first, it is not shared by the Soviet Union; second, it is immoral; third, it is in the long run suicidal. I have already explained why Assured Destruction does not fit, and is not likely in the future to fit, into the Soviet concept of war. As long as the Soviet Union does not accept the concept of Assured Destruction, America's insistence upon it stands in the way of any satisfactory and permanent arms-control agreement. I do not need to spell out why it is immoral for us to base our policy upon the threat to carry out a massacre of innocent people greater than all the massacres in mankind's bloody history. But it may be worthwhile for us to remind ourselves that a deep awareness of the immorality of our policy is a major contributory cause of the feelings of malaise and alienation which are widespread among intelligent Americans, and of the feelings of distrust with which the United States is regarded by people overseas who might have been our friends. An immoral concept not only is bad in itself but also has a corrosive effect upon our spirits. It deprives us of our self-respect and of the good opinion of mankind—two things more important to our survival than invulnerable missiles. I also do not need to spell out why the concept of Assured Destruction is ultimately suicidal. The concept rests on the belief that if we maintain under all circumstances the ability to do unacceptable damage to our enemies our weapons will never be used. Everyone knows that this idea makes sense as long as quarrels between nations are kept under control by statesmen weighing carefully the consequences of their actions. But who, looking at the historical record of human folly and accident which led mankind into the international catastrophes of the past, can believe that careful calculation and rational decision will prevail in all the crises of the future? Inevitably, if Assured Destruction is maintained as a permanent policy there will come a time when folly and accident will surprise the world again, as they surprised it in 1914. And this time the guns of August will be shooting with thermonuclear warheads.

NUCLEAR-WAR-FIGHTING

THE great conceptual advantage of the Assured Destruction strategy is that it does not require us to believe in the feasibility of actually fighting a nuclear war. The purpose of Assured Destruction weapons is only to prevent a nuclear war, not to fight one. The weapons achieve their purpose by not being used. The Assured Destruction strategist is not supposed to worry about what happens if the weapons are used. When our government threatens to use the weapons of Assured Destruction, our threat depends for its credibility upon our not worrying about the consequences. This is the central paradox of Assured Destruction: its success requires us to blind ourselves deliberately to the consequences of its failure.

Assured Destruction is politically popular because most people in civilian life do not believe that nuclear-war-fighting makes sense and they feel comfortable with a strategy that tells them not to worry about it. Soldiers, our vulnera

executed, we will have

we can rely on. After the SIOP is executed, vulnerability will really not be a problem anymore. Every time he said "after the SIOP is executed," his voice became livelier as he described more of the splendid opportunities that would then lie open for the Air Force to exploit. It took me a while to grasp what he was saying. Then, suddenly, I understood. "Good God!" I said to myself. "This fellow really believes that nuclear-war-fighting is fun. Not just feasible but fun." For a moment, my mind flashed back to the poet Rupert Brooke in the early months of the First World War, a volunteer soldier in the Royal Naval Division, training himself for the battles to come. Before leaving England for Gallipoli, he wrote in a letter to an American friend, "It's all a terrible thing. And yet, in its details, it's great fun." He was dead before he even reached Gallipoli. The young American major was no poet, but his voice was the voice of Rupert Brooke. After the SIOP is executed. In its details, it's great fun.

This is the terrible danger of the Limited Nuclear War concept: that it gives to nuclear war a false image of reasonableness. It is too easy for Air Force officers, busy with the details of their operations, to forget what the execution of the SIOP would really mean, and to imagine themselves bravely obeying orders and keeping weapons operational while the mushroom clouds float by. It is too easy to forget that the Soviet weapons stand ready, in the words of Marshal Grechko, "to disorganize the political and military administration of the aggressor." Any valid concept of nuclear war must at least recognize one inescapable fact: nuclear war, even if it could be kept to some extent limited, would bring overwhelming confusion and disorganization. In the chaos of broken communications, demolished buildings, death, sickness, and hunger, even the Air Force would have difficulty in keeping its weapons operational. And even if the weapons were still operational the responsible officers would have difficulty in finding out what they were supposed to do next. Ignorant as we are of the nature of nuclear war, we know at leas much—that it would not routines of the Air Force Everybody, even Air

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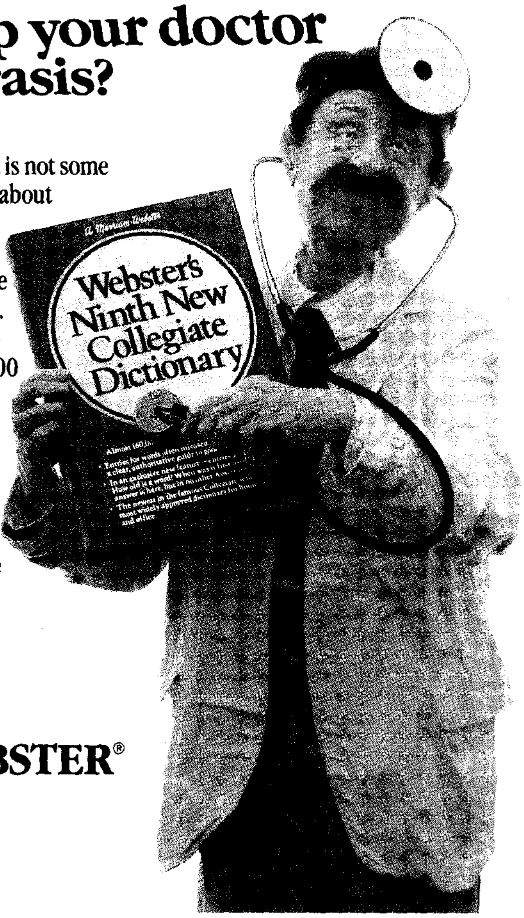
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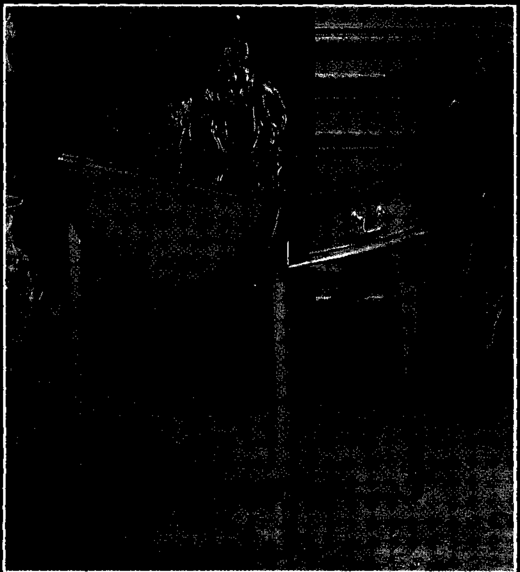

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FEBRUARY 27, 1984

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cl apons, they began looking for concepts that would give nuclear weapons a rational purpose even if they should fail in their primary mission of preventing war. A rational purpose for nuclear weapons in war requires a concept that makes nuclear-war-fighting feasible. Both in the United States and in the Soviet Union, the soldiers developed concepts of nuclear-war-fighting: in America, Limited Nuclear War; in the Soviet Union, Counterforce. These concepts differ from each other in detail, but they have in common an insistence that nuclear wars can be rationally fought, that nuclear weapons do not fundamentally change the traditional principles of strategy and tactics. Both concepts begin with the belief that nuclear weapons differ from other weapons only quantitatively, not qualitatively.

The American plans for actually fighting nuclear war are contained in a compilation known as the Single Integrated Operational Plan, or SIOP for short. The SIOP contains detailed lists of targets that might be attacked under various circumstances. It allows the commander to choose among a finite set of alternatives, ranging from carefully circumscribed Limited Nuclear War attacks to the most comprehensive version of Assured Destruction. The concept of Limited Nuclear War says that the United States should prefer the smaller attacks whenever possible, and that by choosing the smaller attacks we give ourselves a realistic chance of bringing a nuclear war to a negotiated end before either the Soviet Union or our own country is destroyed.

I was recently listening to a talk by an American Air Force major about the vulnerability of various Air Force facilities to Soviet attack. He droned on for a while about the ability of existing Soviet forces to destroy our weapons. This was a familiar story, a collection of bad news that I had often heard before. But then the major dramatically changed his tone and started to tell us the good news. After the P is executed, he said, things will be

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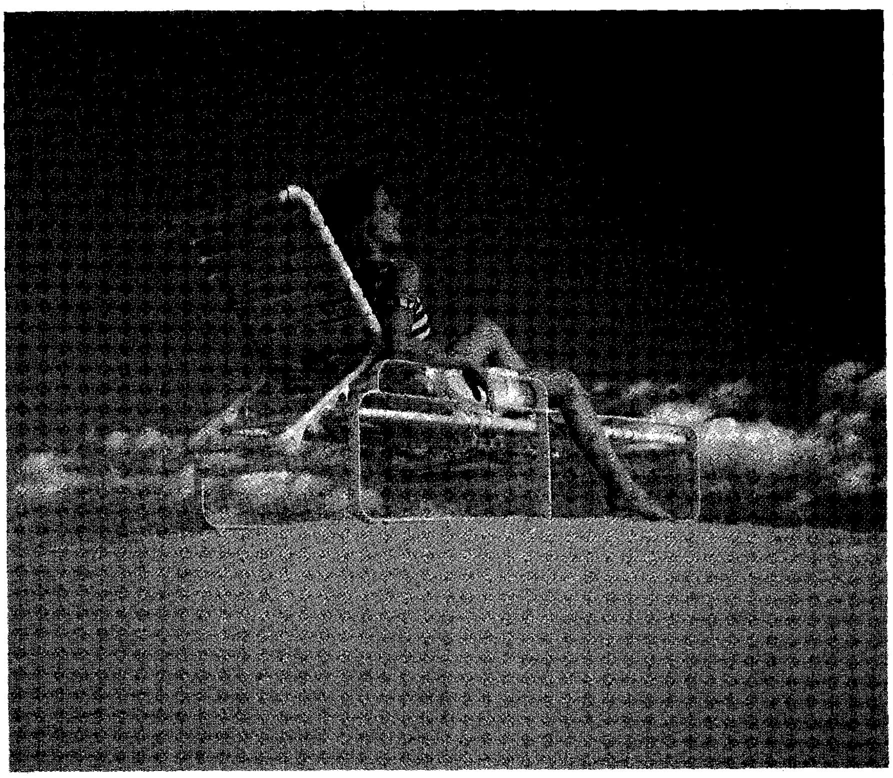

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would be faced with immediate and elemental problems of survival. The realities of nuclear war would quickly reveal the absurdity of all pre-war concepts of nuclear-war-fighting.

The Air Force major reminded me of another voice from the past—the voice of Major King Kong, also an Air Force major, who is the commander of the bomber Leper Colony in the film "Doctor Strangelove." Leper Colony has just received the coded radio signal to proceed to its target in the Soviet Union. To quote from the novel based on the film script: "When King spoke, it was with quiet dignity. 'Well, boys, I reckon this is it.' 'What?' Ace Owens said. 'Com-bat.' 'But we're carrying hydrogen bombs,' Lothar Zogg muttered. King nodded gravely in assent. 'That's right, nuclear combat! Toe-to-toe with the Russkies.' " The voice of the real Air Force major, happily looking forward to the days after the SIOP is executed, proved that Stanley Kubrick's characterization of Major Kong was not altogether unrealistic. Such men exist, and the concept of Limited Nuclear War gives official support to their fantasies.

Soviet military doctrine also gives support to the idea that nuclear-war-fighting is feasible. But the Soviet concept of Counterforce is very different from the American concept of Limited Nuclear War. The Soviet concept comes much closer to being realistic. The Counterforce concept accepts the fact that nuclear war is unpredictable and uncontrollable. It accepts the fact that nuclear war will be an unimaginable disaster for all concerned. The Counterforce concept says that if the Soviet Union has reason to believe that an attack is about to be launched the Soviet Union will strike first at the attacker's weapons with all available forces, and will then do whatever is necessary in order to survive. The essence of the concept is the doctrine of preëmption, which means knowing beforehand when an attack is coming and forestalling it by striking first.

The Counterforce concept assumes—in my opinion, correctly—that a nuclear attack will not be launched against the Soviet Union without warning. It assumes that any nuclear war will be preceded by at least several days of intense crisis and desperate attempts to settle the crisis by negotiation; there will be time for the Soviet Union to prepare the preëmptive strike and launch it before it is too late. Each country's concept of nuclear war is

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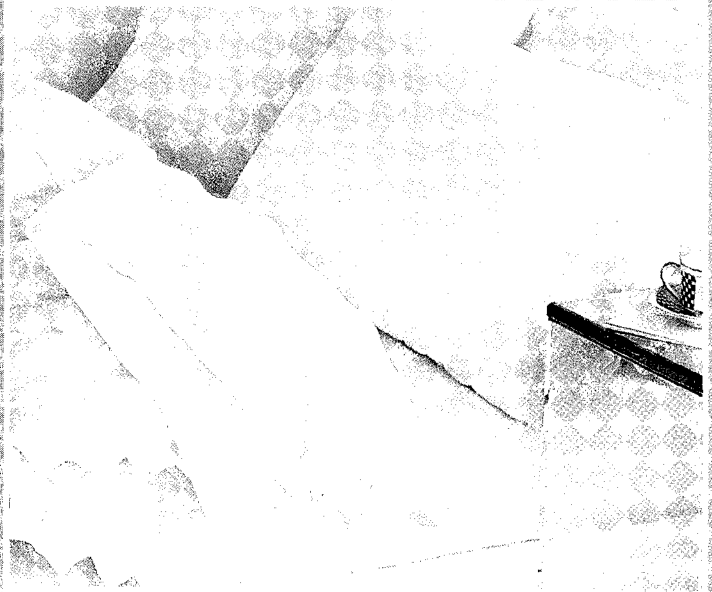
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conditioned by its historical experience. The United States fears an attack coming unexpectedly, like the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. The Soviet Union fears an attack coming like Hitler's attack in 1941, with conspicuous preparation and plenty of warning. The Soviet generals still regret that Stalin did not allow them to preëmpt Hitler in 1941. Next time—if there is a next time—this mistake will not be repeated.

It is important for Americans to understand two facts about the Soviet concept of Counterforce: that the Soviet Union intends to survive, if the worst comes to the worst, by striking first; and that this intention does not imply that the Soviet authorities believe they could come through a nuclear war without immense losses and catastrophic damage. They do not believe that they have a "first-strike capability," in the sense in which American strategists use this phrase, meaning an ability to strike first without getting seriously hurt. Yes, they believe they can fight and win a nuclear war, as the Harvard theoretician Richard Pipes says, by striking first and disorganizing the attacker's forces. But, no, they do not believe that any cause less compelling than the imminent threat of an annihilating attack would justify the cost of such a victory.

A Russian friend once described to me in simple terms his understanding of the Counterforce strategy. He said that it is like a vicious dog trained to guard a house from intruders. When a burglar comes to the house, the dog runs out and bites him without waiting until he comes close enough to break down the door. The dog is executing a preëmptive strike. But the burglar can easily avoid trouble by keeping at a safe distance from the house. This homely analogy does not accurately reproduce all the technical intricacies of the Counterforce concept, but I believe that it correctly describes the way the concept is viewed by ordinary Soviet citizens. I would not be surprised if the Soviet leaders looked at it in the same way. The shooting down of the Korean airliner in September, 1983, showed us the vicious dog in action.

It is also important to understand the difference between the concept of First Use of Nuclear Weapons and the concept of First Strike: First Use refers to tactical nuclear weapons, First Strike to strategic weapons. The American doctrine of Limited Nuclear War says that we are prepared to use tactical nuclear weapons first if this is necessary to stop a non-nuclear invasion of Western Europe but that we do not contemplate using strategic weapons first in a direct attack on the Soviet Union; that is to say, American doctrine allows First Use but forbids First Strike. Soviet leaders have said on various occasions that the Soviet Union will not be the first to introduce nuclear weapons into a non-nuclear war, but the Soviet Counterforce doctrine says that the Soviet Union is prepared to respond with a full-scale preëmptive attack on the United States if any Soviet forces anywhere are attacked with nuclear weapons; that is to say, Soviet doctrine forbids First Use but allows First Strike. There are valid geographical reasons that First Use seems good to us and bad to them while First Strike seems good to them and bad to us. Unfortunately, neither the politicians nor the general public on either side understands the difference. The American people feel threatened when they hear that Soviet doctrine allows First Strike, and the Russians feel threatened when they hear that our doctrine allows First Use. Much of this reciprocal fear might be dispelled if the two sides took the trouble to understand each other's concepts.

Misunderstanding of Soviet motives has led to exaggerated American fears of the Soviet Counterforce concept. But not all our fears are exaggerated. We have good reason to be afraid of the Counterforce concept even when we understand it correctly, because it is crisis-unstable. Whenever the Soviet Union is involved in an intense crisis, there will be a danger that real or imagined threats will be perceived as requiring a preëmptive response. The purpose of the Counterforce strategy is not only to discourage direct attacks on Soviet territory but also to discourage countries hostile to the Soviet Union from stirring up political crises near Soviet borders, where they might endanger Soviet security. The enemies of the Soviet Union must be made to fear that if they insist on stirring up such a crisis nuclear vengeance may descend upon their heads. The fact that the Counterforce strategy is crisis-unstable serves to protect the Soviet Union from political threats as well as from military ones. The Soviet leaders probably view this crisis instability as a virtue of their strategic doctrine. It is a good way to make sure that no seri-

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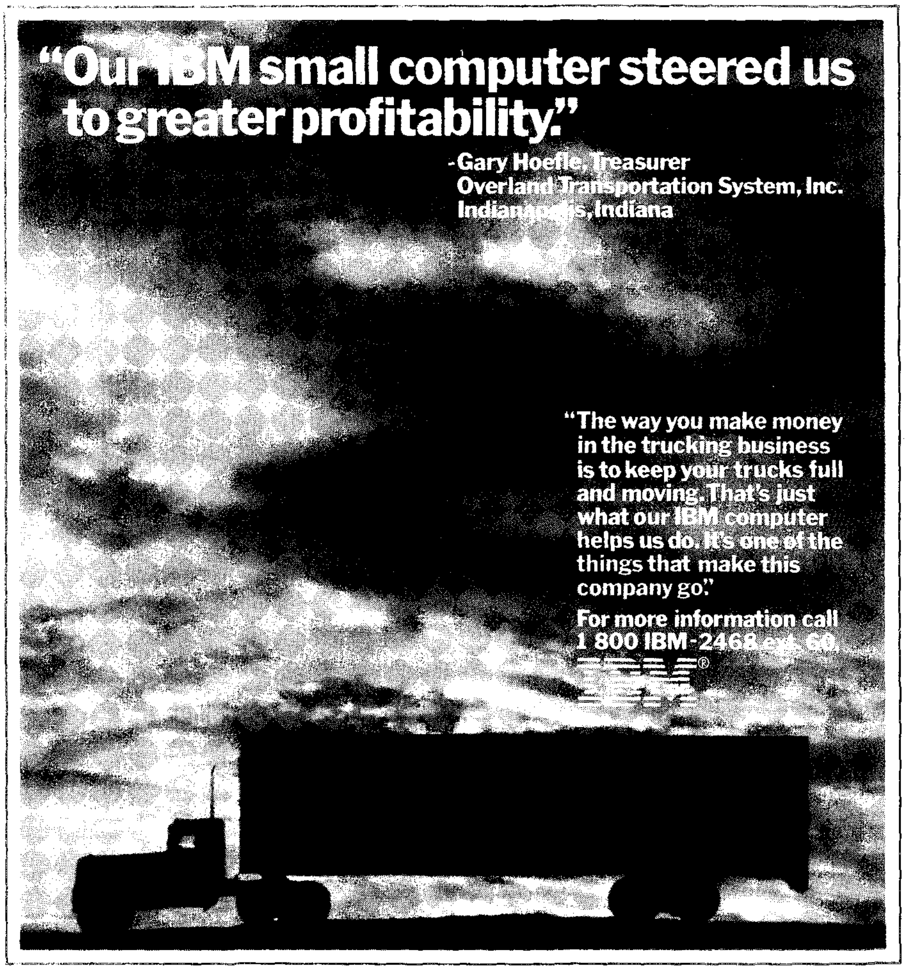
ous security problems will arise in areas close to their borders, they may feel—a good way to make sure that crises severe enough to threaten the power structure of the Soviet regime will never happen.

Unfortunately, the Limited Nuclear War strategy of the United States, with the attendant doctrine allowing the possibility of First Use, is equally crisis-unstable. And we rely on the crisis instability of our strategy, as the Soviet leaders rely on the crisis instability of theirs, to discourage any rash moves that might endanger the existing political equilibrium of Europe. On each side, a crisis-unstable strategy helps to perpetuate the status quo by persuading the other side that any major crisis would bring with it uncontrollable risks. This system of bilateral brinkmanship might indeed preserve the peace of Europe forever if the only possible crises were those deliberately precipitated by one side or the other. But history is full of examples of crises that, like the crisis of July, 1914, arose unplanned by either side of the quarrel. Against an unplanned and unexpected crisis, the crisis-unstable strategies offer no protection. They offer only a slippery slope leading from such a crisis to disaster.

The world would probably be substantially safer than it is if both the United States and the Soviet Union believed in Limited Nuclear War or if both sides believed in Counterforce. If both sides believed in Limited Nuclear War, there would be a better chance that a crisis that crossed the threshold into nuclear war could in fact be kept limited. If both sides believed in the Soviet Counterforce strategy, our side would not be deluding itself with plans for limited nuclear-war-fighting, and there would be a better chance that local wars and invasions could be stopped without reaching the nuclear threshold. The existing situation, with one side believing in Limited Nuclear War and the other side in Counterforce, combines the worst features of both concepts. Our doctrine of First Use of tactical weapons in local conflicts makes the nuclear threshold easy to cross, and the Soviet doctrine of massive Counterforce response brings us quickly from the first crossing of the threshold to total disaster. The combination of the two doctrines is more crisis-unstable than either doctrine by itself.

It is not in our power to change Soviet doctrines, but it is in our power to change our own. The most useful



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immediate step we could take to reduce the crisis instability that threatens our existence is to abandon the concept of Limited Nuclear War. I do not advocate that we adopt instead the Soviet concept of Counterforce, although that would be in many ways a change for the better. Counterforce is still crisis-unstable, and is therefore no solution to the problem of survival. Our quest for concept is not yet at an end.

THE next concept on my list claims to provide an escape from crisis instability. I call the concept Defense Unlimited, because its main thrust is an attempt to outrun the Soviet Union in defensive technology. Its proponents are mostly military officers and their friends in the American aerospace industry. They speak of the concept, with a metaphor taken from the American football field, as "a technological end-run on the Soviets." Their doctrines are summarized in a book, "High Frontier: A New National Strategy," written by Lieutenant General Daniel Graham and published in 1982, with lavish illustrations in the style of military briefing charts. The following sentences convey the flavor of these men's thinking: "A bold and rapid entry into space, if announced and initiated now, would end-run the Soviets in the eyes of the world and move the contest into a new arena where we could exploit the technological advantages we hold. . . . When we look to space for the technological end-run on the Soviets, we find all factors call for an emphasis on strategic defense. . . . Defensive systems hold the only promise to break out of the Mutual Assured Destruction doctrine." In short, the concept is to drive the arms race as vigorously as possible in the direction of defensive weaponry, mainly or entirely nonnuclear. The existing nuclear offensive deployments are not to be abandoned; rather, as the defensive systems grow, the offensive weapons will gradually lose their preëminence. And the defense need not be perfectly effective in order to be militarily useful. The function of defenses is described with old-fashioned military analogies:

> With regard to impermeable or invulnerable defenses, there never has been nor ever will be a defensive system which could meet such criteria. Such perfectionist demands ignore the purposes of defenses and the effects of strategic defense on deterrence. Defenses throughout military history have been designed to make attack more difficult and more costly—not impossible. Defenses have often prevented attack

by making its outcome uncertain. General Grant put a cavalry screen in front of his forces, not because the cavalry was invulnerable to Confederate bullets or because he thought it could defeat General Lee, but because he did not want the battle to commence with an assault on his main forces or his headquarters.

The Defense Unlimited strategy hopes to achieve an equilibrium that is crisis-stable because neither side can be sure that its own attack would be successful or that the enemy's attack would be unsuccessful. Defenses create uncertainty, and uncertainty creates stability. As the defenses become more capable, the danger of a disarming first strike becomes more remote. Lieutenant General Graham asserts, with a certain technological arrogance, that the United States can outrun the Soviet Union in the building of defenses, and he would like to maintain American defensive superiority for as long as possible. But he recognizes that the Soviet Union will in time learn to build defenses as good as ours, and he welcomes the prospect of a new strategic equilibrium, with strong defenses in place on both sides:

> We should abandon this immoral and militarily bankrupt theory of Mutual Assured Destruction and move from Mutual Assured Destruction to Assured Survival. Should the Soviet Union wish to join us in this endeavor—to make Assured Survival a mutual endeavor—we would, of course, not object. We have an abiding and vital interest in assuring the survival of our nation and our allies. We have no interest in the nuclear devastation of the Soviet Union.

In spite of the inclusion of these fine moral sentiments, with which I heartily agree, I still classify Defense Unlimited as a nuclear-war-fighting concept. Defense Unlimited does not imply that offensive nuclear weapons will be neglected. Offensive deployments are to be maintained with roughly the same mixture of purposes that they have now—partly Assured Destruction and partly Limited Nuclear War. As the defenses grow, the Assured Destruction mission is supposed to fade out and the Limited Nuclear War mission to become dominant. Since offensive nuclear forces with war-fighting missions will be retained, there is little justification for the claim that this concept puts us on the road to Assured Survival. Any concept deserving the name of Assured Survival must begin with the recognition that nuclear-war-fighting is a delusion.

Defense Unlimited has some theoretical advantages over this nation's existing strategies: it diminishes the

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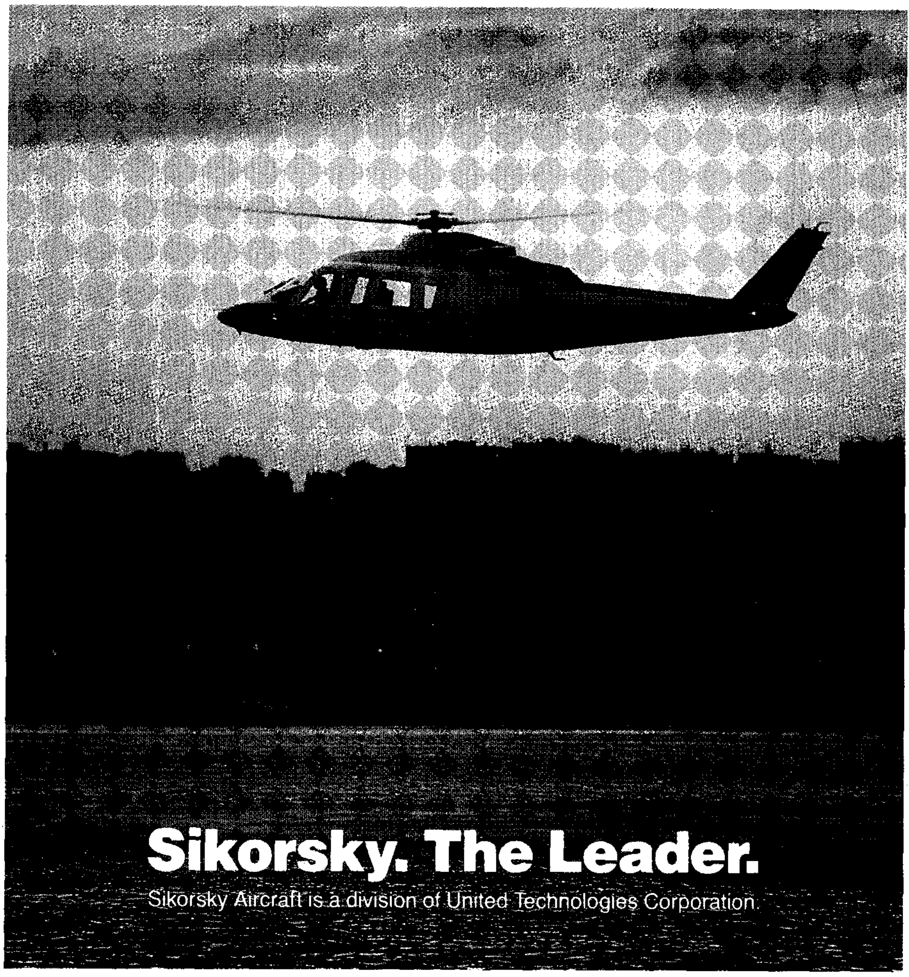
crisis instability of our deployments, and it drives the technological arms race in a desirable direction—away from weapons of mass destruction. Whether these advantages are real depends on whether the dreams of Defense Unlimited can be embodied in technically feasible hardware. Defense Unlimited makes practical sense only if a non-nuclear defense against ballistic missiles can be built with reasonable effectiveness at reasonable cost. I discussed some of the technical aspects of ballistic-missile defense earlier in this essay. I came to the conclusion there that non-nuclear defenses are promising in the long run but are not practical in the short run. I described three possible futures for defense technology: the arms controllers' future, in which defense is permanently forbidden; the defense-dominated future, in which offensive nuclear forces are forbidden and defense runs free; and the technical-follies future, in which both offensive and defensive weapons proliferate. The concept of Assured Destruction aims at bringing us to the arms controllers' future. The concept of Defense Unlimited, if it were to be put into operation with the existing balance of forces in the world, could bring us only to the technical-follies future. To bring us to the defense-dominated future, we require another concept, which I will describe later.

The fundamental flaw in the concept of Defense Unlimited is that, even if all the technical difficulties of non-nuclear defense could be overcome, the effects of nuclear war fought with existing offensive weapons would still be catastrophic. The concept does little to diminish the chance that nuclear war might begin as a result of miscalculation or accident. And it introduces a new danger—that nuclear war might be triggered by some overenthusiastic spaceman starting a shooting match in the sky. Any concept that retains large offensive forces and regards nuclear-war-fighting as feasible will lead sooner or later to disaster. In this respect, Defense Unlimited is no better than Counterforce or Limited Nuclear War. The designing of space defenses is great fun, like the preparation for the Gallipoli expedition which Rupert Brooke wrote about in 1914. The fact that it is fun makes the concept of Defense Unlimited all the more dangerous.

Violet Asquith, the daughter of the British Prime Minister Lord Asquith, was a close friend of Rupert Brooke. She was given a special pass to see the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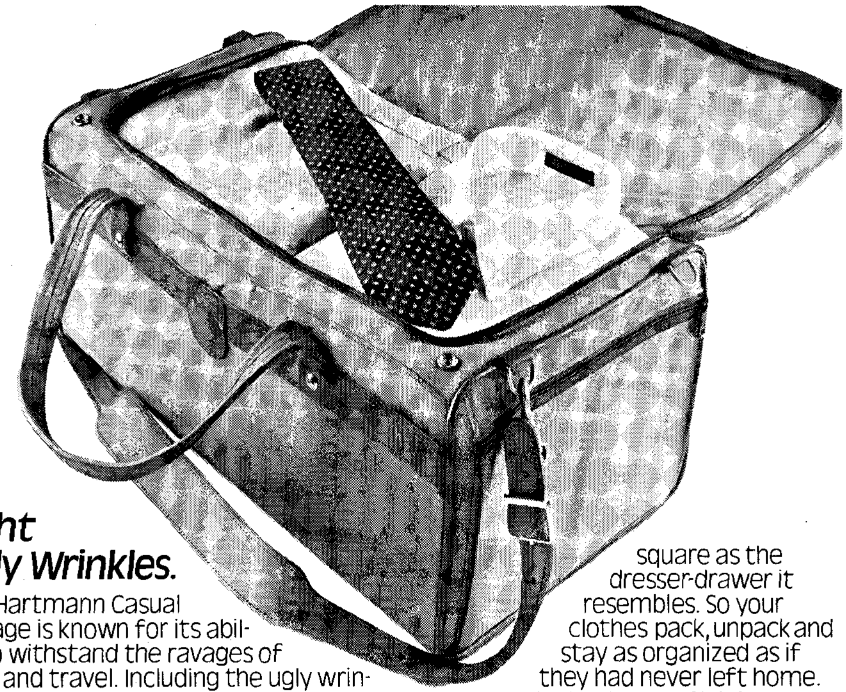
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ship Grantully Castle depart from Avonmouth on February 28, 1915, on its way to Gallipoli with Brooke on board. In the evening of that day, she described the scene in her diary: “The gangway was raised and the ship moved slowly out, the Hood trumpeters playing a salute on their silver trumpets as it passed the mouth of the harbour. The decks were densely crowded with young, splendid figures, happy, resolute and confident—and the thought of the Athenian expedition against Syracuse flashed irresistibly through my mind.”

The Athenian expedition against Syracuse set sail in the year 415 B.C. in a similar mood of joy and confidence. It was the turning point of the thirty-year-long Peloponnesian War between Athens and Sparta. Thucydides, the historian of that war, tells how the expedition ended: “Of all the Hellenic actions which took place in this war, or indeed, I think, of all Hellenic actions which are on record, this was the greatest—the most glorious to the victors, the most ruinous to the vanquished; for they were utterly and at all points defeated, and their sufferings were prodigious. Fleet and army perished from the face of the earth; nothing was saved, and of the many who went forth few returned home. Thus ended the Sicilian expedition.”

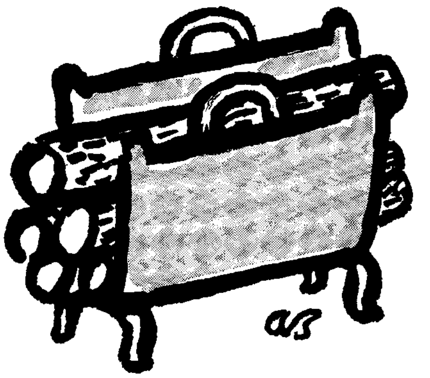
Of the fifteen officers of Rupert Brooke’s battalion who sailed on the Grantully Castle, four were alive four months later, two at the end of the war.

The spirit of the Athenians who sailed to Sicily, the spirit of Rupert Brooke and his friends on the Grantully Castle, is still alive in the technological warriors of today—in the Air Force major with his enthusiasm for executing the SIOP, in the young space engineers with their enthusiasm for the High Frontier. It is still true, as it was true in 415 B.C. and in 1914 A.D., that the details of preparing for war are great fun, that the happy warriors cannot imagine the totality of the disaster toward which they are headed. Only the number of the victims has changed.

Unilateral Disarmament

WHEN one contemplates the barbarity and insanity of the existing weapons and the plans for their further multiplication, one is tempted to say that there is no hope of salvation in any concept that does not reject them unconditionally. Perhaps it is true that this country would be better off rejecting nuclear weapons unilaterally and unconditionally, irrespective of what other countries may decide to do. But unilateral disarmament is not by itself a sufficient basis for a foreign policy. Unilateral disarmament needs to be supplemented by a concept stating clearly what a nation is to do after it has disarmed if it is confronted by hostile powers making unacceptable demands. There is a concept that deals with this question in a morally and intellectually consistent way; namely, the concept of Nonviolent Resistance. Nonviolent Resistance is not the same thing as surrender. Morally, Nonviolent Resistance and surrender are at opposite poles. The concept of Nonviolent Resistance says simply, “You shall not obey unjust laws, you shall not collaborate with unjust authorities, and you shall not shed any man’s blood except your own.”

This was the concept with which Gandhi defied the British rulers of India and André Trocmé defied the German rulers of France in the village of Le Chambon. Gandhi and Trocmé proved that the concept sometimes works—that it can be practical as well as noble. But those who succeeded in putting Nonviolent Resistance into practice all agree that it is difficult, uncertain of success, and not to be undertaken lightly. Pastor Édouard Theis, who was Trocmé’s right-hand man in the organization of nonviolent resistance in Le Chambon, was asked afterward whether the Russians should have used the same method to resist Hitler’s invasion. “No,” he replied. “They had to use violence then. It was too late for nonviolence. . . . Nonviolence involves preparation and organization, methods patiently and unswervingly employed—the Russians knew nothing of all this. Nonviolence must have deep roots and strong branches before it can bear the fruit it bore in Le Chambon. Nonviolence for them would have been suicide; it was too late.”



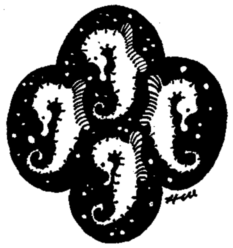
Is it too late for us in America now? If we decide that our existing weapons and concepts are morally unacceptable, we must examine carefully every possible alternative, no matter how radical or difficult. Nonviolence is a possible alternative. Martin Luther King and others have demonstrated that Nonviolent Resistance can be successfully used in the United States as a tactic to win internal battles against injustice. Could it also be used by the United States to resist external enemies? Could Nonviolent Resistance become the guiding concept of American foreign policy? Most of us would answer no to these questions, but our no need not be final and everlasting.

There are three main obstacles to Nonviolent Resistance as a practical concept for the United States. After the obstacles have been defined, it may be easier to judge whether they are permanently insuperable. The three obstacles are the problems of vicarious pacifism, lack of robustness, and original sin.

A vicarious pacifist is one who sits comfortably at a safe distance from a fight and preaches Nonviolent Resistance to those whose lives are threatened. Pacifism loses much of its moral grandeur when it is vicarious. For geographical reasons, a United States policy of Nonviolent Resistance would in practice be a policy of vicarious pacifism. The people who had to carry the burdens of resisting the Soviet Union nonviolently would be not Americans but citizens of allied countries nearer to the Soviet borders. The situation of American pacifists today is similar to the situation of English pacifists in 1938: the Munich Pact, which compelled Czechoslovakia to submit peacefully to Hitler’s demands, was a victory for the English pacifists insofar as it kept England out of war, but it was a victory at other people’s expense. An American policy of pacifism today would be difficult to distinguish from a policy of imposing surrender upon our allies. If a policy of Nonviolent Resistance to the Soviet Union is to be successful, it must be initiated and sustained by our allies rather than by us.

Next comes the problem of robustness. The concept of Nonviolent Resistance is easily misrepresented as a concept of weakness and surrender, and therefore it would easily be torn apart by the divisive processes of American political life. It is difficult to imagine this concept standing up well under the sniping of congressional committees as they go about their political business as usual. It is difficult to imagine it lasting through changes of Administration and through international crises, as Assured Destruction has lasted. What would the representatives of Texas say if it were to be seriously suggested that they should nonviolently resist a Mexican army of occupation?

Finally comes the problem of original sin. This is an old question, which has been debated for centuries by theologians. Is man perfectible, or is original sin a part of our nature? Those who believe in perfectibility may place their hopes in Nonviolent Resistance as a permanent substitute for war. Those who believe in original sin must assume that war and violence are inseparable from the human condition. In this context, the evidence of history gives strong support to the doctrine of original sin. Warfare has been a dominant concern of every civilization since history began.



The few examples of successful use of Nonviolent Resistance have been local, short-lived, and precarious. Nonviolent resisters backslide all too easily into violence. Trocmé's nonviolent resistance in Le Chambon was conducted within a milieu of violent resistance in the countryside around him. Trocmé himself was well aware that his survival depended partly on the fact that the violent resistance occupied the major share of the German soldiers' attention. His village was to some extent sheltered and protected by the surrounding violence. And his success in maintaining the commitment of the village to nonviolence was made easier by the fact that he could tell any backsliders who wanted to fight the Germans to go away and do it somewhere else. It is not clear whether a nonviolent resistance in the style of Trocmé could have been successful if it had been extended to the whole of France. Similar reservations apply to Gandhi's campaign of nonviolent resistance in India. Gandhi's success depended entirely on his personal charisma. Backsliding into violence occurred frequently during his lifetime, and the discipline of nonviolence disappeared rapidly after his death. Little is now left in India of the soul-force that he alone knew how to organize. If Attlee's government had not had the wisdom to withdraw from India peacefully while Gandhi was still alive, it is likely that Indian nationalism would have achieved the same result not much later by force and violence. Some Indians today have not forgiven Gandhi for depriving India of the glory of winning its freedom properly, in a national war of independence.

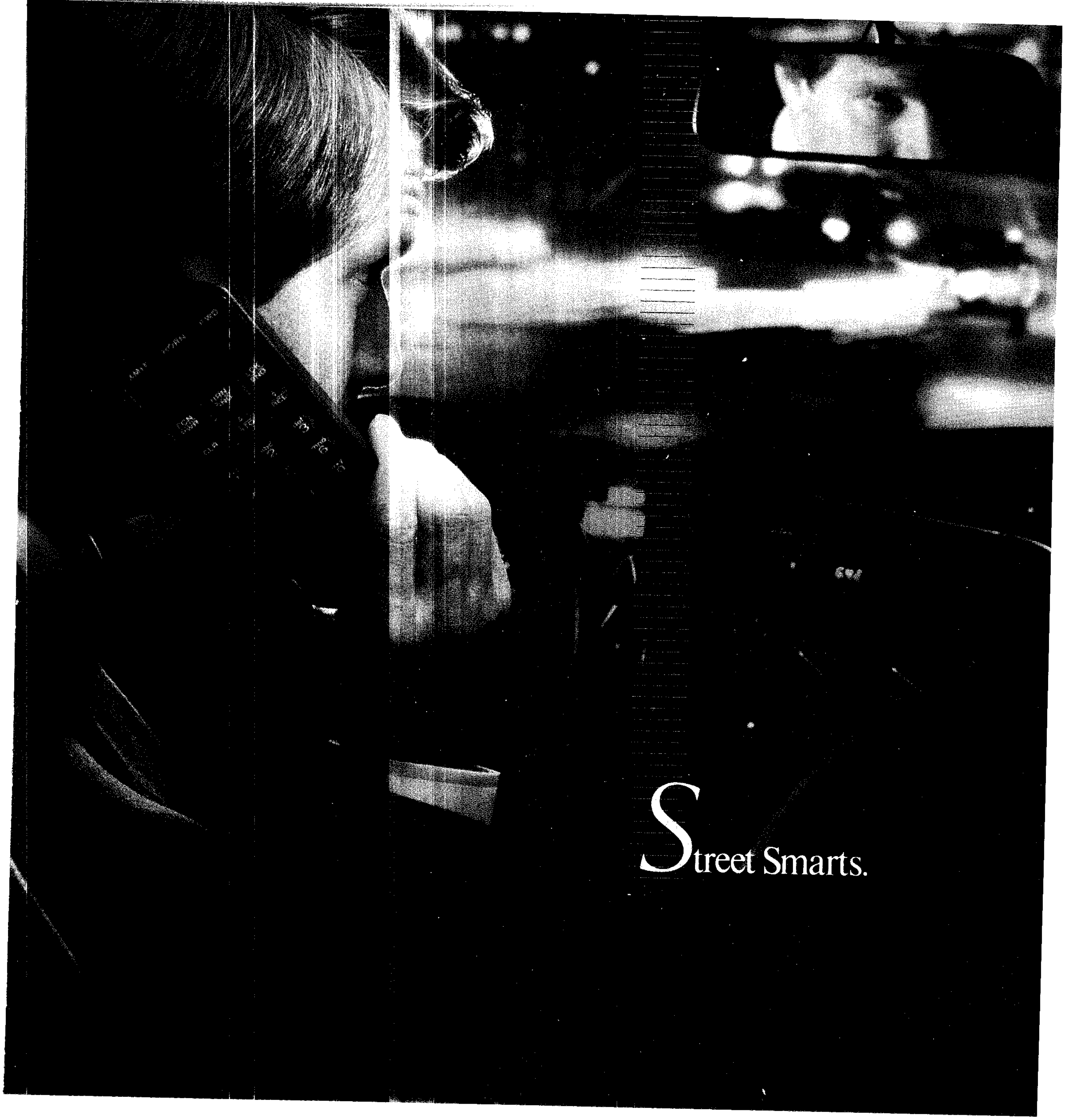
The most tragic example of backsliding from a successful campaign of nonviolent resistance occurred in Germany. When the French Army occupied the Ruhr Valley in 1923 in order to extract the reparations demanded from Germany by the Treaty of Versailles, the German population responded with widespread and well-disciplined passive resistance. The resistance diminished as time went on, but it achieved its purpose. The French withdrew a year later, frustrated and discouraged, and France agreed to a modification of the reparations schedule in Germany's favor. Germany emerged from the ordeal politically and economically strengthened. The failure of the Ruhr occupation was long remembered in France, and was one of the main reasons that France made no move to oppose Hitler in 1936 when he openly violated the Versailles Treaty by sending German troops into the Rhineland. But in Germany, alas, the success of the nonviolent resistance was soon forgotten, and its architects were repudiated. The Germans remembered the French occupation as a time of national humiliation and took no pride in its failure. They resolved to defeat the French next time in a less gentle fashion. Hitler became popular because he showed them a way to do it. And seventeen years later they did it.

Sadly, I have to draw from these examples the conclusion that the concept of Nonviolent Resistance demands for its success a combination of exceptional leadership and exceptional human virtue which few nations possess and none have ever maintained for long. The sins of envy, hatred, and malice, if not original in the human soul, are deeply embedded in the fabric of human culture. So long as political institutions remain as they are, Nonviolent Resistance cannot be a robust enough foundation on which to build either a stable balance of power or a new world order.

In spite of all difficulties and discouragements, I keep Nonviolent Resistance on my list of possible concepts for the future, because the path of nonviolence will always be open at least for individuals, if not for nations and governments, to follow when all other concepts are unacceptable. I now pass on to another concept, less radical, less difficult for nations to put into practice, but still requiring a substantial act of unilateral disarmament. This is the concept of Non-Nuclear Resistance. It is a concept that has been accepted by some, but not all, of the European advocates of nuclear disarmament. Those who accept it say, "We, for our part, will have nothing more to do with nuclear weapons. We consider that we can defend our interests and the interests of our allies better without nuclear weapons than with them. If anybody threatens us with nuclear weapons, we shall not yield. If anybody attacks us with nuclear weapons, we shall do whatever we can to insure that the attacker derives no benefit from our destruction."

A country adopting the concept of Non-Nuclear Resistance could do a great deal to mitigate the consequences of a nuclear attack by building non-nuclear defenses and by building a serious nationwide system of shelters, patterned after that of the Swiss. But a country choosing this path must understand that ABM systems and shelters cannot by themselves guarantee survival. Non-Nuclear Resistance, like Assured Destruction and other nuclear strategies, is a policy based upon a judgment of relative risks. If a country without nuclear weapons is judged less likely than a country with nuclear weapons to be a target for nuclear attack, that is a good reason for preferring Non-Nuclear Resistance to Assured Destruction. The example of Japan in 1945 proves that non-nuclear status is no sure protection against nuclear attack. Still, it is a reasonable presumption that nuclear war in the future is more likely to be triggered by panicky fear of attack than by deliberate malice. If this is so, then a nation will be safer without nuclear weapons. If Americans take at face value the Soviet doctrines of Counterforce and preëmptive attack, they will be led to the same conclusion: that the risk of Soviet preëmption is smallest when the Soviet Union is given nothing to preëmpt.

George Kennan once stated the argument for Non-Nuclear Resistance in a more personal fashion. His wife comes from Norway, and he still maintains close contact with her Norwegian family. Norway follows a pol-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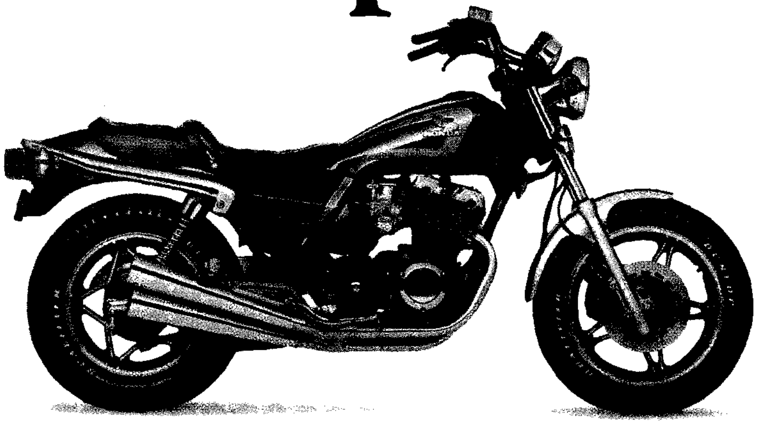

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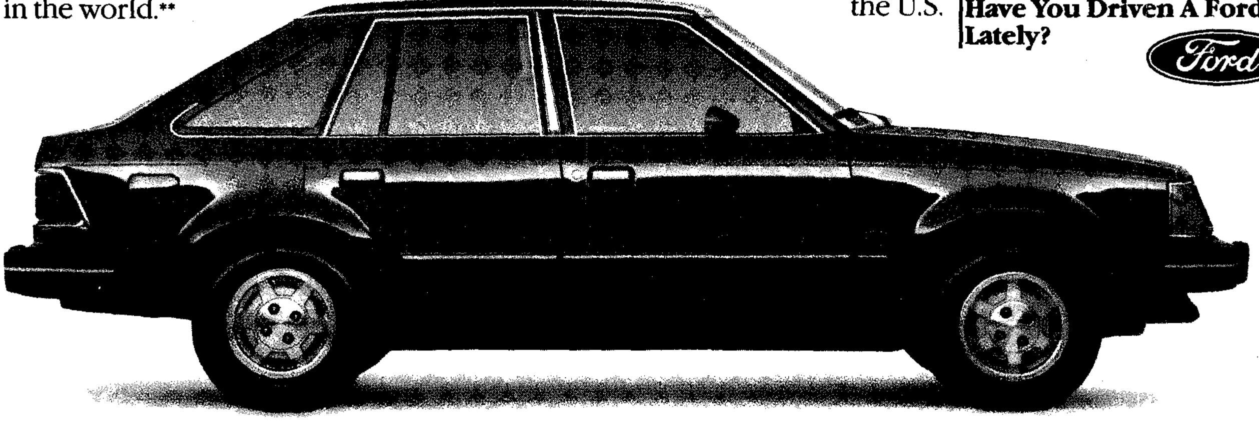

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* For comparison. Honda 750 mileage is obtained from EPA emissions testing and is *not* an official rating. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Escort Diesel mileage applicable to sedans with FS engine and without power steering and A/C. Not available in California.

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icy of Non-Nuclear Resistance: it remains a loyal member of the NATO alliance, it is pledged to resist Soviet invasion with a well-equipped Army and Navy, but it refuses to allow nuclear weapons to be stationed in Norwegian territory. Kennan was one day speaking to me of his grandchildren, and remarked that he would feel more confident of their survival if they lived in Norway instead of the United States. In other words, he considers Non-Nuclear Resistance a less risky gamble than Assured Destruction. For many reasons, a concept that is good for Norway may not be good for the United States. Nevertheless, Kennan's offhand remark expresses a deeply held conviction that our nuclear weapons endanger us more than they protect us. Jesus said the same thing the night before he died: "Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

On another occasion, Kennan was discussing in a public interview the problem of nuclear blackmail. The interviewer put to him the familiar question that most Americans regard as a sufficient justification for the possession of nuclear weapons: What can a country without nuclear weapons do when it is threatened by a country with nuclear weapons? Kennan answered the question forthrightly, speaking from his many years of experience as a diplomat: "Stalin said the nuclear weapon is something with which you frighten people with weak nerves. He could not have been more right. No one in his right senses would yield to any such thing as nuclear blackmail. In the first place, it would be most unlikely (as is the case with most forms of blackmail) that the threat would be made good if one defied it. Secondly, there would be no point in yielding to it. Any regime that has not taken leave of its senses would reject the nuclear threat. 'Why in the world should we give in to this?' it would argue. 'If we do what you want us to do today in the name of this threat, what are you going to ask us to do tomorrow? There is no end to this process. If what you want us to do is to part with our independence, you will have to find others to do your work for you, and that means that you will have to take ultimate responsibility for running this country. We are not going to be the people to turn this government into an instrument of your power. . . .' No one would give in to this kind of pressure; nor does anybody use this kind of blackmail. Great governments do not behave that way."

I must make it clear when I quote Kennan in this context that he is not advocating unilateral nuclear disarmament as a policy for the United States. As far as strategic weapons are concerned, he believes that drastic disarmament can and should be achieved by bilateral negotiation between the United States and the Soviet Union. His discussion of nuclear blackmail was addressed to the problems posed by the tactical nuclear weapons that are deployed in Western Europe—to the question whether removal of these weapons would leave the European countries fatally exposed to Soviet blackmail. He believes in Non-Nuclear Resistance as a wise policy for Western Europe. He is saying that the countries that practice Non-Nuclear Resistance—for example, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, and Yugoslavia—are able to defend their independence at least as effectively as countries such as Britain, France, and West Germany, which rely on nuclear weapons. Even Finland, peculiarly exposed by virtue of its history and geography to Soviet interference, practices Non-Nuclear Resistance with considerable success. There is a spiritual toughness among the people in Scandinavia, a toughness that belongs to people who intend to remain masters of their own destiny, and it is a toughness that the Soviet leaders respect. This toughness is a more effective protection against Soviet pressure than any number of nuclear weapons. The possession of nuclear weapons gives the possessors the impression that resistance is synonymous with suicide, and thereby weakens the will to resist. Kennan is convinced that a withdrawal of nuclear weapons from Western Europe, carried out over a reasonable period and with diplomatic consultation among all the interested parties, would strengthen rather than weaken the capacity of the European peoples for standing firm against Soviet pressure. It would also improve the chances of survival for their grandchildren.

But I am here concerned with a more difficult question: whether the concept of Non-Nuclear Resistance can be applied not only to the tactical situation in Western Europe but to the entire strategic policy of the United States. For the United States, Non-Nuclear Resistance would mean a total dismantling of the nuclear-weapon apparatus—warheads, missiles, Trident submarines, bombers—with a concomitant building up of non-nuclear parts of the armed forces, including ordinary airplanes and ships, and satellites and computers and Precision Guided Munitions, and the education and training of soldiers. Is such a drastic shift of United States strategy conceivable? And if it is conceivable is it desirable?

It is inconceivable that a shift to a non-nuclear strategy for the United States could be imposed by an idealistic peace movement upon an unwilling military establishment. As long as the leaders of the military establishment believe nuclear weapons to be the mainstay of national defense, they will always find enough support from the American people and Congress to keep their nuclear forces in place. In a political battle between the generals and the peace movement over an issue that the generals can construe as unilateral disarmament, the generals will always win. But a shift to a non-nuclear strategy is conceivable if it has strong support inside the military establishment as well as outside. Conceivably, a powerful voice will arise within the military establishment saying that weapons that can never be used for any rational military purpose are not weapons, that the whole nuclear apparatus is merely a distraction from the serious business of national defense, that the United States armed forces would be fitter and stronger if the resources now squandered on nuclear systems were transferred to units that can actually fight. Conceivably, a new generation of military leaders will arise which is determined to heal the rift that weapons of mass murder have interposed between our armed forces and our idealistic and intelligent young people. Conceivably, the military establishment will itself decide that a shift to a non-nuclear strategy is required in order to restore honor and self-respect to the ancient profession of soldiering. If our leading soldiers become convinced, as most of the great soldiers of the past were convinced, that high morale and a sense of purpose are more essential ingredients of military strength than big bombs, then a shift of United States strategy to Non-Nuclear Resistance is by no means inconceivable.

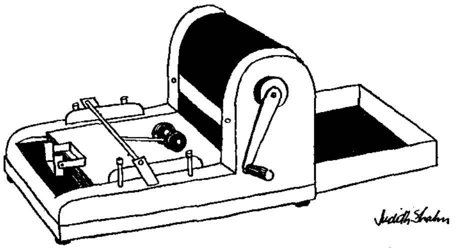
James Fallows, in his book "National Defense," describes eloquently the poor state of morale in the American Army of today, and the strong desire of many Army officers for reforms that would encourage a return to the military virtues of the past. There is no doubt that the spirit of the Army has deteriorated over the last twenty years, and that radical changes must take place before the Army's traditional pride and sense of purpose can be restored. Fallows is not saying that the Army's problems are primarily caused by the nation's overemphasis on nuclear weapons. The causes of the Army's problems are mainly social and institutional. But the nation's reliance on nuclear weapons must be counted as one of the negative factors that nourish feelings of futility in the minds of infantrymen on duty in Germany. It is difficult for a young man serving in a nuclear-equipped Army to believe in the reality of the job he is trained to do. Nuclear weapons give the individual soldier the feeling that nothing he does really matters. If the time comes when reformers within the military establishment reach positions of power and impose the drastic changes that are needed to cure the Army's malaise, it is at least conceivable that they may include within their program of reforms a shift to a non-nuclear strategy. If that should happen, then an alliance of military reformers inside the establishment and anti-nuclear activists outside might be strong enough to make unilateral nuclear disarmament politically viable. It is not likely, but it is possible.

If one grants that unilateral nuclear disarmament is conceivable, one has next to ask whether it is desirable. Would it last? Would it introduce an era of peaceful relaxation, or would it throw the world into desperate turmoil? After we had got rid of our nuclear weapons, what would stop the Soviet Union from murdering us? These questions have no easy answers. Non-Nuclear Resistance implies acceptance of a certain risk that the Soviet leaders may decide to destroy us. Nothing would stop them from doing it once they had made their decision. But our present strategy accepts a similar risk. Nothing stops them from destroying us today, except their sanity and good sense. As long as the Soviet Union has thousands of nuclear weapons, the risk of destruction is there, no matter what we do. The question is whether the dismantling of our weapons would make the risk greater or smaller. In other words, which is more probable—a preëmptive strike launched in fear and haste in a moment of crisis, in spite of the certainty of retaliation, or a deliberately murderous attack launched in cold blood, with no necessity for haste and no fear of retaliation? To weigh these risks requires a deeper understanding of the psychology of Soviet leaders than any of us possess. I have seen no convincing evidence that the risk we are now accepting is smaller.

The strength of the United States, like the strength of the Soviet Union, is ultimately based on geography. Each nation can be destroyed with nuclear weapons, but it cannot be conquered. Even after delivering an unopposed nuclear strike, the Soviet Union would not have enough soldiers to occupy and control the territory of the United States. Any attempt at an occupation would be met by the implacable hostility of a surviving population well armed with handguns. If the Soviet leaders were contemplating a nuclear attack upon a non-nuclear United States, they would recognize that the United States would in the long run remain a formidable political and military power and that its power could not be permanently suppressed. They would recognize that its destruction could bring to the Soviet Union neither political tranquillity nor lasting security.

Another argument for Non-Nuclear Resistance as a strategy for the United States is that this may be the most practical way to disarm the Soviet Union. Our ultimate goal is to get rid of Soviet nuclear weapons, one way or another. To get rid of Soviet nuclear weapons, we have a choice of methods—either negotiation or various kinds of unilateral action. The path of negotiation is slow and beset with political difficulties. Unilateral action might arrive at the goal more quickly and easily. Admittedly, unilateral action is a chancy thing. Why should our dismantling of our nuclear weapons cause the Soviet leaders to dismantle theirs? We cannot know what the Soviet leaders would do if they were left suddenly alone in the world with their gigantic nuclear deployments. There would be voices raised within the Soviet hierarchy arguing for the transfer of resources and skilled labor from the nuclear-weapons empire to other enterprises, military and civilian. Such voices might or might not prevail. Especially if the United States were to be pushing ahead with non-nuclear military technology, the Soviet military research-and-development establishment would be under strong pressure to follow suit. The maintenance of thousands of nuclear warheads, with their elaborate delivery systems and command-and-control systems, might come to be regarded by the Soviet leaders as an unnecessary extravagance. We should not count on any such benign reaction on the part of the Soviet leaders. But we should also not dismiss it as a possibility. In a world of unavoidable risks, a big gamble may in the end be less risky than a small one.

To my mind, the strongest argument for Non-Nuclear Resistance is the fact that this strategy is realistically matched to the actual style of Soviet expansionism. The Soviet Union has on many occasions overrun, annexed, or occupied neighboring countries, from the Baltic States, in 1940, to Afghanistan, in 1979. In every case, the purpose of the operation was to dominate the neighboring country politically, not to destroy it physically. The instruments of domination were Soviet garrisons and native Communist regimes prepared to collaborate with the occupying forces. Nuclear weapons did not help the Soviet Union to establish domination, and nuclear weapons would not have helped the native populations to resist. Where resistance was tried and failed, it failed because the native population was unprepared or was politically divided. In the two cases—Finland and Yugoslavia—where a native population was politically united and was well prepared by a competent government to resist, resistance was successful, and the government preserved its independence. Whether Afghanistan will be a third example of successful resistance is at present unknown. But



in all cases the pattern of Soviet aims and methods was consistent. The aim was political control, and the method was political penetration with the help of Soviet troops. The essential requirements for a successful defense were a population willing to fight and a political cohesion too tough to penetrate. As long as the nature of Soviet society remains what it has been for the last fifty years, the weapons of choice for a successful resistance to Soviet domination will be non-nuclear.

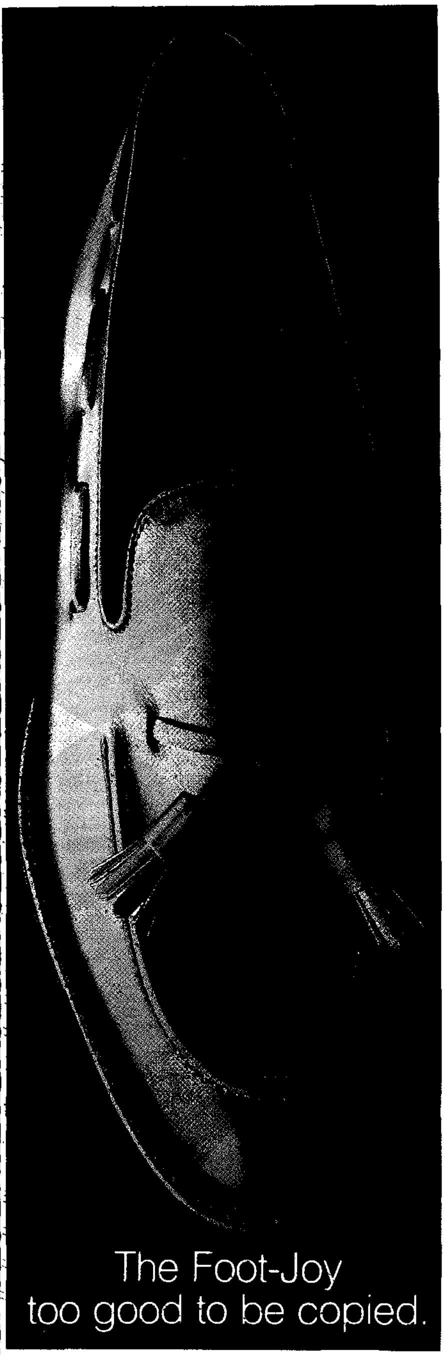
Three of the arguments against Non-Nuclear Resistance are similar to the arguments against Nonviolent Resistance. I give them the same labels as before: vicarious pacifism, lack of robustness, and original sin. If the United States were to adopt a policy of Non-Nuclear Resistance and to impose the same policy upon countries, such as West Germany, that are more directly exposed to Soviet threats, our policy would indeed be a form of vicarious pacifism. However, this objection to the policy disappears if the nuclear-disarmament movement wins public support earlier in Europe than in the United States. It is more likely that the Western Europeans will ask us to remove nuclear weapons from their territory than that we will remove them unasked. If West Germany and the other European countries that house our nuclear weapons should decide to follow the Norwegian example and adopt a policy of Non-Nuclear Resistance, we could adopt the same policy without fear of being called vicarious pacifists.

The problem of lack of robustness exists for Non-Nuclear Resistance, as it does for Nonviolent Resistance, but not to the same degree. For Non-Nuclear Resistance to be robust in the context of American political life, it is essential that it have the support of the soldiers. If (and, oh, what a big if) the military establishment should once become persuaded of the virtues of Non-Nuclear Resistance, the tradition of relying on non-nuclear fighting strength might prove to be as robust as the tradition our armed forces have maintained since the First World War of not using lethal gas. The robustness of our commitment to Non-Nuclear Resistance would be tested every time we became involved in a quarrel with the Soviet Union; the severest test would arise if the Soviet Union should ever use or threaten to use nuclear weapons. Perhaps a desire not to test our commitment beyond the breaking point would be an important restraining influence, keeping the Soviet leaders from exploiting their nuclear monopoly in a threatening manner. If we cannot be sure of the robustness of our commitment to Non-Nuclear Resistance, neither can they.

Non-Nuclear Resistance would gain considerably in robustness if we were to be successful in developing the technology of non-nuclear ABM systems. But the robustness of Non-Nuclear Resistance depends more on politics than on technology. It depends on the behavior of the Soviet Union, on the extent to which the Soviet Union will reciprocate our nuclear disarmament with unilateral actions of its own, on the extent to which the world can forget about nuclear weapons and turn its attention to more constructive concerns. Ultimately, it depends on the extent to which the world can escape from the burden of original sin.

Non-Nuclear Resistance, like Nonviolent Resistance, requires for its success an improvement in the moral standards of mankind. We have good reason to be skeptical of the possibility of any such improvement. But the degree of improvement required is far less for Non-Nuclear Resistance than for Nonviolent Resistance. To make Nonviolent Resistance into an effective basis for international order, the world would need a steady supply of leaders of the moral stature of Gandhi, together with populations willing to follow such leaders. To maintain the ethic of nonviolence among nations is almost as difficult as to abolish sin. But to make Non-Nuclear Resistance effective requires only that mankind abandon certain uniquely indiscriminate weapons and certain genocidal habits of recent origin, thereby returning to the standards of military honor which were generally accepted by civilized nations in the nineteenth century and earlier. Non-Nuclear Resistance requires not an advance to a new level of human morality but only the restoration of an old level of morality. It requires not a moral regeneration of mankind but only a recovery from the unusual moral degeneration that has occurred within the present century.

The problem of original sin is not just an abstract theological question. It affects the feasibility of Non-Nuclear Resistance in concrete and specific



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ways. For example, it affects the non-nuclear status of West Germany and Japan. West Germany and Japan are powerful industrial states that have committed themselves to a policy of not manufacturing or deploying nuclear weapons of their own. Both rely for their security upon the presence of American military forces. One of the strong arguments against American nuclear disarmament is that as soon as we decided to get rid of our nuclear weapons Germany and Japan would feel impelled to provide for their own defense by becoming independent nuclear powers, and that a world with a nuclear-armed Germany and a nuclear-armed Japan would be even more dangerous and unstable than the world we live in. To what extent is this argument valid? Is it true that our renunciation of nuclear weapons would automatically cause Germany and Japan to fill the nuclear vacuum with their own weapons? Or would our decision to rely on non-nuclear strength merely confirm in German and Japanese eyes the wisdom of their own earlier commitment to non-nuclear status? Which way Germany and Japan would go depends upon the strength of the determination of German and Japanese leaders not to repeat the crimes and follies perpetrated by their predecessors in the nineteen-thirties and forties. In other words, it depends on the degree to which the disastrous experiences of the nineteen-forties have produced in Germany and Japan a lasting moral improvement. In this context, the question of original sin can have very practical consequences. It determines whether we are condemned by the viciousness of our nature always to arm ourselves with the most vicious weapons, or whether our choice of weapons can be a matter for rational debate and decision.

The last, and strongest, argument against Non-Nuclear Resistance is that we need nuclear weapons to prevent non-nuclear wars, and especially to prevent a recurrence of grand-scale non-nuclear wars, like the First and Second World Wars. Most people believe, rightly or wrongly, that if we had not had nuclear weapons the world would have already been devastated by a Third World War. People who lived through the Second World War tend to be grateful to the hydrogen bomb for saving us from a repetition of those years of terror and misery. This is probably the main reason that nuclear weapons have been politically popular. And it is one of the main reasons that Non-Nuclear Resistance will be unpopular. Advocates of Non-Nuclear Resistance must face the argument that by getting rid of nuclear weapons we are removing the fear of retribution which keeps Europe peaceful and saves the world from the horrors of a Third World War. Non-Nuclear Resistance—so the argument goes—will leave Western Europe exposed to invasion, and will leave us with the choice, when the invasion takes place, of either backsliding into nuclear warfare or fighting a non-nuclear Third World War under unfavorable circumstances. This argument must be answered if Non-Nuclear Resistance is ever to be more than a dream.

The answer must be to deny that nuclear weapons and non-nuclear world wars are exclusive alternatives—to say, rather, that both are twentieth-century aberrations that mankind can learn to avoid. The concept of Non-Nuclear Resistance implies a renunciation not only of nuclear weapons but also of those large-scale deployments of aggressive non-nuclear weapons which characterized the era of the world wars. Non-Nuclear Resistance means that each country relies for its defense on weapons of predominantly defensive character, weapons that do not lend themselves to grand-scale aggression in the style of Hitler. It is important for the viability of the concept of Non-Nuclear Resistance that the technology of defensive weaponry be pushed ahead vigorously; local non-nuclear defense against invasion must be made technically feasible and credible. But it is even more important that the concept of Non-Nuclear Resistance be supported by a worldwide political consensus opposing both nuclear weapons and non-nuclear wars of conquest. There is no reason that patriotic citizens and soldiers dedicated to the defense of their own countries should not join in such a consensus. But the belief that such a consensus can prevail in the world of the twenty-first century requires a suspension, in this limited area of war and weaponry, of belief in the doctrine of original sin.

After reviewing the arguments for and against Non-Nuclear Resistance, I arrive at no final verdict. The arguments on both sides are largely political. The weight of a political argument is determined not by logic but by the number of people who believe it. If a political consensus in favor of Non-Nuclear Resistance could be achieved, there are no technical reasons that this concept could not be made the basis of a stable balance of power.

The Middle Way

I AM now at the seventh, and last, stop on my quest for concept, looking once more for a concept that will satisfy simultaneously the demands of military realism and the demands of human decency. I am trying to find a middle way between the concepts of Assured Destruction and Limited Nuclear War, on the one side, and the concepts of Nonviolent Resistance and Non-Nuclear Resistance, on the other; between Robert McNamara and Marshal Grechko, on one side, and André Trocmé and Gandhi, on the other. There is such a middle way, and my friend Donald Brennan knew roughly where it lies. Donald Brennan died a few years ago, at the age of fifty-four. He was a professional military expert who worked at the Hudson Institute, the research institute founded by Herman Kahn.

In July, 1969, the United States was in the process of making a crucial decision that led directly to a major exacerbation of the arms race and to the failure of the SALT negotiations to halt the multiplication of weapons. The decision that was then made was to introduce into our strategic forces the so-called MIRV; that is to say, multiple independently aimed warheads carried by a single launcher rocket. The public was at that time far more interested in the question of ABM deployment, which was vociferously and successfully opposed by well-organized groups of citizens. Amid the noise of the ABM debate, the deployment of MIRV attracted little attention. The importance of MIRV was understood by a hundred

and seven members of Congress who introduced resolutions calling for a moratorium on MIRV testing and deployment. The House Foreign Affairs Committee's subcommittee on National Security Policy and Scientific Developments held a series of public hearings in an effort to explore further the implications of MIRV. Five representatives and five arms-control experts gave testimony against the MIRV deployment. One of the expert witnesses was Donald Brennan. The hearings did not succeed in arousing the nation. After the hearings were over, testing and deployment of MIRV continued, with steadily increasing momentum.

The main obstacle that the congressmen opposing MIRV had to overcome was the fact that MIRV fitted well both into the strategy of Assured Destruction and into the strategy of Limited Nuclear War. At that time, the Soviet Union was putting much effort into the development of missile-defense technology and was beginning construction of an operational ABM system around Moscow. Advocates of MIRV argued that MIRV was essential in order to insure that the Soviet ABM could be defeated. The experts who testified against MIRV were all, except for Brennan, believers in Assured Destruction. They were hampered in their opposition to MIRV by their commitment to the necessity of penetrating the Soviet defenses. Brennan could oppose MIRV unconditionally, because he denied that the defeat of the Soviet ABM was necessary. In order to oppose MIRV in an intellectually convincing fashion, Brennan explicitly repudiated the concept of Assured Destruction, and formulated a new concept to replace it. I quote now from his testimony:

> Let us consider two principles. The first principle is that, in terms of strategic nuclear conflict, following any plausibly feasible Soviet attack, we should be able to do at least as badly unto the Soviets as they had done or could do unto us.

Donald Brennan liked to call this principle the Brass Rule, meaning that it is a debased form of the Golden Rule, which says you should do unto others what you wish they would do unto you. (Note that this principle does not require us to do very badly unto the Soviets if they cannot do very badly unto us.)

> The second principle is . . . that we should prefer live Americans to dead Russians, whenever a choice between the two presents itself. The Soviets may be expected to prefer live Russians to dead Americans, and therein resides the basis for an important common interest; we may both prefer live Americans and live Russians. This formulation may seem so simple as to sound facetious, and in a sense it is, but it conceals a point that is profoundly important and surprisingly controversial.

After some technical discussion, Brennan ended by explaining why his second principle, the preference for live Americans over dead Russians, is controversial. It is controversial because it says that Assured Destruction is not desirable as a way of life. Assured Destruction, he says, may be necessary when no alternative is available, but one should not prefer it.

The concept that Donald Brennan advocated is called by the experts in arms control Parity Plus Damage-Limiting. I prefer to call it Live and Let Live. It may be important to use a name for it which the public can understand. Donald Brennan was unfortunately an experts' expert, expressing his opposition to MIRV in technical language that had little public impact. I believe that the name Live and Let Live accurately describes his concept and does not conceal its profound moral implications. To summarize Brennan's statement, his concept says, "We maintain the ability to damage you as badly as you can damage us, but we prefer our own protection to your destruction." I believe that this concept fits, as Assured Destruction does not, George Kennan's requirement that a concept should be modest, unpretentious, and free from apocalyptic overtones.

The great virtue that I see in Live and Let Live is that it is a concept for all seasons. We are now living in a wintry season of distrust and despair. Live and Let Live is robust enough to flourish in winter. It does not require a mood of joyful magnanimity to make it politically acceptable. It could be adopted now, with no need to wait for a change for the better in Soviet society or in our own. The concept, as Brennan described it, deals with the harsh realities of the world of his day or ours. But the concept also opens a path to a better world and gives us a plan for getting there. It will still be valid in spring and in summer, guiding us in the task of keeping a better world stable.

In his testimony, Brennan did not speak of the long-range implications of Live and Let Live. He spoke of them privately on various occasions. If one takes a long view, one can regard Live and Let Live as equivalent to

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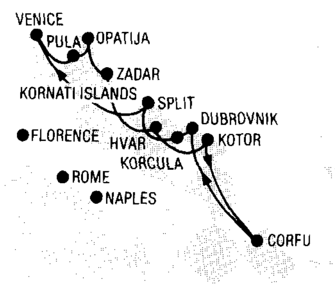

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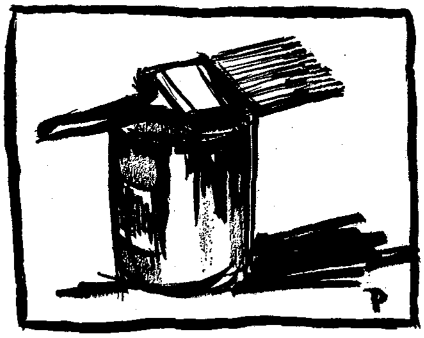
Non-Nuclear Resistance Plus Bargaining Chips. That is to say, the long-range plan of Live and Let Live is to reach the same end that Non-Nuclear Resistance hopes to reach, but to reach it by negotiation instead of unilaterally. Live and Let Live regards our nuclear weapons only as bargaining chips, to be negotiated away as rapidly as possible. It commits us firmly to the path of negotiating nuclear weapons all the way down to zero, or as close to zero as the Soviet Union will allow. It says that we prefer the number zero to any other number as a target for negotiation. It says that we prefer, given the choice, to base our security upon Non-Nuclear Resistance rather than upon nuclear deterrence. It says that we do not regard the possession of any fixed number of nuclear weapons as permanently necessary to our well-being.

In any assessment of the long-range consequences of Live and Let Live, the great unknown factor is the Soviet response. We cannot expect that the Soviet Union will agree to the dismantling of nuclear weapons within a short time. There as well as here, bureaucratic inertia and interservice rivalries will make substantial disarmament slow and difficult. However, the hope that the Soviet Union will in the long run negotiate drastic reductions in nuclear forces has a solid basis in Soviet military doctrine. The Soviet Counterforce doctrine, unlike our Assured Destruction doctrine, is consistent with bilateral reductions down to any desired level. And the Soviet strategy of survival of nuclear war will gain in feasibility as the level is lowered. One of the major advantages of Live and Let Live is that it does not demand any substantial shift in Soviet doctrines or patterns of behavior.

Since the concept of Live and Let Live regards nuclear weapons as political bargaining chips rather than as desirable military assets, it allows us to conduct disarmament negotiations with flexibility. We are to insist on parity between the two sides as disarmament proceeds, but we do not need to insist on any elaborate technical definition of the meaning of parity; we could, for example, be content with a definition that makes equal aggregate numbers of warheads or of delivery vehicles the criterion of parity, leaving each country free to choose which weapons to retain within these aggregates. We are to insist on verifiability of agreements, but we should accept verification criteria that allow reasonable margins of error and infrequent false alarms.

Far-reaching nuclear disarmament is an objective for the long-range future. I now come back to the present, and discuss what effects Live and Let Live should have on our current policies. The first question to be addressed is how we should aim our strategic weapons while we are negotiating their disappearance. The answer to this question is simple: we should not aim them at all. Live and Let Live excludes Assured Destruction targeting as inconsistent with the basic principle that live Americans are to be preferred to dead Russians. Limited Nuclear War and Counterforce targeting are excluded because they are crisis-unstable, especially since we are assuming no change in the Soviet practice of Counterforce targeting. What, then, are we to do with our strategic weapons? We must simply maintain them as best we can, making sure that they are as nearly invulnerable as possible to Soviet attack and that they are not aimed at anything in particular. This is what it means to say that we value them as bargaining chips but not as usable military weapons. The SIOP will continue to exist, but the weapons will no longer be poised for its instant execution. It would be helpful to crisis stability if we could provide some technical assurance to the Soviet authorities that our weapons were in fact unaimed, but I do not know how this could be done without compromising their invulnerability. The fact that the weapons are unaimed, whether the Soviet authorities believe it or not, will not diminish their importance in Soviet perceptions as an enduring threat to Soviet power. The incentive for the Soviet Union to get rid of our weapons by negotiation will still exist.

The concept of Live and Let Live should rule over all areas of our foreign policy, and not only over the technical issues of the strategic-arms race between the United States and the Soviet Union. Live and Let Live should have a major impact on the weapons that we and our allies deploy in Western Europe and on the political problems that surround the control and use of these weapons. The tactical nuclear weapons in Western Europe are in theory intended for fighting a limited nuclear war, but in reality they are a component of an Assured Destruction strategy. If they are ever used, they will bring Assured Destruction immediately to Western Europe and with high probability to the Soviet Union and the United States, too. The Live and Let Live concept implies that we no longer regard tactical nuclear weapons as a satisfactory solution to the problem of European security. The ultimate objective of our policy must be to get rid of tactical nuclear weapons altogether. We should have no illusion that we can get rid of them quickly or easily. But it is an even greater illusion to imagine that we can go on living with them forever.



Two technical factors ought to help us to move toward a Live and Let Live strategy in Europe: first, our professional soldiers recognize the cumbersomeness of the nuclear-weapon command structure, and the extreme vulnerability of the whole tactical-nuclear-weapon apparatus to a Soviet preëmptive strike; second, the development of Precision Guided Munitions, or PGM—small, non-nuclear weapons guided by computers—and of dispersed mobile forces capable of destroying tanks and airplanes offers a realistic substitute for tactical nuclear weapons in the defense of Europe against invasion. It is wrong to claim, as some enthusiasts of Precision Guided Munitions have claimed, that these are magic weapons that will solve our military problems in Europe overnight. There are no magic weapons. But there are good as well as bad military technologies. A good military technology is one that leads away from weapons of mass destruction and toward weapons that allow people to defend their homeland against invasion without destroying it. The technology of Precision Guided Munitions is good in this sense. It is reasonable to imagine a hopeful evolution of affairs in Europe, with the technology evolving away from nuclear weapons and toward precision-guided non-nuclear weapons, and with the political authorities evolving away from Assured Destruction and toward Live and Let Live. Technical and political development must go hand in hand, each helping the other along.

The defense of Western Europe lies at the heart of our involvement with nuclear weapons. Both tactical and strategic nuclear forces were developed in the context of the military confrontation between East and West in Europe. It is important to understand the difference between the Eastern and the Western concepts of nuclear weapons as they relate to the European situation. The Western concept was driven mainly by fears of local Soviet invasion or subversion, such as occurred in Poland in 1944 and in Czechoslovakia in 1948; out of these fears grew the concept of Limited Nuclear War and the doctrine of First Use. The Soviet concept was driven mainly by fears of a grand-scale assault on the Soviet Union, such as occurred in 1941; out of these fears grew the concept of Counterforce and the doctrine of preëmption. The fears on both sides were then intensified by each side's perception of the other side's doctrine. American politicians perceive the Soviet doctrine of preëmption as clear evidence of malign intent, while Soviet leaders feel threatened by our tactical nuclear deployments close to their borders. Each side sees the other side's doctrine as peculiarly evil. In reality, there is nothing peculiarly evil in the Soviet First Strike doctrine, just as there is nothing peculiarly evil in our First Use doctrine. Both grew naturally out of the different historical experiences of the two sides. Both are firmly rooted and will not be easily changed.

What hope is there of escape from this web of threats and misunderstandings? A useful first step would be to educate the public in the difference between First Use and First Strike. After that, it might be possible to discuss strategic doctrines publicly with some degree of rationality. We might then be able to negotiate a bargain with the Soviet Union in which we agree to dismantle weapons associated with the threat of First Use while they dismantle weapons associated with the threat of First Strike. A tradeoff of First Use against First Strike capacities would not only improve the security of both sides but also diminish the psychological anxieties that drive the arms race. Such a tradeoff should be one of the immediate objectives of a Live and Let Live strategy.

George Kennan has been the most thoughtful and consistent opponent of our First Use doctrine. "I would submit," he wrote in 1959, "that the first thing we have to do in order to put ourselves in a position to negotiate hopefully for an abolition of nuclear weapons, or indeed to have any coherent strategy of national defense, is to wean ourselves from this fateful and pernicious principle of first use." Kennan's words are as true now as they were twenty-five years ago. A simple No First Use declaration by the United States would be of enormous importance in lessening the risk of outbreak of nuclear war. Recently, a distinguished panel of military experts contemptuously dismissed the idea of a No First Use declaration, on the ground that "declarations like that get put aside in the first moments of conflict." This shows that the panel did not understand what a No First Use declaration is designed to do. The purpose of a No First Use declaration is not to constrain the use of weapons in wartime but to constrain the deployment of weapons in peacetime. When a country signs a No First Use declaration, the effect is to compel the military authorities in that country to take into account the possibility that their country's political authorities may actually mean what they say. This means that the country is forced to go to the trouble of hardening and concealing its weapons or withdrawing them from exposed positions where they would be vulnerable to preëmptive attack. The effect is to make that country's deployments more survivable and at the same time less threatening to neighboring countries. The risk of war is reduced by these changes in peacetime deployments, not by any possible direct effect of a No First Use declaration in wartime.

Now, suppose that two hostile countries, A and B, sign a No First Use declaration. The effectiveness of the declaration in constraining Country A's deployments does not depend at all upon Country A's believing that Country B is sincere. On the contrary, the more Country A mistrusts Country B's intentions, the stronger the effect of the declaration is in discouraging Country A from unstable deployments. For the declaration to be effective, it is necessary only that Country A consider Country B not entirely trustworthy, and vice versa—a condition that is well satisfied in the real world in which we are living. In a situation of mutual distrust such as exists in Europe, a No First Use declaration by the West will push Western deployments strongly in the direction of sta-

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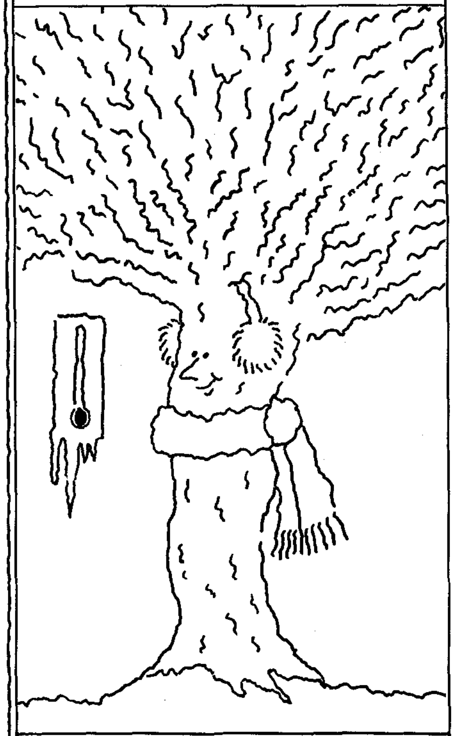

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bility but will detract hardly at all from the deterrent value of the NATO weapons as this is seen by the Soviet Union. The greater the distrust, the smaller the effect of a No First Use declaration on deterrence. Our own generals have to take our declaration seriously, but the Soviet generals cannot rely on it.

The practical relevance of these considerations is clearly seen in the contrast between the American deployment policy for strategic weapons and the one for tactical weapons. American strategic forces are deployed under our No First Strike policy, with the result that there is strong emphasis on hardening and concealment. Our tactical nuclear weapons in Europe and elsewhere are not subject to No First Use constraints, with the result that they are far more exposed and vulnerable. The tactical weapons are more likely than the strategic weapons to get us into bad trouble, and a No First Use declaration covering the tactical weapons would substantially reduce that danger. A No First Use declaration would imply a drastic change in the force structure and strategy of the NATO alliance, and would have to be preceded by intensive discussions among the allies. This shows, incidentally, that the declaration would not be as empty of meaning as the panel of military experts supposed.

Live and Let Live will have other implications. One immediate implication is that we do not need the MX missile. We should not merely reject the race-track or the dense-pack deployment of the MX but reject the MX itself, in any form. The MX is a step in the wrong direction from almost every point of view; it is a prime example of a technical folly. Being large, expensive, and vulnerable, it is not even a good weapon for the purpose of either Assured Destruction or Limited Nuclear War. If we are to move toward a Live and Let Live strategy, the most important function of our missiles is to be crisis-stable, and in this function the MX fails miserably. Another implication of Live and Let Live is that we push vigorously ahead with negotiations in all the areas where the Soviet Union is willing to negotiate. Live and Let Live attaches no intrinsic military value to nuclear weapons, and we should be glad to negotiate them away in a rather indiscriminate fashion, provided that the principle of parity is maintained. A Freeze agreement might be a good way to begin, provided it is clearly understood that the Freeze is a beginning, and not an end.

The most delicate question in formulating a Live and Let Live strategy is the proper role of ABM defenses. The long-range objective of Live and Let Live is a defense-dominated non-nuclear world. In principle, the substitution of non-nuclear ABM systems for offensive nuclear missiles would be, like the substitution of Precision Guided Munitions for tactical nuclear weapons in Europe, a giant step for mankind in the direction of sanity. In practice, any plan to move toward extensive ABM defenses runs into severe technical, political, and legal difficulties, which have been described earlier in this essay. The most serious of these difficulties is the existence of the SALT I treaty, because it forbids the expansion of ABM systems beyond narrow limits. The treaty must be respected, and the disagreeable features of ABM which made the treaty possible must not be ignored. The Live and Let Live concept says that our purpose is to get rid of nuclear weapons of all kinds and to maintain effective non-nuclear ground forces for the defense of territory. ABM defenses are not necessary. The concept does not require ABM for its success. All that matters is that the nuclear weapons be negotiated away, one way or another, with or without the help of ABM. Until the negotiated reduction of offensive weapons has made substantial progress, it would be foolish to raise the question of ABM at all. Nevertheless, if we are ever fortunate enough to see offensive weapons reduced to low levels, ABM defenses would be helpful in giving us confidence to make the next big jump, from low levels to zero, and it would be foolish then not to take advantage of whatever benefits ABM defenses have to offer. The proper role of ABM defenses in a Live and Let Live strategy is mainly a question of timing.

It was an unfortunate historical accident that the SALT I treaty was negotiated in the aftermath of the defeat of a particular nuclear ABM system—one that was widely regarded as ineffective, extravagant, and dangerous. There were good reasons for rejecting the deployment of that particular ABM system at that particular time. But the defects of that system in no way justified the signing of a treaty that committed us to a dogmatic insistence that defense against ballistic missiles would always and in all circumstances be undesirable. To achieve agreements drastically reducing the numbers of offensive weapons, and to provide assurance against any clandestine violation of such agreements, some deployment of missile defenses may be helpful. In the long run, the transition from a world of Assured Destruction to a world of Live and Let Live must be accompanied by a transfer of emphasis from offensive to defensive weapons.

When one is thinking about defensive weapons in general and about ballistic-missile defense in particular, one should distinguish sharply between ends and means. Our experts in the arms-control community have never maintained this distinction. They are so strongly convinced of the technical superiority of offensive weapons to defensive ones that they let the means determine the ends. I say that we have no hope of escape from the trap we are in unless we follow ends that are ethically acceptable. The ends must determine the means, and not vice versa. The only acceptable end that I can see, short of a disarmed world, is a defensively oriented world. We must decide first whether the defensive world is an end worth striving for. This question must come first. Only afterward comes the question of means.

Defense is not technically sweet. The primal sin of scientists and politicians alike has been to run after weapons that are technically sweet. Why must arms controllers fall into the same trap? There is a terrible arrogance in the statement that defense is hopeless and should therefore be forbidden. Nobody can possibly foresee the state of the world ten years ahead, let alone fifty. If a defensively oriented world is an end worth striving for, and if it is pursued diligently, with all the available means—especially with moral and political as well as technical means—there is a good chance of its being attained. The burden is on the opponents of defense to prove that a defensive world is politically impossible. It is not enough for them to say that our ABM technicians didn't solve the problem of distinguishing warheads from decoys.

I have described the long-range ethical objectives of Live and Let Live and some of its immediate implications. It remains now to summarize the arguments for and against it. The first, and most important, argument for Live and Let Live is that it is negotiable with the Soviet Union. Unlike Assured Destruction and Limited Nuclear War, it does not stand in contradiction to Soviet concepts of security and survival. It therefore offers the possibility of deep and far-reaching negotiated agreements for the dismantling of nuclear forces. The second argument, almost as important, is that Live and Let Live is internally negotiable among the various political constituencies of the United States. Unlike Non-Nuclear Resistance, it is consistent with the traditional determination of the American military establishment to maintain weapons at least equal to those of our possible enemies. It requires no unilateral disarmament and no retreat from our commitment to an effective defense of our allies. It offers the possibility of working toward nuclear disarmament along a path acceptable to both the Defense Department and the State Department. It offers to the soldiers well-equipped armed forces, second to none in the world; to the diplomats a conservative policy of resistance to Soviet aggrandizement; to the peace movement a commitment to getting rid of nuclear weapons as fast as reductions can be negotiated. It is a concept robust enough to have a chance of holding these three constituencies together while talks with the Soviet Union are in progress.

Additional arguments for Live and Let Live are the same as the arguments for Non-Nuclear Resistance: first, that the ultimate strength of the United States derives from geography, and not from nuclear weapons; second, that the concept is a good way to pull the Soviet Union toward nuclear disarmament; third, that Soviet expansionism has a persistent style that is more effectively opposed by non-nuclear than by nuclear weapons. Live and Let Live has the same long-range objectives as Non-Nuclear Resistance; it differs only in approaching them bilaterally instead of unilaterally.

In the end, the advantages of Live and Let Live depend upon the stability of a non-nuclear world. If we suppose that the Live and Let Live strategy has been carried successfully to its final point, and nuclear weapons have been outlawed from the face of the earth, the stabilizing effect of the fear of nuclear weapons will still exist. Any country that feels tempted to embark upon a career of conquest, either by breaking the ban on nuclear weapons or by launching campaigns of non-nuclear aggression in the style of Hitler, will be aware that the knowledge of how to manufacture nuclear weapons is widely spread over the earth, so the initial advantage accruing to the aggressor will not be permanent. Since the knowledge of nuclear weapons and the fear of their destructive power will never disappear, the stability of the non-nuclear world is made paradoxically robust by the fact that everybody knows it to be fragile.

One of the disadvantages of Live and Let Live is that it ties the pace of progress in disarmament to the pace of negotiations. The pace of negotiations is usually slow. Negotiating positions must be worked out laboriously in negotiations within the bureaucracies on each side before they can be mentioned in bilateral discussions. Progress may be halted at any stage if the Soviet Union loses interest in proceeding further or if the political coalition supporting our own proposals disintegrates. It will be difficult to sustain on either side the steadiness of purpose necessary to obtain far-reaching agreements. It cannot be expected that, even if things go well, the negotiated demolition of the apparatus of nuclear destruction on the two sides can be accomplished in a time shorter than, say, twenty years. And if things do not go well the weapons may blow both sides to pieces before they reach agreement. The concept of Non-Nuclear Resistance could, if we embraced it, allow us to shake the world by swift unilateral action. Live and Let Live proceeds by means of negotiations that are bound to be tedious, complicated, and uncertain. Slowness is the price that must be paid for caution. Non-Nuclear Resistance takes big risks in order to move fast. Live and Let Live may miss big opportunities by moving slowly.

The arguments that I raised against Nonviolent Resistance and Non-Nuclear Resistance—the arguments of vicarious pacifism, lack of robustness, and original sin—may also be raised against Live and Let Live; but against Live and Let Live they are less cogent. The problem of vicarious pacifism hardly arises, since Live and Let Live is only mildly pacifist in concept and does not impose much greater risks on our allies than on us. The problem of lack of robustness is more serious. Live and Let Live is not an easy concept to explain. It is at present unfamiliar to the majority of the American peo-

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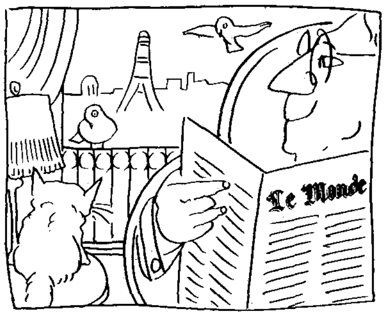

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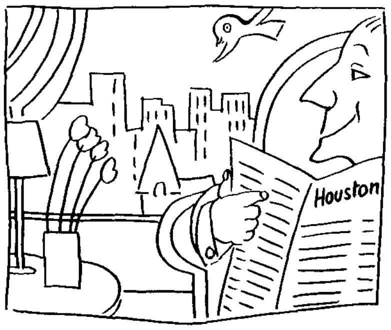

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ple. Standing where it does—in the middle, between the hawks and the doves—it will be difficult to defend against political attack from both extremes. Nevertheless, the concept is logically coherent and politically practical, and its central position may in the end be a source of strength rather than of weakness. The problem of original sin exists for Live and Let Live no less but also no more than it exists for all concepts that seek to establish an international order based upon restraint in the use of weapons.

Another argument against Live and Let Live is that it mentions only Russians and Americans, and pays no attention to the rest of the world. This is a valid criticism of Brennan's formulation of the concept. He discussed the problem of nuclear weapons as a bilateral problem between the Soviet Union and the United States. In reality, the problem is not purely bilateral even now, and it will become less and less bilateral if American and Soviet nuclear-force levels are successfully negotiated down toward the levels existing in Britain and France and China. It is easy to translate the concept of Live and Let Live into a world with five or more nuclear powers. We need only say, instead of speaking of Americans and Russians, "We should prefer live friends to dead enemies whenever a choice between the two presents itself." However, we run into a serious difficulty when we try to define the meaning of strategic parity in a multilateral world. Does parity mean that all nuclear powers are to be equal, or does it mean that each is to be equal to the combined strength of all its possible enemies? The Soviet Union has good reason to prefer the second interpretation. Shortly before his death, Chairman Brezhnev remarked to a Western visitor, "You must remember that every nuclear weapon in the world is either in the Soviet Union or aimed at the Soviet Union." Brezhnev's statement was only slightly exaggerated.

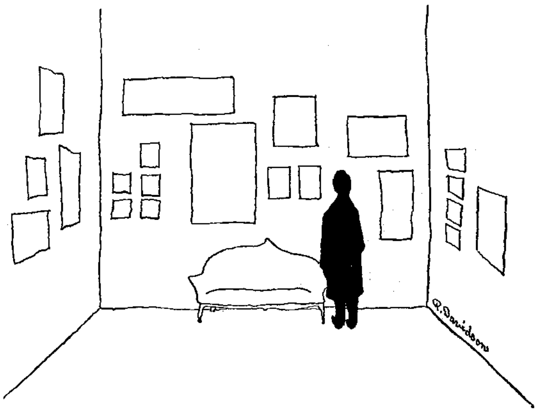
It can be proved mathematically that if three or more nuclear powers demand that they be allowed to deploy weapons equal in number to the combined strengths of their enemies, the only way to satisfy their demands simultaneously is to make all the numbers equal to zero. This mathematical theorem expresses a human truth about disarmament in general and about Live and Let Live in particular: if we ever succeed in reducing numbers of weapons to the point at which minor nuclear powers become important, then it will be easier to go all the way to zero than to stop halfway. The effecting of Live and Let Live thus divides itself into two distinct phases. Phase 1 is the phase of bilateral negotiation, when the nuclear forces of the United States and the Soviet Union are still dominant, and the notion of parity based on rough equality of numbers still has meaning. Phase 2 begins when the numbers of weapons are reduced to such a point that the strategic parity of the United States and the Soviet Union depends mainly on geographical and non-nuclear strength, and the transition to a non-nuclear and defense-dominated world becomes possible. Phase 2 is the phase of transition. In Phase 2, negotiations must be multilateral, and the criterion of parity can no longer be equality of numbers. In Phase 2, non-nuclear strength becomes increasingly dominant, and the object of negotiation is to reduce the nuclear strength of all parties as rapidly as possible to zero. To move into Phase 2 is to move into a new world—a world of multilateral complications. It may be possible to derive some comfort from statements that the British and French and Chinese governments have made on various occasions to the effect that they would willingly enter into multilateral negotiations aimed at the reduction of their own nuclear forces if the American and Soviet nuclear forces had first been reduced to more reasonable levels. The Israeli government has never made any such statement. But the coöperation of the Israelis is not crucial to the program. It is a wise rule in international politics not to try to solve all the world's problems at once.

In every grand design for the cure of the world's ills, it is always Phase 1 that is real, while the later phases are concocted out of a mixture of hope and moonshine. Live and Let Live is no exception. Phase 1 specifies what has to be done now, with the world as it exists. If the end of Phase 1 is ever reached, the state of the world will have changed. Phase 2 will be dealing with the problems of a different world, whose shape no one can now foresee. In an assessment of the value of Live and Let Live as a way out of the world's present predicament, it is Phase 1 that counts. If Phase 1 can start the world moving in the right direction—toward a hopeful future—then Live and Let Live is doing all that anyone can reasonably ask any concept to do.

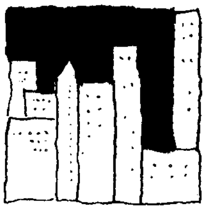
The Fateful Choice

I WANT in this section to pull together a number of ideas that arose earlier in the essay, and to arrive at some conclusions. In the end, we here in America have to make choices that will be important for the future of mankind. We should approach these choices with the proper humility, remembering that we are not God Almighty. Our task is not to choose the best possible path for the world to follow; the world will choose its own path, driven by forces that are largely beyond our control. Our task is to choose tools, people, and concepts that will enable us to give the world an effective push in the direction of survival whenever it comes to a fork in the road.

The world seems now to be approaching a fork in the road with two ways out marked by conspicuous signposts: "Ban the bomb" and "Don't rock the boat." I first described our task as a search for a common language, which would enable warriors and victims to understand each other. "Ban the bomb" is the slogan of the victims and "Don't rock the boat" the slogan of the warriors. "Ban the bomb" says that our existing weapons and strategy are unacceptably dangerous. "Don't rock the boat" says that it would be unacceptably dangerous to upset the political equilibrium that has been maintained by our existing weapons and strategy. Since both statements are true, there is no escape from our dilemma. No matter whether we try to hold our world in place or try to turn it upside down, we shall be living with danger. So long as independent sovereign states exist, the danger of nuclear destruction will not disappear. But



there is also a middle way, a third way out of the fork—the way marked "Live and let live." The middle way is not an escape from the dilemma. It does not abolish the danger. It promises only to diminish danger by bringing together in the cause of peace the skills of the warriors and the moral indignation of the victims.



Our dilemma is in essence the same as the dilemma of the diplomats which I described earlier. The diplomatic history of the last two centuries has been a story with two alternating themes—international order and balance of power. The purpose of international order is to keep the world peaceful; the purpose of the balance of power is to keep it stable. The dilemma of the diplomats arose because a peaceful world is usually not stable and a stable world is usually not peaceful. When diplomats created institutions of international order and neglected the balance of power, international order became impotent and there was no stability. When they pursued the balance of power and neglected international order, national power became irresponsible and there was no peace. And the world blundered repeatedly through the same tragic cycle—from a failed international order to the emergence of a new balance of power, from the balance of power to competitive alliances and war, from the disasters of war to a new attempt at international order.

Nuclear weapons have arrested the cycle. This is the great blessing that nuclear weapons have brought the world. Because there are nuclear weapons, the cycle is stuck. There is a balance of power with competitive alliances but no world war. Instead of war, there is the threat of nuclear annihilation. The threat of annihilation keeps the cycle from turning. But the old dilemma of the diplomats persists. Mankind recognizes that it cannot live forever under the threat of nuclear annihilation. If it is to survive, the threat must be removed sooner or later. "Ban the bomb" says that mankind must establish an international order to remove the threat before the threat destroys mankind. "Don't rock the boat" says that mankind must preserve the threat in order to maintain the balance of power that keeps the world stable. It is the same choice the diplomats always faced—either an unstable international order or a stable balance based upon the threat of violence. Only the magnitude of the violence has changed.

The great diplomats, from Metternich to Harriman and Kennan, have known that wisdom lies in compromise—that the pursuit of international order without power is futile, and that the pursuit of power without international order is barbarous. To find the workable compromise between international order and balance of power is the diplomat's high art. And the same art is needed to find the middle way through the dilemmas of nuclear policy. There is no safe path. But the path of compromise is likely to be safer than either the naïve recklessness of "Ban the bomb" or the blind conservatism of "Don't rock the boat." The diplomat's art consists, above all, in understanding the purposes and the personality of the enemy. It was through the possession of this understanding that Metternich was able to humble Napoleon, that Harriman was able to negotiate a test-ban treaty in less than two weeks, and that Kennan was able to build political strength against a Soviet penetration of Western Europe by designing the Marshall Plan.

The fundamental flaw in America's nuclear policies from the beginning has been our failure to understand the Soviet point of view. We have never applied the diplomat's art to this most important of all diplomatic problems. The failure of understanding has been equally grievous among our military war fighters and among our civilian experts in arms control. Our war fighters, with their elaborate plans of Limited Nuclear War, have never been willing to face the fact that the Soviet doctrine of large-scale preëmption makes such plans meaningless. Our arms controllers, with their fixation upon Assured Destruction, have never been willing to understand that the driving force of Soviet policy is a determination to survive, and that this overriding will to survive makes Assured Destruction unacceptable to Moscow. Both the war fighters and the arms controllers, through their failure to understand Soviet purposes, have made Soviet military doctrine appear more evil and dangerous than in fact it is. Both groups fear what they do not understand, and their fears have been the driving force on our side of the nuclear-arms race. Both groups try to force the Soviet Union to accept their alien concepts, and become re-

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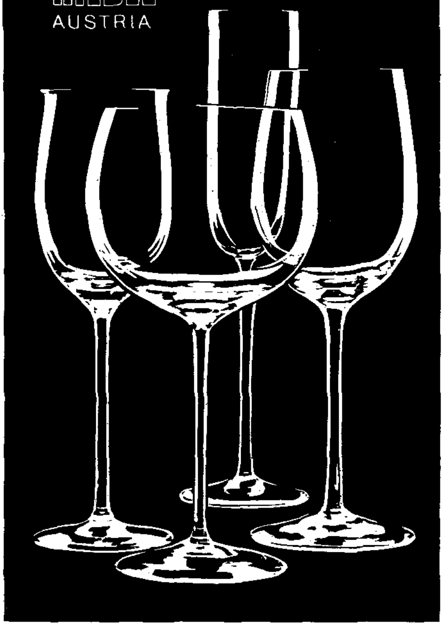

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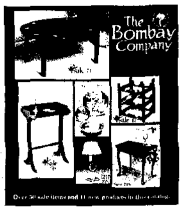

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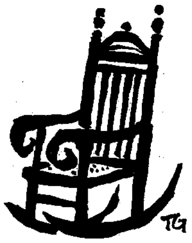
sentful when the attempt fails. Neither group takes the trouble to look at the world through Soviet eyes. Neither group has sufficient insight to see that for the leaders of a nation carrying the cultural and historical heritage of Russia the doctrines of preëmption and survival are the logical and natural response to the American challenge. When we are deciding how to deal with the Soviet Union, either militarily or diplomatically, the first *necessity is to understand the Soviet view of* the world and to accept the fact that Soviet concepts and doctrines are as strong and durable as ours.



In our choice of people to guide us to a safer future, the diplomats come first in importance. But we also need soldiers and technologists. For the difficult task of building an international order based on the negotiated elimination of weapons of mass destruction and stabilized by the ability of all nations to defend themselves with weapons of limited destructive power, we shall need soldiers who have mastered the art of doing more with less. We shall not need soldiers who understand only how to conquer and destroy with vast armies and vast armaments. Fortunately, the men who know how to fight well with limited means are also the men who know how to sustain the morale and spirit of a peacetime Army. There is here a natural convergence of interest between the needs of our armed forces, beset by problems of recruitment and crumbling discipline, and the needs of a world trying to move away from dependence on nuclear weapons.

Last come the technologists. Among technologies, too, we have seen earlier in this essay examples of the good and the bad. The good technologies are those that defend with limited means. We need the good technologies not only as military tools but as channels of communication with our enemies. Technologists are great teachers. Discussing political and social questions with Soviet officials will not convert them to our way of thinking. We can argue with them for years about military doctrines and never reach agreement. But our technologists have no difficulty at all in persuading them to adopt our technology. When we deploy MIRV on our missiles, so do they. When we talk big about computers or high-energy lasers, so do they. When we collect intelligence with photographic-reconnaissance satellites, so do they. More surprisingly, the force of our example is also sometimes effective in a negative direction. We phased out the majority of the multimegaton warheads from our strategic weapons; so did they. We stopped large-scale development of missile defenses and decided to negotiate the SALT I treaty; so did they. Our technology, if we care to use it for this purpose, gives us a uniquely effective *means of guiding Soviet policies in* directions that we may consider desirable. This channel of communication has the advantage of being always open. Soviet leaders do not always wish to listen to our diplomacy, but they always listen to our technology. We cannot use technology to persuade them to move in directions they consider contrary to their interests; but our technology can influence them effectively whenever, as often happens, we wish them to move in a direction where their interests run parallel to ours. The move to non-nuclear defense is a case in point. If our technologists lead strongly into non-nuclear defensive weaponry, it is a good bet that theirs will follow.

Our choice of people determines to a great extent our choice of direction for the future. If we choose diplomats who can understand Soviet purposes, if we choose soldiers who can hold the balance of power steady with limited means, if we choose technologists who can lead the way into a defensively oriented future, our direction is well set. But we need concepts as well as people to guide us. It is to concepts that we must turn for an understanding of the range of alternatives open to us and for a broadening of our mental horizons beyond the limits set by short-term political constraints.

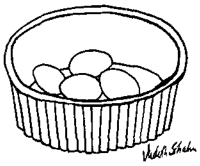
I outlined seven concepts, covering a wide range of viewpoints. It is important that we not discard any of them totally. Whether we like them or not, whether we consider them practical or not, they are there for history to choose from. History's choice may not coincide with ours. Circumstances may arise in which any one of the concepts becomes dominant. We should be prepared to understand and deal with each of them as the necessity arises.

One of the seven, Nonviolent Resistance, I set aside as insufficiently robust for present-day use. But it has been used effectively in France and in India, and the time *may* come when we shall find the moral strength to use it ourselves. I set Defense Unlimited aside as technically foolish and dangerous. But it may nevertheless be put into operation if the ideology of the High Frontier prevails. I set Counterforce aside as crisis-unstable and therefore undesirable as a concept for American strategy. But it is of crucial importance for us to understand *Counterforce also through Soviet eyes,* which see it as a natural defensive strategy, fitting into the framework of a conservative military tradition, carrying forward into the nuclear age the hard-learned lessons of the Second World War, and well suited to the historical and geographical circumstances of the Soviet Union. Whatever we may think of it, Counterforce is the concept preferred by the Soviet Union and is likely to remain so. Efforts by our side to shift the Soviet Union away from Counterforce are unlikely to succeed. Furthermore, if we correctly understand the place of Counterforce in the Soviet view of the world we shall see that the Soviet preference for Counterforce is not in itself contrary to our interests. The existence of large Soviet nuclear forces is contrary to our interests, but the Soviet concept of Counterforce is compatible with the reduction of these forces by negotiation, simultaneously with the reduction of our own forces, all the way to zero.

Two of the seven concepts, Assured Destruction and Limited Nuclear War, I rejected for various reasons—Assured Destruction because it is immoral and suicidal, Limited Nuclear War because it is illusory, and both of them because they are incompatible with Soviet concepts and therefore incompatible with comprehensive arms-control agreements. Nevertheless, Assured Destruction and Limited Nuclear War are the preferred concepts of the United States government and have been so for thirty years. They are as firmly rooted in the NATO alliance as Counterforce is in the Soviet Union. There is a strong case to be made for leaving our concepts as they are, just as there is a strong case to be made for leaving Soviet concepts as they are. Our present concepts have kept us alive and have kept Western Europe free for more than thirty years. The fundamental fact of Western European politics is that nobody will take seriously the idea of fighting another major non-nuclear war to defend Europe. Our nuclear weapons have given us a way to avoid this problem. Any upsetting of the balance of power in Europe is inordinately risky. Why not leave well enough alone? This is the case for staying with the concepts of Assured Destruction and Limited Nuclear War—the case that is summed up in the slogan "Don't rock the boat."

The opposing slogan—"Ban the bomb"—belongs to the concept of Non-Nuclear Resistance, a concept that holds that national defense is important but is best done without the encumbrance of nuclear weapons. Non-Nuclear Resistance is the quick way to get rid of our nuclear weapons. Just throw them away and see how much better we shall do without them. If I were running the United States as an absolute monarch, I would choose Non-Nuclear Resistance as my policy. It is risky, it is hopeful, and in my heart I know that it is right. I would accept the risks of leaving the Soviet Union as the only major nuclear power in the world. Fortunately, I am not an absolute monarch and do not have to take this responsibility. So long as the United States is a constitutional republic, Non-Nuclear Resistance will not be adopted as national policy unless it has the support of the military establishment. To persuade a majority of soldiers to support it will take a long time and a revolution in military thinking. In the context of United States strategic policy, Non-Nuclear Resistance is a concept for people who are willing to wait a long time to see their dreams come true.

Nobody knows what would really happen if the Soviet Union were to be suddenly left as the sole major nuclear power. One possibility is an intensification of Soviet expansionism, beginning with invasions and annexations of neighboring countries and ending with a weakened Western Alliance forced in desperation to fight a disastrous war; this is the 1939 scenario. Another possibility is the emergence of Germany, France, China, and Japan as major nuclear powers to fill the gap left by the United States, ending with a precarious balance of power based on unstable alliances; this is the 1914 scenario. A third possibility is a general pacification and relaxation of tensions between Eastern and Western Europe, ending with a peaceful disintegration of the NATO and Warsaw Pact alliances; this is a scenario without historical precedent. At one time or another, I have heard each of these three scenarios put forward as the inevitable consequence of our unilaterally discarding nuclear weapons. My own opinion is that all three scenarios are unlikely, and that after the withdrawal of our nuclear weapons the world would continue to behave in approximately the same way it did before.



Of one thing we can be sure: the members of the Politburo do not spend much of their time thinking about what they would do in response to the unilateral nuclear disarmament of the United States. The simplest and most cogent argument against the concept of Non-Nuclear Resistance is the same argument that Kennan used against nuclear blackmail: great governments do not behave that way.

We are left with Live and Let Live, the last of my seven concepts, and the one that I am advocating as the middle way, the best practical compromise between the conflicting imperatives of "Ban the bomb" and "Don't rock the boat." Live and Let Live combines a fundamental change in our long-range strategic objective with as little change as possible in our day-to-day tactics and in our commitment to the maintenance of a balance of power while negotiations with our adversary proceed. The fundamental change in objective is that we look to a defense-dominated balance of non-nuclear forces rather than to an offense-dominated balance of nuclear terror as the ultimate basis of our security. The choice between an offense-dominated world and a defense-dominated world is, in the end, the fateful choice that lies before mankind.

The greatest obstacle that the concept of Live and Let Live has to overcome is the belief, prevalent among ordinary citizens as well as among technologists and soldiers and arms controllers, that defensive weapons don't work. Whether this belief is valid depends on what we mean by the word "work." If we mean by "work" that a weapon should save our lives when we fight a nuclear war, then defensive weapons don't work, and offensive weapons don't work, either. If we mean by "work" that a weapon should save those targets which are not attacked, then defensive weapons work well, and offensive weapons do, too. In the real world, the question of whether weapons "work" is equally ambiguous and uncertain whether the

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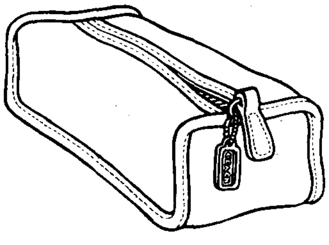

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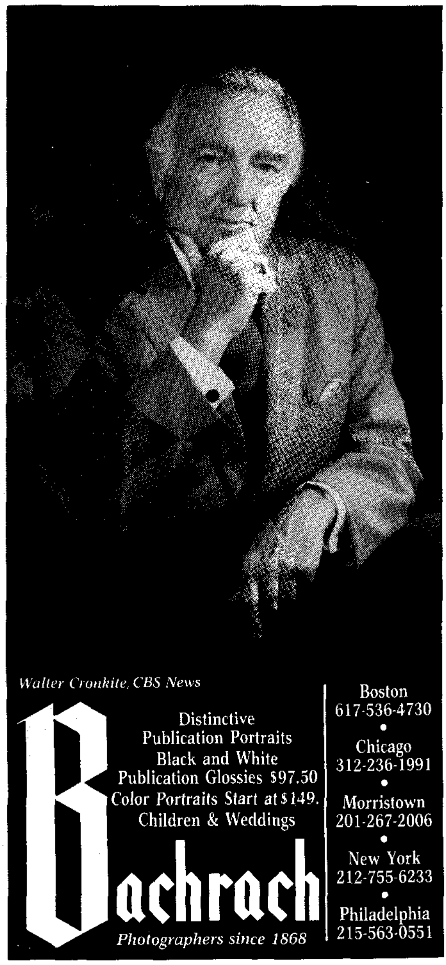

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weapons are offensive or defensive. We cannot be sure that weapons of any kind will save our skins if the worst comes to the worst. We cannot be sure that either defensive or offensive weapons will be useless in discouraging madmen from murdering their neighbors. There are no compelling technical grounds for choosing an offensive rather than a defensive strategy as a basis for our long-range security. The choice ought to be made on political and moral grounds. Technology is a good servant but a bad master. If on political and moral grounds we decide that we choose a defense-dominated world as our long-range objective, the diplomatic and technological means of reaching the objective will sooner or later be found, whether the means are treaties and doctrines or radars and lasers.

I have described in brief and inadequate fashion a possible route by which we might move from an offense-dominated to a defense-dominated world, from a world of Assured Destruction to a world of Live and Let Live. This great and difficult transition can be consummated only after the strategic deployments of the United States and the Soviet Union have been enormously reduced by long and tough negotiations. But even now we shall be in a safer and more stable situation if we immediately move to a Live and Let Live policy than if we stay with Assured Destruction and Limited Nuclear War. If we now adopt the strategy of Live and Let Live, that does not mean that we let down our strategic guard or that we put our trust in Soviet good will or that we change our opinion of the nature of Soviet society. It merely means that we change the underlying concept of our strategy from the Assured Destruction of Soviet society to the Assured Survival of our own.

In 1947, the Policy Planning Staff of the American State Department formulated the concept of limited liability which I mentioned earlier. It proposed this concept as a basis for a coherent foreign policy. Twenty years later, George Kennan, the director of the staff, described its concept in his essay "The Quest for Concept":

> We in the Planning Staff were concerned to restore an adequate balance of power in Europe and eventually in Asia. We thought that once such a balance had been restored, we would negotiate a military and political Soviet retirement from Central Europe in return for a similar retirement on our part. We saw no virtue in keeping our military forces nose to nose with those of Russia. We welcomed the prospect of the emergence, between Russia and ourselves, of a Europe that would be neither an extension of Soviet military power nor of our own. We thought all this could be achieved by indirect, political means. It was our hope that if we could make progress along the lines I have described, there would be a good chance that the world would be carried successfully through the crisis of instability flowing from the defeat of Germany and Japan. New vistas might later open up—vistas not visible at that time—for the employment of our great national strength to constructive and hopeful ends.

This concept is as valid today as it was in 1947. Live and Let Live is in essence only the extension of George Kennan's concept into the era of nuclear-equipped armies and intercontinental missiles. Kennan's concept was rejected by the American government in 1947. If it had been accepted, it would have brought to devastated Europe the hope of continent-wide freedom from Soviet occupation. Today, the concept of Live and Let Live carries with it an even greater promise—the promise of a first decisive step back from mankind's addiction to the technology of death.

The dominant theme in the history of this century is the tragedy of the two world wars. The just cause with which each world war began—the fight for freedom—was corrupted and almost obliterated by the growth of the modern technology of killing. The heritage of this tragedy is the deployment of nuclear weapons in quantities so large as to obliterate any conceivable just cause in which they might be used. The cultural patterns of the past persist, and the safeguards regulating the use of these weapons are not proof against technical accidents and human folly. The concepts underlying the world's present strategic doctrines are morally repugnant and politically sterile. Mankind is caught in a chain of tragic consequences unfolding from the actions of its fathers, like the force of inherited destiny in the old Greek myths.

There is a chance that the world may now be at a historical turning point, with mankind as a whole beginning to turn decisively against nuclear weapons. If the turning is real, it will find appropriate political forms in which to express itself. If the turning is not real, no political program can succeed in bringing the world to nuclear disarmament. Napoleon said that in war the moral factors stand to the material factors in the ratio of three to one. The same ratio between moral and material factors should hold good in the struggle to abolish nuclear weapons. That is why the moral conviction must come first, the political negotiations second, and the technical means third in moving mankind toward a hopeful future. The first, and most difficult, step is to convince people that movement is possible—that we are not irremediably doomed, that our lives have a meaning and a purpose, that we can still choose to be masters of our fate.

This lesson, not to give up hope, is the essential lesson for people to learn who are trying to save the world from nuclear destruction. There are no compelling technical or political reasons that we and the Russians, and the French and the Chinese, too, should not, in time, succeed in negotiating nuclear weapons all the way down to zero. The obstacles are primarily institutional and psychological. Too few people believe that negotiating down to zero is possible. What is needed to achieve this goal is a worldwide awakening of moral indignation, pushing the governments and their military establishments to get rid of these weapons which in the long run endanger everybody and protect nobody. We shall not be finished with nuclear weapons in a year or in a decade. But we may, if we are lucky, be finished with them in a half century—less than the length of time that it took the abolitionists to rid the world of slavery. We should not worry too much about the technical details of weapons and delivery systems. The basic issue before us is simple: Are we, or are we not, ready to face the uncertainties of a world in which nuclear weapons have been negotiated all the way down to zero? If the answer to this question is yes, then there is hope for us and for our grandchildren. And here I will let the scholar and author Clara Claiborne Park have the last word: "Hope is not the lucky gift of circumstance or disposition, but a virtue like faith and love, to be practiced whether or not we find it easy or even natural, because it is necessary to our survival as human beings." —FREEMAN DYSON

(This is the fourth part of a four-part article.)

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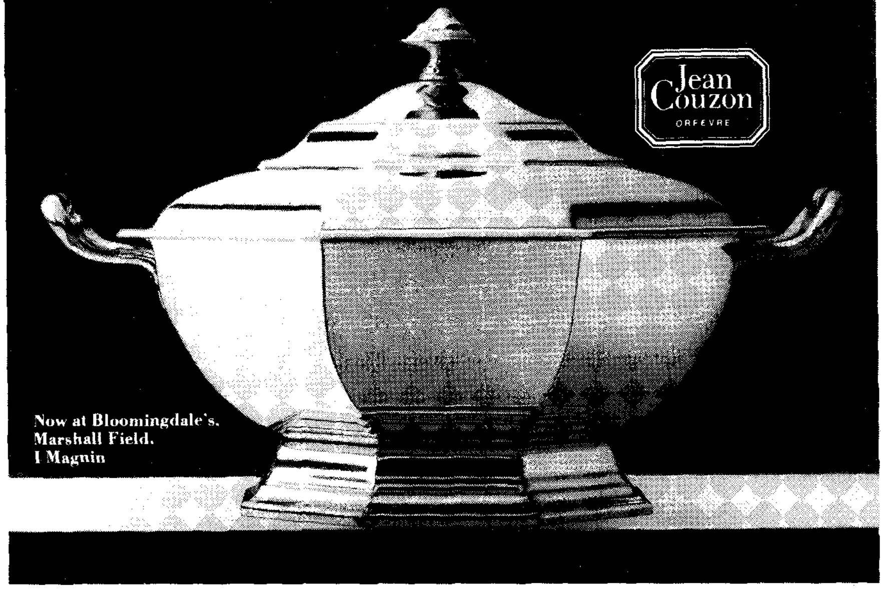

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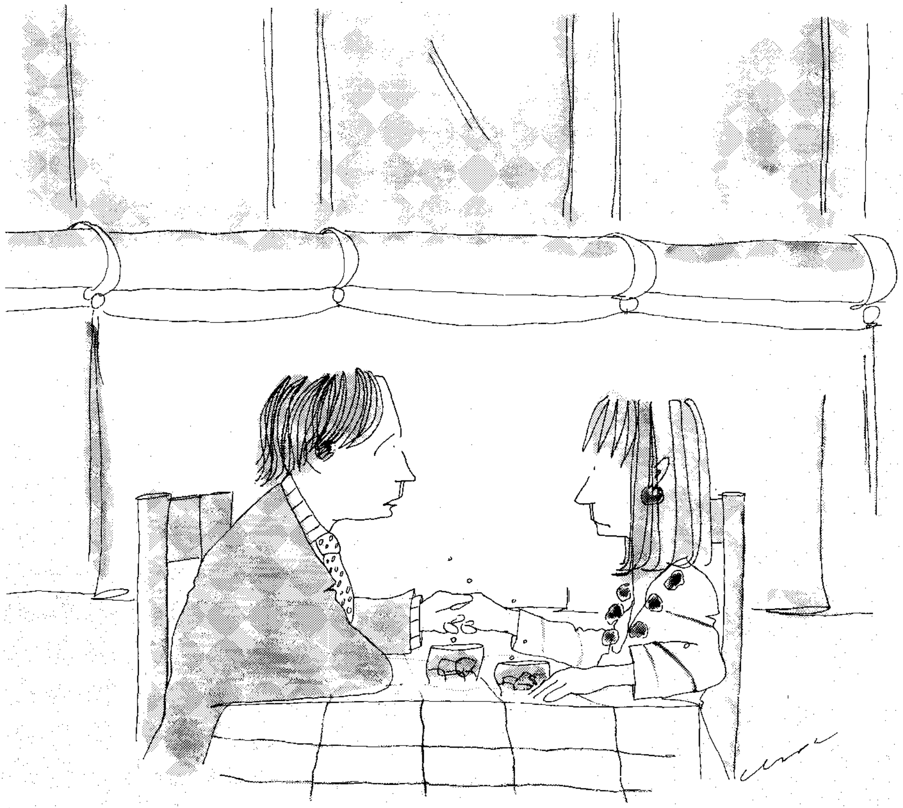
Tharp Against Tharp

“YES, but what is it about?” I didn’t hear that question voiced at the Brooklyn Academy of Music while the Twyla Tharp company was there in its enormously successful three-week run. I didn’t hear much of anything but applause—applause every night from sold-out houses, and every bit of it deserved. “Nine Sinatra Songs,” an instant classic, was so popular that extra performances had to be added. The three other new pieces were completely different and completely different from each other, and were also hits. To have asked what any of them were *about* would have been like asking the Goose That Laid the Golden Egg for a side order of bacon. Actually, only “Bad Smells” explained itself the way the Sinatra piece did, and, considered purely from a dance point of view, it struck me as the least interesting of the lot. As theatre, it had quite a bit to say about media interference in our lives. The only bit of décor was a movie screen, hung up front. Seven dancers, got up horror-movie style in gray, rotting skin and clothes, socked out the tight, high-voltage phrases that Tharp has been using lately. The movement, chock-full of energy, never seems to break out of the dancers’ bodies and reach us; instead, it implodes. The trouble with the piece is not this disturbing, perverse, unreleasing movement but the difficulty we have in watching it. A video cameraman (the dancer Tom Rawe) darts constantly between us and the action, and we see what he photographs being projected on the screen overhead, some of the time upside down or sideways. You’d think that the terse, locked-in movement would photograph well in closeup. It doesn’t. The dancers’ choreographed grimaces are magnified, but the bodily configurations are obscure. The big and terrible event that is evidently taking place—Raymond Kurshals in a savagely dominating role appears to be destroying Mary Ann Kellogg—is one thing on the stage and another on the screen. My mind was shredded trying to synthesize the two channels of information, and I found I couldn’t comfortably watch just one, either. “Bad Smells,” which takes place to a blitzing Glenn Branca score, was made in 1982. An all-video version of it was seen in Tharp’s “Scrapbook” film. In a rehearsal about a year ago, I saw an all-dance version; Rawe went through his moves, which are carefully programmed, without his camera. It seemed to me then the most aggressive piece Tharp had made—a real flattener. On the stage, it becomes a chunk of curiously deflected raw sensation. It’s all about itself—about things of horror and how the reporting of these things keeps us from experiencing them. A parable of the electronic age? Unmistakably, though to achieve it Tharp has had to sacrifice some fascinating choreography. The meaning of “Bad Smells” is not in the dancing but in the production.



“Oh, Kate, Kate, Kate. I don’t like the name Kate.”

Another piece I had expected to be more aggressive was the one that is called “Fait Accompli.” Here again the choreography was less important than what the production made of it. And it was very peculiar choreography. In her pre-première interviews, Tharp had spoken of death, dying, concentration camps, war, bombs, plane crashes. A lot of publicity had been given to the fact that she now takes a daily boxing lesson before her ballet class. Boxing and other kinds of gymnastics are visible in the short, choppy movement executed by groups of squarely planted dancers. But not bombs or planes or death camps. Santo Loquasto, who designed the leprous rags in “Bad Smells,” dresses everybody in plain black shorts and tops. The implosive movement style (the energy seems to be sucked out of the ground, as in some forms of break-dancing) resembles “Bad Smells” without the violence. Tharp seems to have cut any lingering strands of elasticity, so that transitions become a problem. The way she solves the problem—by layering contrapuntal groups and phasing one rhythmic unit into another—is a technical feat of great elegance. With no ongoing arc of movement and no legato (until the end), the piece jerks around like a punch-drunk fighter whose reflexes have been demolished, and yet it has momentum. It spreads and flows. The first half becomes a study in negative will. Tharp, by denying herself the use of her normal equipment, forces new compositional methods into being. The choreography is choral but not communal. The dancers do not partner, handle, or even touch each other; they jerk and convulse in isolation and much of the time in unison. Furthermore, this strangely desolate, strangely monosyllabic Tharp choreography moves only toward and away from us, never into or out of the wings. Those exits and intrusions that light up the

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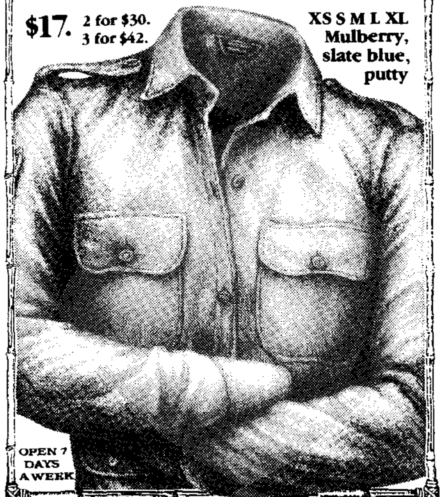

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edges of the stage in her work are absent here—the wings are off-limits. I've often thought that Tharp's wingside technique was like quick cuts to closeups in the movies. In "Fait Accompli," when she does move to a closeup it's in the standard way—star supported by male chorus. The star is herself, and in the second part of the show she is partnered by five of the eight men lined up behind her. The emotional implications of these partnered episodes are hard to avoid, not because of what they contain but because we've been cued to feel emotion. Tharp may even have eliminated partnering from the earlier section so as to weight its use here with a very special dramatic meaning. But she doesn't tell us very much. The men are by turns challenging, sensual, sweet, and goofy, and they're all blurrily seen; if this is an autobiographical survey, it's a noncommittal one. The main point—that the heroine is left alone—is not really a point. It's an opportunity for a solo. This is a kind of twitchy rumba, and it's pure Tharp, but its context is not so pure. The personal, "confessional" material is clouded by standard theatrical usage. Perhaps the oddest of the many odd developments in "Fait Accompli" is the fact that the first half, with its simple, blocklike movement, its exclusion of stylistic trademarks, and its devious near-invisible continuity, is very unconventional Tharp but looks *more* conventional than the second half, in which she reverts to a standard framework.

The pleasure of the piece, for me, lay in the way it was made—Tharp's reversing her technical habits almost completely and still drawing us into a pattern of expectation. For others, "Fait Accompli" seems to have functioned like a giant Rorschach test—no two interpretations are alike. What is it about? Why, pollution, urban anxiety, sexual warfare, loneliness, the end of the world. Everyone who has seen the piece remarks on the extraordinary lighting, by Jennifer Tipton, and it's from Tipton's shafts of light, beamed straight down from an exposed bank of floodlamps, that the work derives much of its suggestive power. The dancers of Part I move in and out behind this curtain of light. At one point, they are bathed in clouds of steam, like the athletes in the morning mist of Leni Riefenstahl's film "Olympia." For the second section, danced by Tharp and the men, Tipton switches to dark burnished cross-light-

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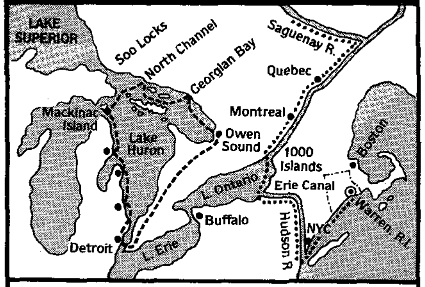

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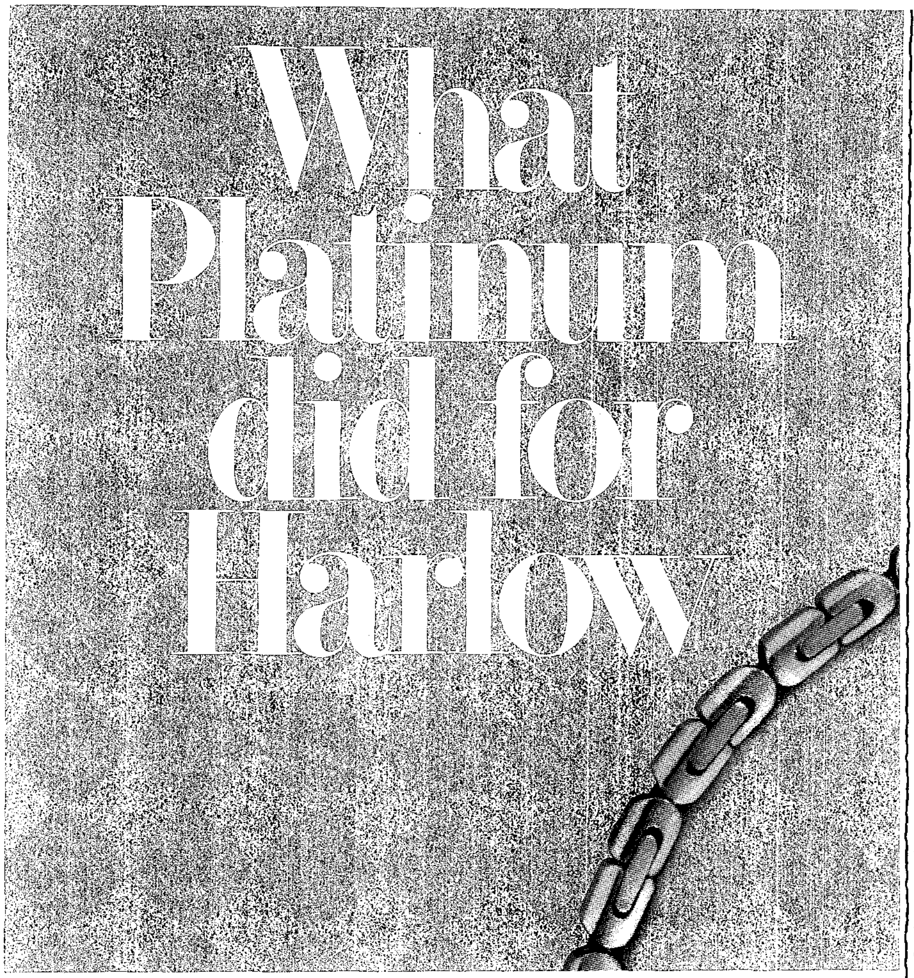

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ing, which reinforces the solemn Germanic tone, and when Tharp walks alone upstage at the end, the darkness ahead of her is pierced by a row of lights at ground level, which look like footlights. Make of it what you will, it has to be *some* vision of glory. The fiery Wagnerian beauty of it all is so impressive that we may lose sight of how little is actually being said in the choreography or else attribute a sacerdotal meaning to its extreme asceticism. Tharp's choreography usually teems with suggestiveness. I prefer that to the recessive doodling she does in this superspectacular production. And I prefer her working with music rather than with the kind of thudding multilevel sonics that David Van Tieghem provides here. (One of his levels sounds much like Alwin Nikolais; another is a sophisticated form of rap music, bringing in police sirens and bulletins from our newsroom.) Tharp seems to have arrived at a point of virtuosity in which outdoing herself—ever her main objective—means confounding herself, with every work becoming a criticism of every other. Her four new pieces this year present stark contradictions in choreographic content, as if defying us to believe that the same person made them all. "Nine Sinatra Songs" is ballroom pop, "Fait Accompli" is postminimal minimalism, "Bad Smells" is orgiastic postminimal minimalism—Tharp's own "Rocky Horror Picture Show." The fourth new piece, "Telemann," is a classical ballet. I marvel at this aesthetic range, I applaud it, and yet I wonder: is it enough that the subject of a piece be its maker's ambition?

"Telemann," done to the Concerto in E Major for flute, oboe d'amore, and violin, starts out a perfectly charming, diverting little piece and ends up a mad game of Ping-Pong between Tharp's baroque sensibility and Telemann's. The choreography is filled with irregular spacing and counting so brilliant it outdazzles itself—it outwits wit. Part of the problem is that Tharp, who may be compensating for her dancers' lack of polish in classical technique, has committed them to feats of timing they can't always bring off. The final section is so excessively busy that it's musically nontransparent, like a Merce Cunningham piece danced to a Paul Taylor score. But another problem is Tharp's motive for the ballet. There is no reason in the world for it to have been made. Baroque manners are a mask the dancers assume (as opposed to the ballroom manners, which they wear as unselfconsciously as their own skins, in the Sinatra). "Telemann" would probably be better danced on point by a ballet company, but it would still leave us wondering what Tharp wished to say by it other than that she can do this kind of thing.

Usually, when Tharp uses music she creates an imagery greater than what can be accounted for by her skill in manipulating a score. This imagery always looks unpremeditated, and I would guess it is largely unconscious. From the unbidden pictures that arise in "Eight Jelly Rolls" and "Sue's Leg" and "Baker's Dozen" and "The Golden Section" and "Nine Sinatra Songs" we deduce the nature of Tharp's subject. Or if "subject" sounds too hard and formal for this very elusive process of hers, let's just say we grasp an imaginative continuity that corresponds to the music. We go someplace in our minds with Twyla, and that someplace is both in and out of this world. If "Telemann" had the imaginative continuity of "Baker's Dozen," it would tell us things no other classical ballet has told us. But Tharp's power of evocation has been defeated by her ferocious competitiveness. It's not only Tharp against Telemann, it's Tharp against herself.

—ARLENE CROCE

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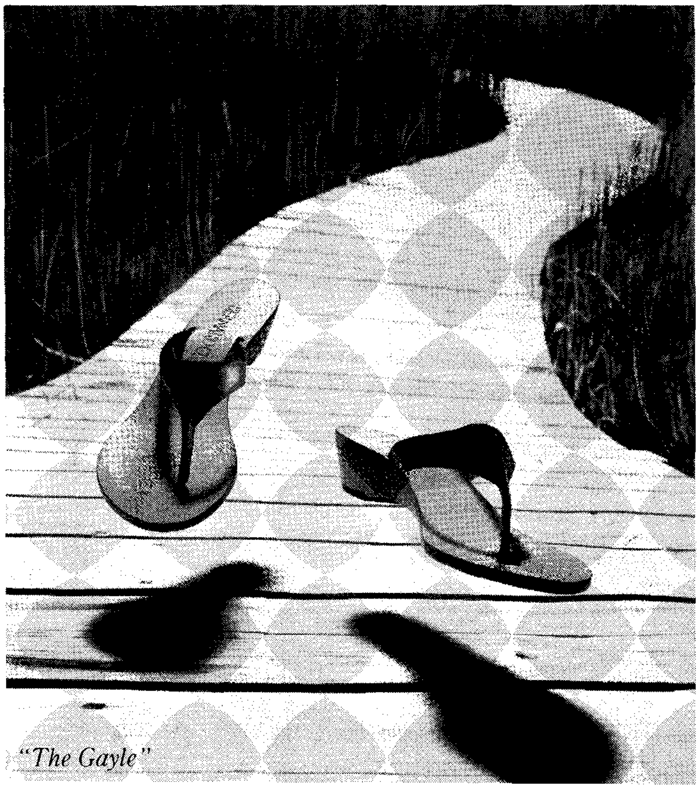
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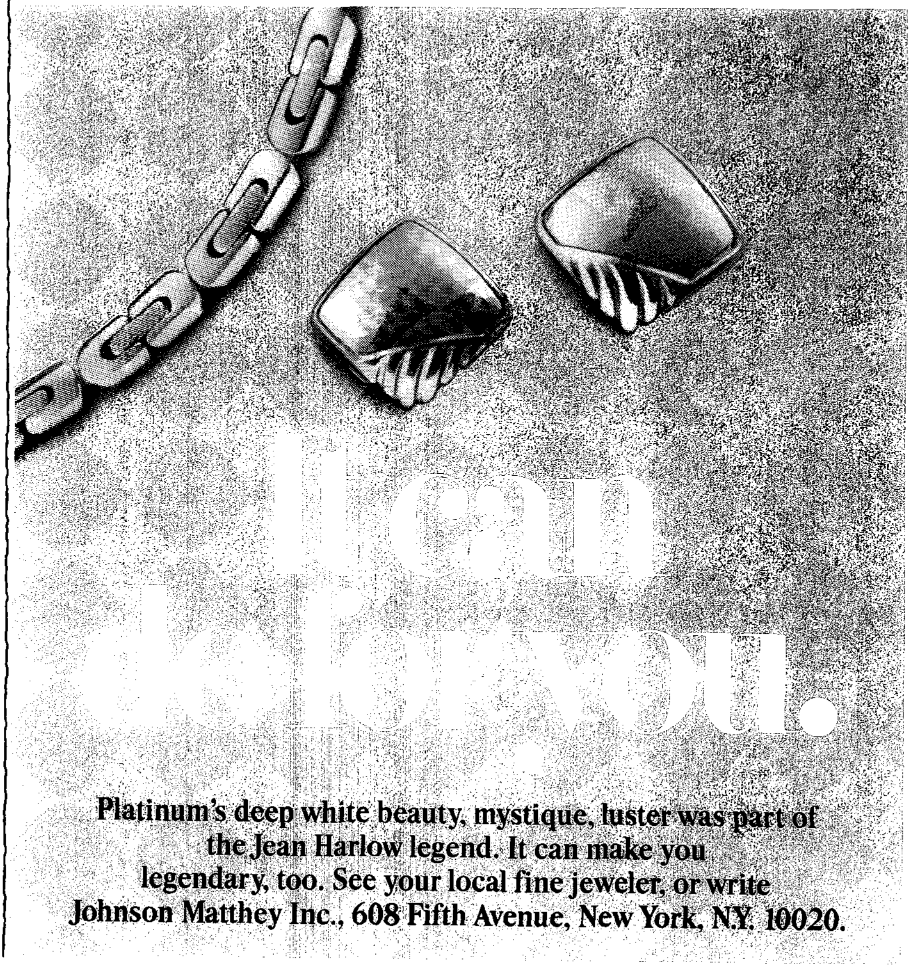

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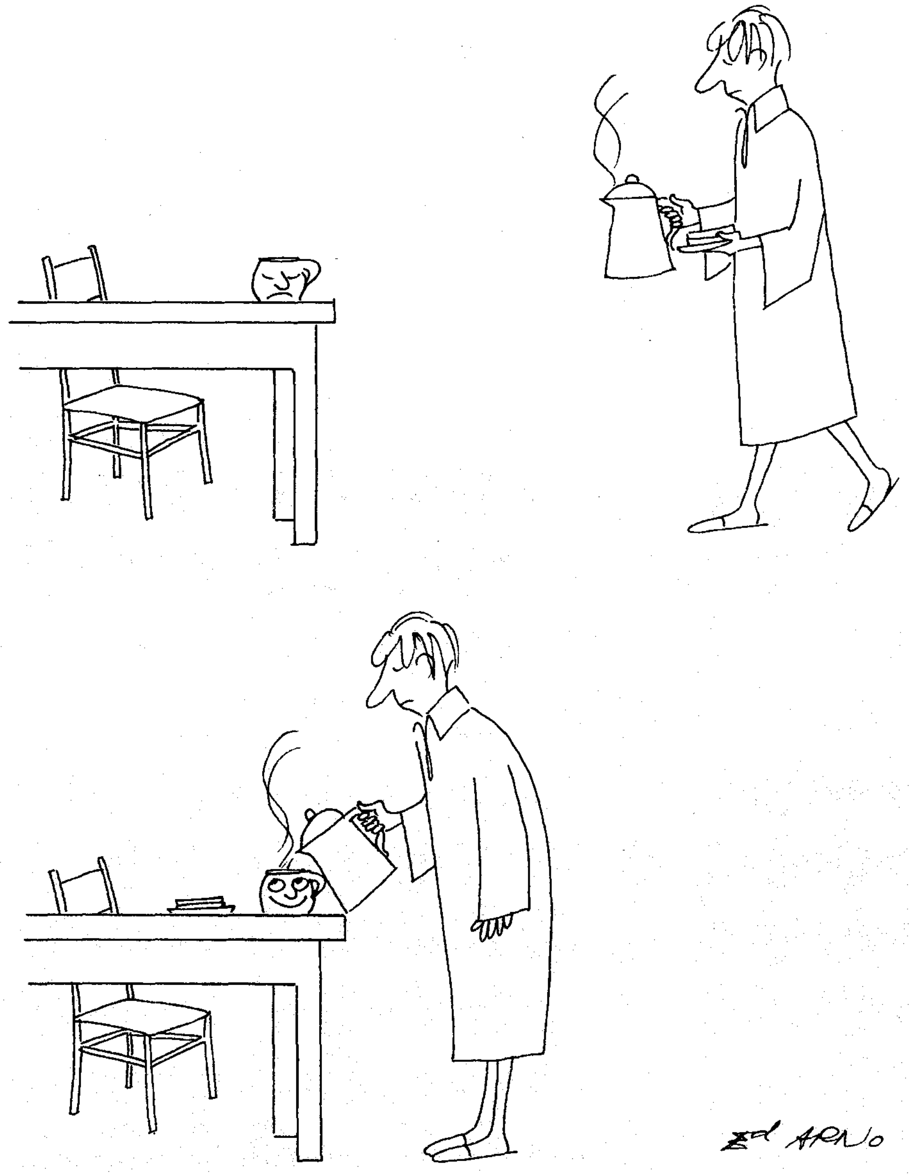
MUSICAL EVENTS

In Defense of Philidor

François-André Danican Philidor (1726-95), friend of Diderot and of Dr. Johnson, is remembered as a chess champion—the architect of Philidor's Defense, and probably the strongest player of his day. Music history knows him, too, as a key figure in French opera between Rameau and Gluck, praised by the latter, and admired by Burney. His pieces were in the Burgtheater repertory in Mozart's day; the young Beethoven played Philidor scores when he was a violist in the Bonn theatre orchestra. I first heard Philidor's music onstage when, in 1971, a group of Cambridge University undergraduates rediscovered his "Tom Jones" (1765), edited and translated it, and staged and sang it with persuasive zest and accomplishment. Their leader, Nicholas McGegan, the editor and conductor of the show, then undertook Philidor's defense in London and put on performances of his "Blaise le Savetier," "Le Jardinier et Son Seigneur," "Tom Jones" again, and "Le Maréchal Ferrant." There were a few French productions in the late seventies: "Les Femmes Vengées" at the Albi Festival, "Tom Jones" at the Opéra-Comique—where a descendant of the composer, his great-great- (or thereabouts) grandson, appeared on the first night. Mr. McGegan published his edition of "Tom Jones" in 1978 (Boosey & Hawkes), and there have been a handful of American productions. The latest of them was given this month by the Indiana University Opera Theatre, in Bloomington.

"Tom Jones," an opéra comique, seems to me an excellent piece, and one apt for small-company or student performance. There are seven singing roles and one speaking role; a few male choristers provide a rollicking refrain to Squire Western's hunting song and, unaccompanied, sing a drunken catch in the Upton inn. The band is pairs of oboes and horns, a bassoon, and strings with harpsichord. It is tempting, and probably not inaccurate, to detect the hand of the master chess strategist in the careful planning, the neat ingenious constructions, and the adroit pacing of the score. The first number, a duet for Sophia and Mrs. Honour, employs a device less common then than it became: a verse in 4/4 for the heroine; another, in 12/8, to a different tune, for her maid; and then both together. The topers' catch lurches and staggers and recovers most cunningly. Michael Robinson, in his "Opera Before Mozart," cites the duet for Sophia and her father as an early example of dramatic conflict made manifest by both the cut of the vocal lines and the orchestration; the surprising septet that closes Act II extends the technique in an almost Mozartian way. The traditional vaudeville finale (musically identical verses, one from each member of the company, and a refrain in which all join) that ends Act III is saved from squareness and given piquancy by the fact that its phrases are five bars long. A brief coro built on its head-motif, in longer note values, rounds off the piece.



Fielding's novel appeared in 1749 (the year Philidor's "Analyze des Échecs" was published, also in London), and in French translation the following year. Coleridge deemed it one of "the three most perfect plots ever planned" (the others being "Oedipus Rex" and Ben Jonson's "The Alchemist"). Fielding began his career as a playwright. Molière adaptations were among his successes. For a time, he was manager of the Haymarket, producing good socialist plays there (which displeased Walpole's government, and effectively ended Fielding's career as a dramatist) while Handel was bringing out opere serie at Covent Garden. "Tom Jones," a great novel—and an extraordinarily modern novel, whose traces, as Austin Dobson observed in a Britannica essay, "are still discernible in most of our manlier modern fiction"—is also a drama with vividly visualized scenes and lively dialogue. (Coleridge links it with two plays.) Philidor's libretto was written by

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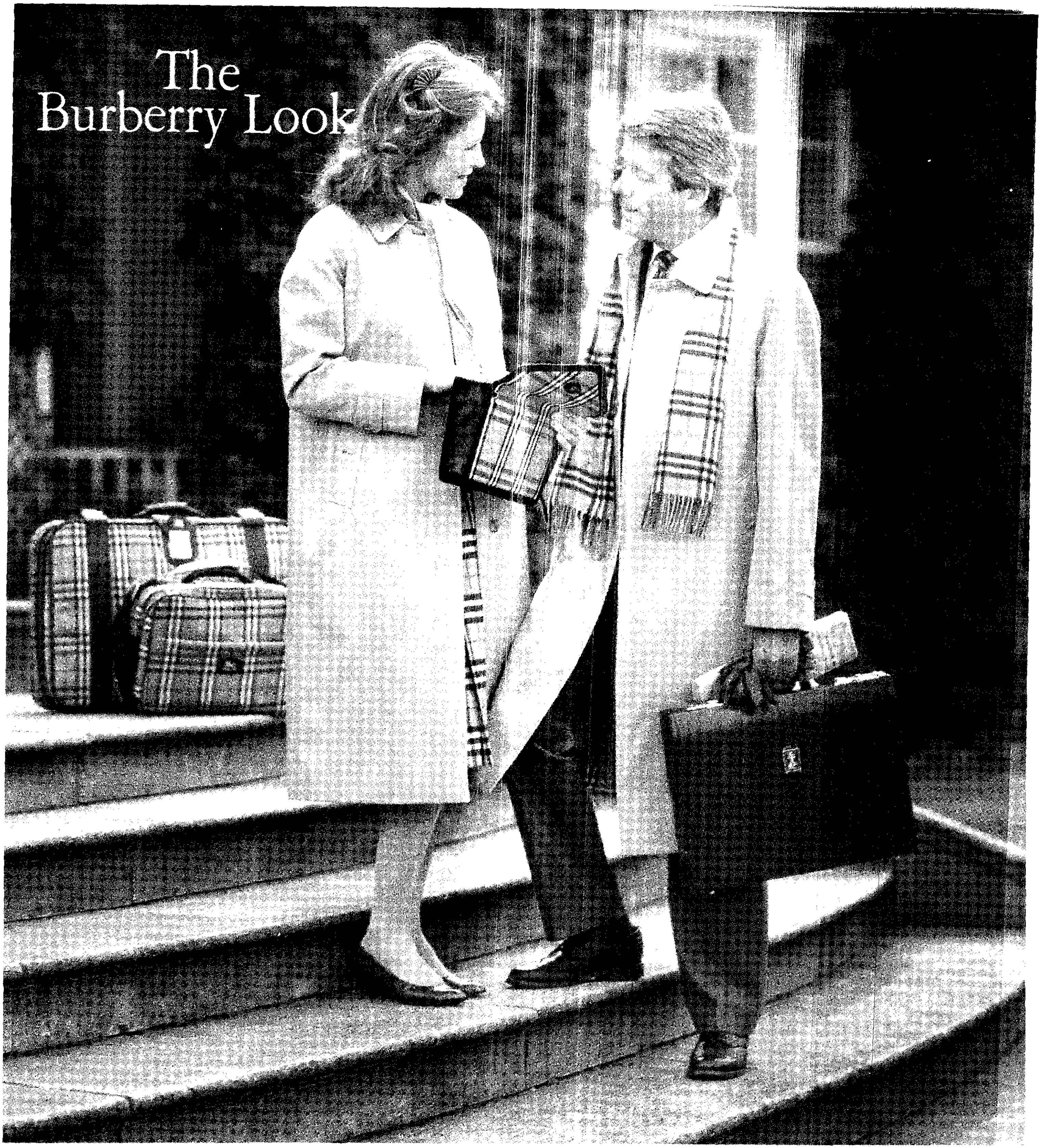

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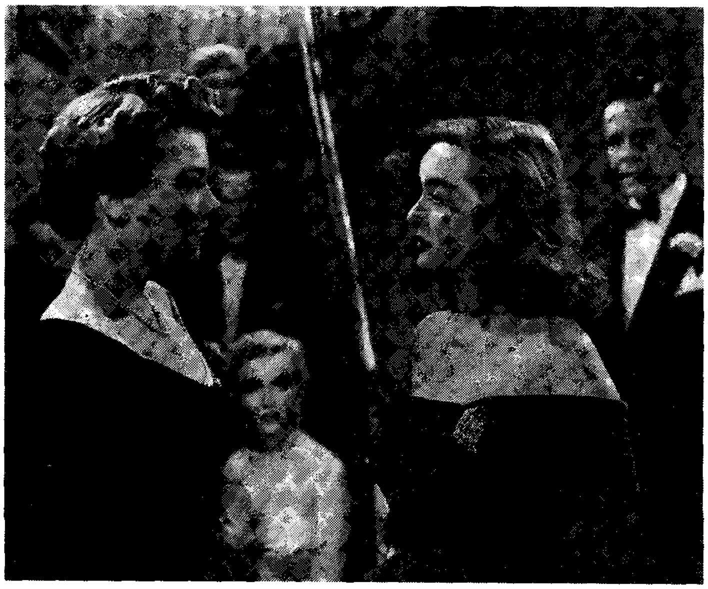
the despised Antoine Alexandre Henri Poinsinet but was revised in 1766 by Jean-Michel Sedaine, that master of opéra comique (and a genitor of "Fidelio"). Their libretto, which is expertly made, simplifies the plot. (Stephen Oliver, in his "Tom Jones," reviewed in these pages seven years ago, went to work more wittily and ambitiously.) Two-thirds of the novel is condensed into a single day: the marriage of Sophia and Blifil is arranged in the morning; Tom is expelled in the afternoon; and Act III plays that night in the inn at Upton, where all is resolved—as it would have been in Fielding, too, had he not contrived "many strange accidents" with a skill that chapters later he invites his readers to return to and admire. In the opera, Fielding's candid naturalism is bowdlerized. (Earthquakes that shook London in 1750 were by some declared to be God's wrath at the success of the book. "I scarcely know a more corrupt work," said Dr. Johnson.) Of Tom's carefree extra-Sophian amours, only a passing buss for Mrs. Honour remains; the Oedipal complication—apparent incest with an unrecognized, pretty mother—is omitted. Moreover, at the close Tom's parents are declared to have been properly, if clandestinely, wed. The Cambridge undergraduate translators—Andrew Nickolds; Adrian Salter, son of the musician Lionel Salter; and Nicholas Reynolds, son of the musician Gordon Reynolds, and director of the production—showed further skill in restoring much of Fielding's robustness and realism to the opera. Their spoken dialogue was in large part taken from Fielding's pages, in a controlled way that did not violate the musical characterizations or break with Philidor's style.

The Bloomington performance, sung and played by students but directed, designed, and conducted by their mentors, was rather disappointing. It lacked directness. "Tom Jones" was first done in the Hôtel de Bourgogne, the home of the Comédie-Italienne and the Opéra-Comique in the seventeen-sixties—an intimate little theatre whose stage projected well into the house. (There is a 1767 drawing of it in Volume XIV of Grove.) The Cambridge revival was set in an even smaller theatre. In Bloomington, "Tom Jones" was done in the Musical Arts Center, an admirable building but a grand-opera house, larger than the grand-opera houses in several European cities. Max



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Röthlisberger, the designer, had diminished the stage opening with a false proscenium, incorporating three tiers of stage boxes on each side. Behind it, there were painted box sets. Costumed supers sat in the stage boxes and "acted" as they watched. The band wore eighteenth-century costumes (but played modern instruments). Since the auditorium could not be similarly diminished, the problem of scale remained. In any case, there is a big difference between a serious, thoroughgoing, committed attempt to revive an eighteenth-century opera in, so far as possible, eighteenth-century terms (Mr. McGegan's production of Handel's "Orlando" in St. Louis last year was a notable example) and the use of eighteenth-century trimmings to lend adventitious cuteness to a show. The décor sported coarsely limned, comic-strip putti. Ross Allen, the director, began things, needless to say, with flunkies touching tapers to a row of (electric) footlights, and he worked through many more such clichés before the evening was done. From Tony Richardson's "Tom Jones" movie he borrowed the famous seduction-through-munching sequence, and he used it to divert attention from the musical pleasures of the catch. There was much stock comic business unrelated either to the music or to character. What might be called a Cyril Ritchard approach to period comedy can be pretty tiresome even when it's executed with elegance; when students essay it the results are likely to be embarrassing. In opéra comique, the acting and the speaking are as important as the singing. There was some sweet, true singing to be heard—especially from Jane Giering, the Sophia—the night I went. But it seemed as if the performers had skimped classes in acting, in spoken dialogue, and in period deportment. (Nor had they noticed that in the English translation the heroine's name is rhymed with "desire" and "higher.") The orchestral playing, under Robert Porco, was not nearly light or active enough—the string phrasing airless, the woodwinds soggy. Although Philidor's orchestration is generally more functional than interesting, there is some delicate string writing; Mrs. Honour's first air has a bassoon obbligato; oboe and bassoon solos wind through Sophia's first air. None of this made much effect.

"Tom Jones" would have come across more strongly if its performers had cut the frills, hit the piece much

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harder, and performed it with musical-comedy high spirits and zest. The device of a costumed stage audience nearly always has a deadening effect on drama (more than one Handel opera has been killed in this way) and suggests a lack of belief in a piece's ability to hold its own before the real audience. Nevertheless, the evening, if but mildly entertaining, was instructive. Mid-century opéra comique was a fertile seedbed of ideas that later bore fruit in great operas. In Paris, Italian notions were refashioned by Frenchmen in subtle, inventive ways. (German ideas sometimes entered into opéra comique, too: Philidor supervised the publication of Gluck's "Orfeo," in Paris, and calmly lifted Orpheus' "Chiamo il mio ben" into his opéra comique "Le Sorcier." Berlioz called this "one of the most audacious plagiarisms in the history of music.") Charming, once widely performed and influential opéras comiques by Antoine Dauvergne, Pierre-Alexandre Monsigny, and André-Ernest-Modeste Grétry are also revived from time to time. Philidor's scores stand up to scrutiny more securely than theirs. He avoids monotony—as even Gluck in his opéras comiques did not unfailingly do—by variety of form, of feeling, and of texture and scoring. Some of his airs are simple, others elaborate, with deft changes of rhythm. Tom's first air in Act II is a limpid, lyrical E-major song such as might fall from the lips of Gluck's Paris. Sophia's final number is a scena—dramatic recitative, brief adagio, fiery cabaletta—that recalls nothing so much as Beethoven's essays in opera seria. One number in this "Tom Jones" seemed out of place—Blifil's suave air in Act III. It *was* out of place; it comes from Philidor's tragédie "Ernelinde, Princesse de Norvège." Mr. McGegan added it (clearly identified as an insertion) to his edition so that Blifil would have more than one air to sing. The fact that it stuck out was convincing proof of Philidor's clever planning.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

A respectful informality is a sound basis for a dignified and yet relaxed relationship. The individual who is all work and no play rarely pauses to notice his secretary's attractive new hairdo or to make comments like, "Where did you get that dress—from the Salvation Army?" A continuing relationship requires some element of lightness from time to time.—*Mortimer R. Feinberg and Aaron Levenstein in the Wall Street Journal.*

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THE THEATRE

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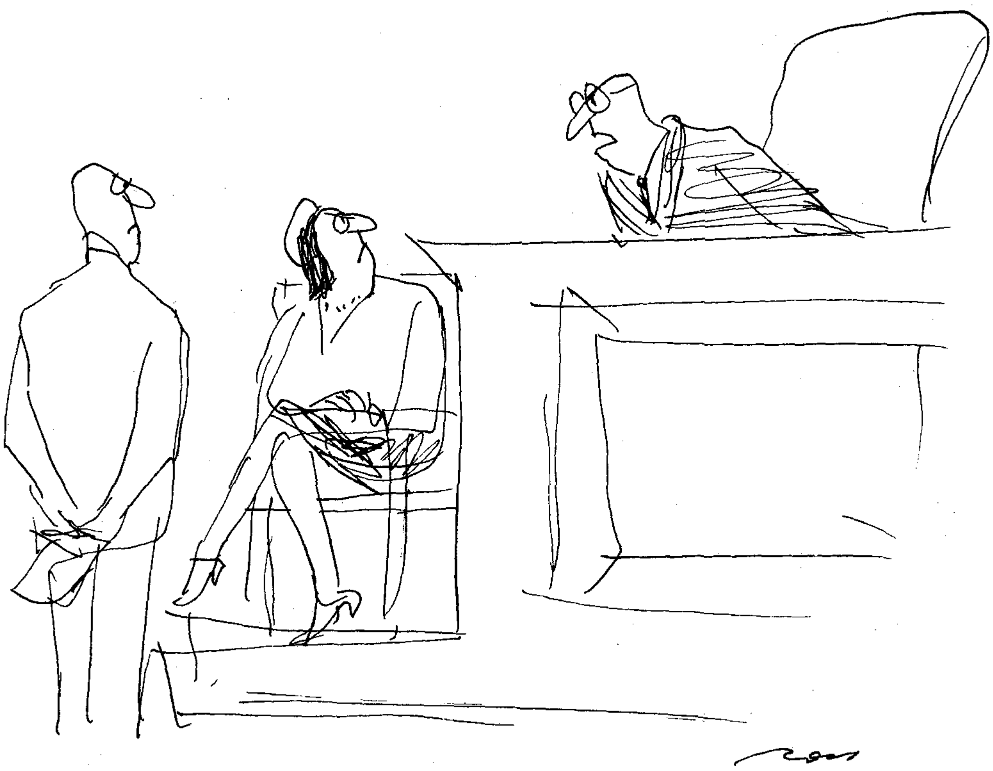
THE beautiful, witty presence of Billie Whitelaw, on an extended visit from London, makes a true event out of "Rockaby," three Beckett pieces—two brief plays and a short story in monologue—at the former Actors and Directors Theatre, recently renamed the Samuel Beckett. Miss Whitelaw is a fine actress who has worked since the middle sixties directly with Beckett—on every pause, every line reading, according to her interview with Mel Gussow in the *Times*. Not since Jack MacGowran appeared in an evening of Beckett selections at the Public fourteen years ago—or, strictly speaking, since Miss Whitelaw herself made a very brief appearance at La Mama three years ago—have we heard his texts delivered with such clarity and humor and understanding. All three parts have been done here before. "Enough," the short story that opens the evening, and "Rockaby," the play that closes it, were done by Miss Whitelaw at La Mama, and "Footfalls" was presented in 1977 at the Manhattan Theatre Club. In "Enough," a young-middle-aged woman recalls in boundless detail the man she became attached to at the age of six: the man with whom she wandered, bent double, like him, to smell and tread on the flowers all over the hills of Ireland; with whom she was so intimate that at night "we turned as one man;" who taught her everything, although he rarely spoke more than "a hundred words a day;" and who eventually abruptly dismissed her. There is wit and humor here, but it is the poetic imagination of the writer that prevails. A passing remark about the man's blindness could be a subtle reference to James Joyce, Beckett's master in his youth, who may or may not have been in his mind. The story is rich and wonderful, and Miss Whitelaw is wonderful, too. Alan Schneider, our reliable Beckett man, was the director.

At the beginning of "Footfalls," the stage is dark; then the light slowly picks up the figure of what is apparently an old woman dressed in rags, her white hair streaming down her back, as she shuffles up and down and up and down. The voice of her bedridden mother is heard calling, "May! May!" (the name shifts from May to Amy in the course of the action), and the play becomes a dialogue between the offstage mother and the chalky, decrepit-looking, spooky creature who is pacing back and forth. At one point, daughter asks mother how old daughter is, and mother replies, "Forties," and goes on to recollect daughter's strange, housebound childhood, when she remained indoors pacing the carpet instead of playing lacrosse with the other girls. The word "lacrosse," like the flick of a whip, became a signal for laughter in the audience, which had been listening in reverent silence. "Footfalls" is a very funny play—sly, witty, and mock gothic. The first time I saw it, its eerie atmosphere, contrasting with its mundane revelations, reminded me of "Northanger Abbey," and I guess it still does. This production (perfection) is, according to a note in the program, "based on the original as directed by Samuel Beckett at the Royal Court Theatre." Miss Whitelaw is, of course, the daughter, and Sybil Lines is the offstage mother.

In "Rockaby," a woman who is so old her face has become almost a skull, and who is dressed in her "best black," sits and rocks in a rocking chair, waiting for death and repeating the same words (what words!) over and over as she describes her meagre, circumscribed life—from the rocker to her window, which looks out only on other windows, with drawn blinds. The monologue becomes a litany and then a lullaby. This time, Miss Whitelaw, mostly silent, rocks in rhythm to her own recorded voice. At the end, the playwright refers to his own mother. Alan Schneider was again at the helm.



"*I am too listening!*"

Mark O'Donnell's "Fables for Friends," in the little upstairs theatre at Playwrights Horizons, is a series of nine discrete scenes—not fables at all—about friends, the scenes running from childhood to middle age. Most but not all of the scenes involve trios; most but not all of them are monosexual; and many of them are as brief (and as pointed) as blackouts. In the first, we see two little boys initiating a third, his head in a pillowcase, into their secret society. This is followed by three little girls at a lunch counter, carefully choosing their pizza and doughnuts and diet Cokes, very much aware that a man is looking at them—looking, it turns out, at the jacket one of them is wearing, a Salvation Army purchase, which was the jacket of his dead son. A late-night bull session among three young men in a college dorm about life and art and God is interrupted by a young woman in a nightgown in search of companionship (she says) after a bad dream. A fellow on the brink of thirty, himself drunk, angrily drives an even drunker companion home from a party; they are picked up for speeding by a cop who was once a classmate. A panicky bride, convinced that her wedding was a mistake, tries to escape and is soothed by her maid of honor and egged on by a know-it-all friend. And so forth.

Mr. O'Donnell is a comparatively inexperienced dramatist, and it must be said that the only tie that binds the pieces of his play is the gradual aging of the characters in the successive scenes. (Perhaps it could also be said that only A. R. Gurney, Jr., can write Gurney plays.) What makes the evening entertaining—and it is—is his deft characterizations, his light touch, the clever lines that always ring true (if there was a clinker I didn't catch it), the engaging people he writes about, and, certainly, the performances of his three actors and three actresses—quick-change artists all—under the direction of Douglas Hughes. The performers are Debra Cole, Timothy Daly, Cynthia Darlow, Laura Hughes, Paul McCrane, and Brian Tarantina. The minimal, effective scenery—a pair of rectangular arches and a few chairs, which are shifted by the actors—was designed by Christopher Nowak and lighted by David Noling; the costumes are by Linda Fisher. —EDITH OLIVER

•

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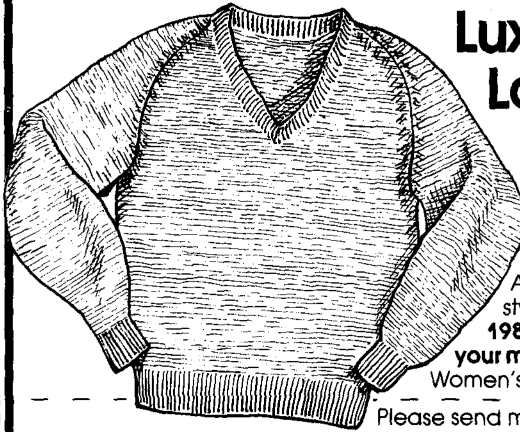

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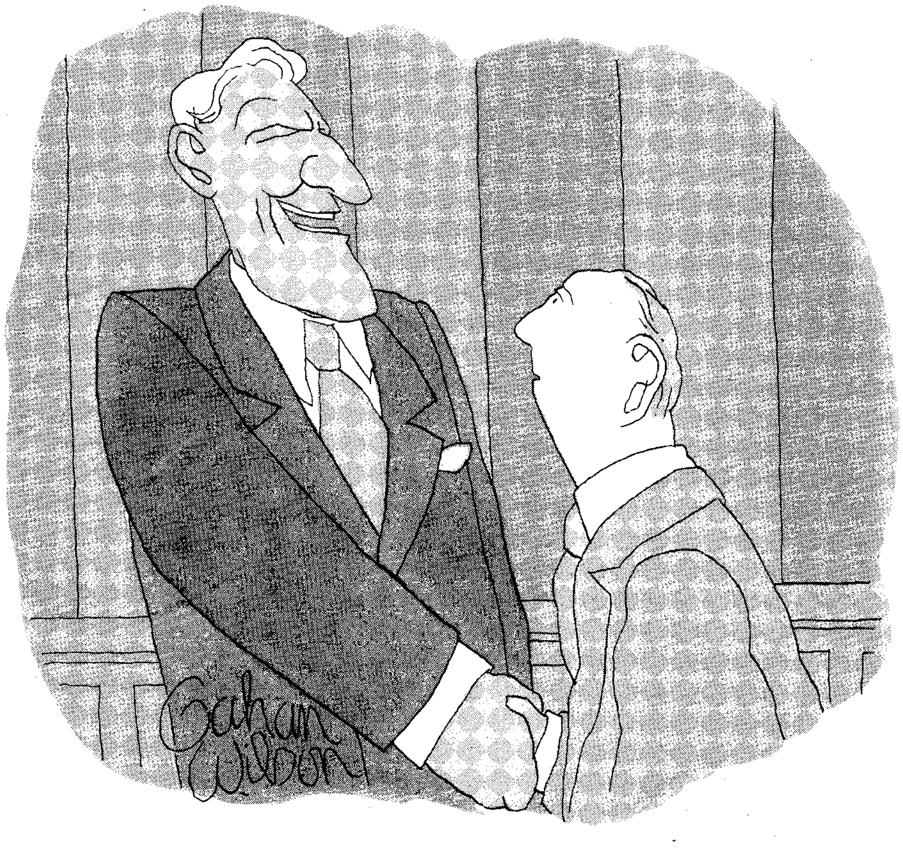
JAZZ

Fifty

THE Rainbow Room, sixty-five stories up, seems to hang from the sky. On clear nights, it hovers over the million lights of New Jersey and Manhattan and Westchester and Long Island. On cloudy nights, the world disappears, and the illusion of floating is replaced by one of speed: we are flying through the white night and will suddenly come out into a moon-filled sky. It works other magic—thunderstorms look like ballets, and summer twilights last forever. It is an Art Deco room, two stories high and fifty yards square. It has an immense glass chandelier, twenty-four floor-to-ceiling windows, dark taffeta-covered walls, gold drapes, and emerald-green carpeting. There is a small bandstand on the west side of the room, embraced by semicircular staircases. (These were built for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.) A dance floor occupies the center of the room, and is ringed by tiers of tables. The room is palatial yet intimate, busy yet serene, elegant yet unfussy. It may be the most beautiful night club in the world; certainly it is the only one in New York where you can regularly dance to jazz music. It has, though, been a night club less than half its fifty years. It began as the private Rockefeller Center Luncheon Club, and a month or so later it became a night club called Stratosphere. (The Rainbow Grill, a less imposing, one-story room, opened the next year, and was called the Patio.) The first bill included a recital by the Radio City Music Hall organist; the French singer Lucienne Boyer (called a *diseuse* on the Rainbow Room program); and the dance music of Jolly Coburn. Over the next eight years, Glen Grey, Ray Noble, and Duke Ellington appeared, and among the acts were Astaire and Rogers, Alec Templeton, Mary Martin, Edgar Bergen, the Revuers (fresh from the Village Vanguard, where they broke in), Beatrice Lillie, and assorted dance teams. On December 31, 1942, the Rockefellers closed the Rainbow Room and the Grill. The Rainbow Room reopened as a restaurant in 1950, but music was not used again until 1975. (The Grill reopened at the same time, and now mainly offers miniature musicals.) Since then, Sy Oliver, Bob January, Bobby Rosengarden, and Panama Francis and the Savoy Sultans have played for dancing, and since late January—to help celebrate the Rainbow Room's fiftieth year—Woody Herman has been on hand with an all-star band that includes Warren Vaché and George Rabbi on trumpets, Scott Hamilton on tenor saxophone, John Bunch on piano, Howard Alden on guitar, George Duvivier on bass, and Jake Hanna on drums. Herman himself plays clarinet and alto saxophone, and he sings, sometimes alone, sometimes with George Rabbi or with Polly Podewell. Everything the band plays seems to be fifty or older ("Basin Street Blues," "Sweet Sue," "Mood Indigo," "Sonny Boy," "Honeysuckle Rose"), but its attack is timeless—loose ensembles (either jammed or cast in easy riffs), short solos, relaxed tempos. It is the kind of dance music you can lean against. Vaché is in excellent (Bobby Hackett) form, and Hamilton has toughened his soft, earlier (Flip Phillips) manner. Alden, having long ago moved from the j.v. to the varsity, continues his graceful ascent. The rest of the rhythm section, propelled by Duvivier and by Hanna's Ciceronian four-four cymbal beat, is peerless. The band will be at the Rainbow Room through February 26th.



"I'm sure if you'd met me you wouldn't have forgotten me!"

THE most rewarding of the dozen or so duos of various kinds now playing in town are the guitar-and-bass combinations of Gene Bertoncini and Michael Moore and of Jim Hall and Ron Carter. (Bertoncini and Moore are at Zinno from February 21st through the 25th, and on Sunday nights through March. Hall and Carter are at Village West Tuesdays through Sundays until March 4th.) At Zinno, Bertoncini and Moore work in a corner of a small room—a hallway, really—between the bar and the dining rooms, and, seated elbow to elbow on high bar chairs, their instrument cases piled beneath them, their faces in heroic profile, they look like explorers on the verge of a great discovery. They are also, from years of hard work together, just about indivisible. Bertoncini is a cool, post-Charlie Parker improviser who plays both jazz and classical guitar. His melodic lines are spare and choice, and he uses his chordal passages not as padding but for textural variety. His solos are subtle and surprising, and he loves to float through legato pools, then race up and down double-time steps. Moore is a performer of great intensity who immediately reaches the highest lyrical plane and stays there. His solos, often delivered in his middle register, his hands almost touching each other on the strings, are made up of short, beautiful melodies, laid end to soaring end. They sing even more than Charles Mingus, and they carry forward the originality of Jimmy Blanton and Oscar Pettiford and Scott La Faro. Here is how Bertoncini and Moore handled "The Shadow of Your Smile" the other night. Bertoncini started ad lib and was joined after a chorus by Moore playing a countermelody arco. Bertoncini shifted to chords, and the two men, with Moore now pizzicato, slid into four-four time. Bertoncini soloed over two-four, then four-four bass notes, and Moore soloed over soft, irregularly placed guitar chords. There was an exchange of four-bar solos, and they went into a half chorus of close counterpoint. Moore picked up his bow and after half a chorus fell silent, allowing Bertoncini to finish the number. The two men have developed a choice repertory that includes Neal Hefti's "Li'l Darlin'," one of Gershwin's piano preludes (lit by gospel effects), "Emily," "Tangerine," several bossa novas, Billy Strayhorn's "Isfahan." Both Bertoncini and Moore keep their amplifiers turned down. Bertoncini often sounds as if he were playing acoustic guitar, and Moore achieves the rich *bass* sound that prevailed before over-amplification made most bassists resemble trees creaking on a winter night.

Hall and Carter have played together off and on over twenty years, and they are the reverse of Bertoncini and Moore. Hall is dense and lyrical, and Carter, thin as a crane and twice as tall, is laid back. Hall, long our premier jazz guitarist, is, despite his unruffled mien, a high-strung, sometimes erratic performer, and he seemed off course the other night. His single-note melodic lines were jumpy, and here and there he used an amplifying pedal that made his ordinarily exquisite tone mushy and echoing. Carter is a virtuoso bassist, but he is not a prepossessing soloist. And he never seemed to draw near Hall when Hall most needed him musically.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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Tonight's meeting of the Siberian Husky Club of the Delaware Valley has been canceled due to icy road conditions.—*West Chester (Pa.) Daily Local News.*

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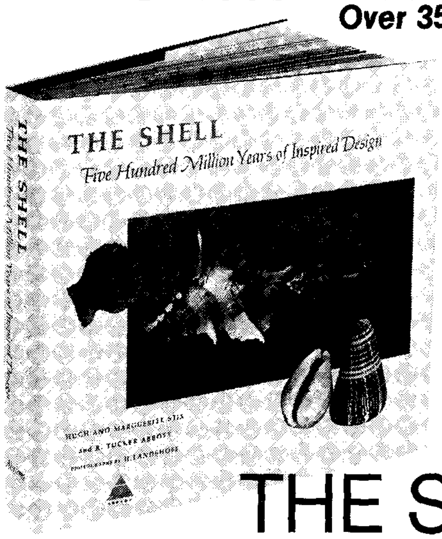
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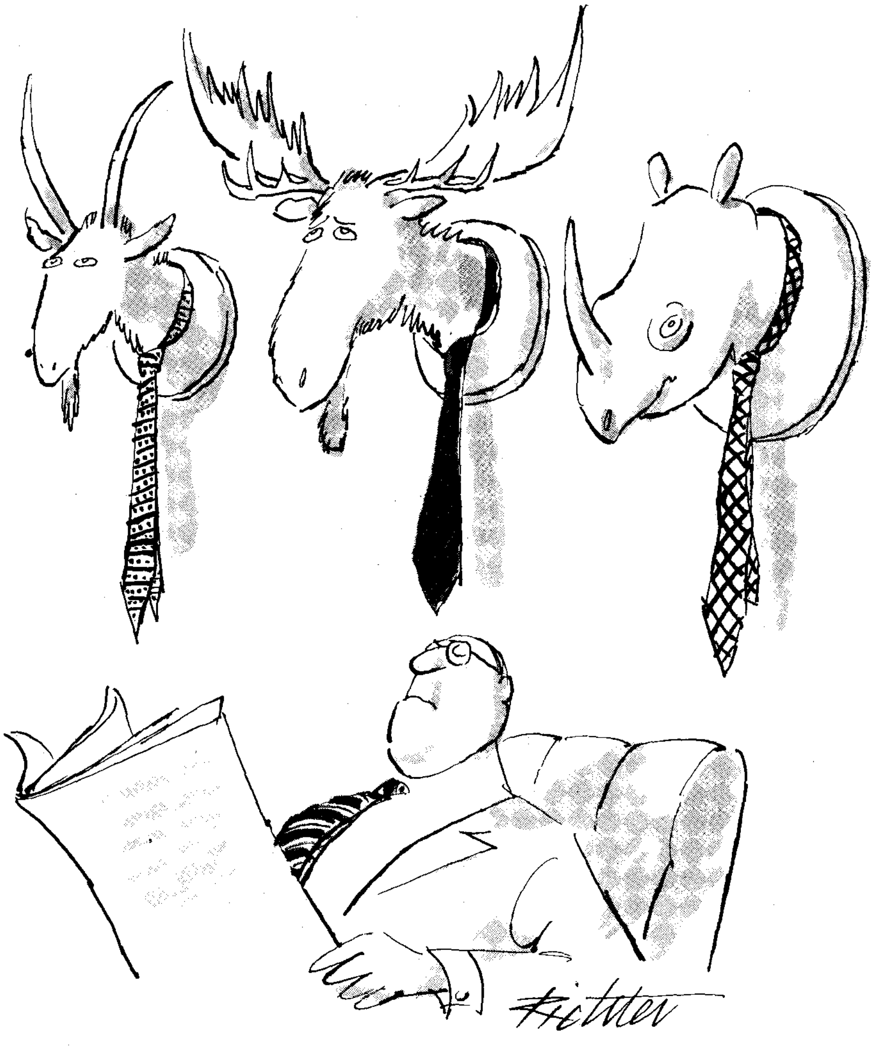
AROUND CITY HALL

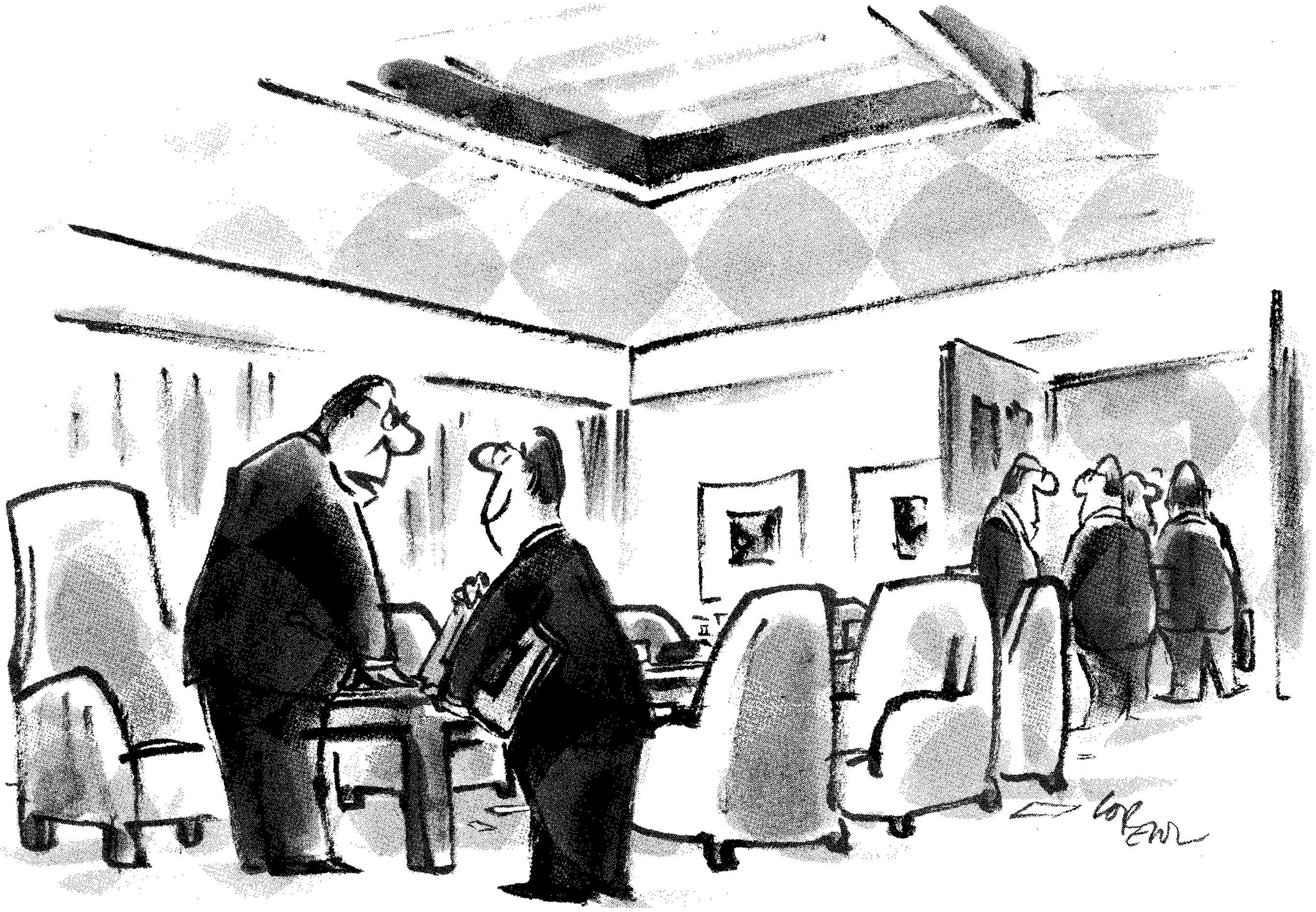
HAVE YOU MADE SOMEBODY CRY TODAY?

NO one has ever written a song called “End of January, Late in February Blues,” but it could be a good commercial proposition. After all, it would commemorate that special season when feature writers are reduced to trying to drum up interest in whether the groundhog emerges from his hole or whether George Washington really cut down the cherry tree, and when local retailers, bridging the distressing gap between battery-powered Santa Clauses and fake-fur Easter bunnies, are busy pushing faded sentiments in Day-Glo valentines. It’s a time when people who can afford it get out of town. Even that devout New Yorker Edward Koch, the mayor of this city, has in recent years chosen January and February as the months not only to leave town but to get out of this part of the world. In February of 1980, he was in Japan and the People’s Republic of China. In January of 1981, he was just winding up a tour of Egypt and Israel. In January of 1982, he visited Spain. In February of 1983, he was back in the Middle East. And last month the Mayor—who often points out (and no one would contradict him) that, what with official duties and ceremonies and drop-ins at social and political events, he puts in at least a sixteen-hour day in his City Hall role, unarguably qualifying him for an occasional vacation—announced that on February 19th he would leave for an eight-day trip to Germany and Italy. New York politicians have traditionally tried to make sure that their foreign travels included stopovers in the three “I”s, otherwise known as Ireland, Israel, and Italy, thus endearing themselves—or so they believe—to three of the city’s largest voting blocs. However, Italy was treated as the least obligatory of the three destinations until 1980, when Alfonse D’Amato won election as the state’s first Italian-American member of the United States Senate, and its status rose again, two years later, when Mario Cuomo became the first Italian-American to be elected governor of New York.



Koch seemed to be especially eligible for a period of respite this month. On January 31st, when the book “Mayor,” his account of his years at City Hall, first became available to the public, he found time among his official duties for a strenuous program of touting the book at local stores and on talk shows, local and national, racking up as many as three appearances in a single day. The time was well spent: on February 19th, the book was eighth on the *Times* best-seller list. And there was the preoccupation—great fun but also strenuous—with keeping on top of negotiations for the sale of the rights to turn the memoir into a movie, in which, Koch has suggested, the title role should be played by Richard Gere, since, the fifty-nine-year-old Mayor explained, “Paul Newman is too old.”

This year, the Mayor did not need a respite from the strain of dealing with national and statewide candidates who were importuning him for support, as—his book reminds readers—was true in the past. The book describes how in the 1980 general election he was wooed for political favors by both President Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan with eagerness—and, indeed, as far as Carter was concerned, with an air of desperation. (“It’s amazing what fear will do,” Koch quotes himself as saying of the President at the time.) And his chapter on the most recent campaign for the New York governorship, which was eventually won by Cuomo, notes that in both the major parties “in 1982 I was *the* power broker to be courted by those who were contemplating a run for the Statehouse in Albany.” Koch makes it clear in the book that on both national and state levels that year he felt friendlier, on a personal basis, toward the Republican candidates who approached him than toward the candidates of his own party—until, of course, in the case of the governorship, he made what turned out to be the big mistake of entering the race himself. He writes in “Mayor” that he told State Comptroller Edward Regan, originally the Republican front-runner, that, whoever the Democratic candidate might be, he himself would not speak negatively of Regan. The Comptroller later left that race, but he shows every sign of wanting to be the Republican candidate for governor the next time out, and the report of the Koch



"And for God's sake, Kennedy, stop referring to me as 'cher Maître'!"

• •

promise—like a large number of his other revelations—could prove politically awkward for Koch in the future. Last May, after the Mayor announced that his political memoir would be published this year, it was mentioned in these pages that Job (31:35) had weighed in on this point: "My desire is . . . that mine adversary had written a book." On the other hand, one local theory has it that the Mayor may start his own hybrid political organization, possibly the How'm I Doin' Party, using as seed money the large sums he expects to make from his book. On the national scene this year, the state of New York is so far from being considered pivotal in the Democratic Presidential primaries—its primary date is April 3rd, long after Super Tuesday—that when Charles Manatt, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, gave a fund-raising dinner here on February 7th only one of the Democratic contenders for the Party's nomination bothered to attend: former Florida Governor Reubin Askew, who gamely described himself as "the darkest of the dark horses." Askew also came to City Hall last September to call on Koch, who so far has not endorsed anyone. The only other candidate who has come near Koch lately is another dark horse—Senator Ernest Hollings, of South Carolina, who stopped by for ten minutes early this month when he was in town for a fund-raiser. (New York is still considered useful for that purpose.) Walter Mondale has not been around, although in "Mayor" Koch reports telling him in 1980 that he was endorsing Carter only because Mondale was not available. While Hollings was at City Hall, he posed for a picture holding an autographed copy of "Mayor," which, at his suggestion, Koch had just given to him.

Stuck here in the winter doldrums, non-travelling New Yorkers may find time to look around them and realize that the city scene is hardly operating with the same old cast of characters. Since Koch lost his race for the governorship, more than twenty of his commissioners and other important administration figures have resigned and had to be replaced. Among this month's departures was that, on February 1st, of Robert Wagner, Jr., one of the city's three deputy mayors, who left to teach at Harvard; he was succeeded by Stanley Brezenoff, a veteran Koch administration figure, who had most recently been the head of the city's Health and Hospitals Corporation. Six days later, Deputy Mayor Nathan Leventhal announced that he was resigning to become the president of Lincoln Center. Often in the past when a Koch appointee left City Hall, the jumped-or-pushed question arose: in his book, the Mayor indicates that, whatever was said publicly at the time, pushing—sometimes rather rough in nature—was the common pattern. In the case of the two recent departures, no such question was raised. Indeed, the Mayor's kind words about Leventhal were so extensive that a reporter asked if "the eulogy" was over, and Leventhal said, "I am certainly proud of what I have achieved in the most effective city administration in history." Two days later, the Mayor appointed Buildings Commissioner Robert Esnard as the third deputy mayor, but not exactly as Leventhal's replacement, since, in a reorganization of deputy-mayoral responsibilities, a large share of Leventhal's—police, fire, and municipal labor relations, for example—were shifted to Brezenoff. Kenneth Lipper, whose responsibilities include finance and economic development, and who took office only in January of 1983, is now the senior deputy mayor.

CITY HALL is not the only place where there are new faces. Terence Cardinal Cooke, Archbishop of the Archdiocese of New York, died last October 10th. His death led to the cancellation of that great annual Italian-American festival the Columbus Day parade, the last of the major ethnic parades that punctuate the weeks here from early spring to fall, the first being the one on St. Patrick's Day. On January 31st, Cooke's successor was announced—John O'Connor, a native Philadelphian, now bishop of the Scranton Diocese. A couple of days after the announcement, Mayor Koch, who approaches all relationships, including those between church and state, on a personal level, said, "I want to be his best friend." When this message was conveyed to Bishop O'Connor, he said gently, "I can't think of a greater honor that can be conferred upon me except that I would like to believe that the Divine Lord is my best friend, seconded by our Blessed Mother, and I doubt Mayor Koch would assume priority over them." Last March, the man chosen by those in charge of the St. Patrick's Day parade to be its grand marshal, Michael Flannery, was an ardent supporter of the Irish Republican Army. In a gesture against I.R.A. violence, which he had publicly deplored, Cardinal Cooke did not follow tradition and come out to greet the marshal as he passed St. Patrick's Cathedral. When the Cardinal did emerge later, he was hissed by some members of the crowd—an extraordinary event among Catholics. Thomas (Teddy) Gleason, the head of the International Longshoremen's Association, who was selected as this year's parade leader, is too pro-I.R.A. to suit some local Irish-Americans, and insufficiently so for others. Bishop O'Connor prudently announced that he would formally assume his duties here on March 19th.

There are also new faces at the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, the state agency whose responsibilities include running the city's buses and subways and the commuter rail systems. Last August, John Simpson,

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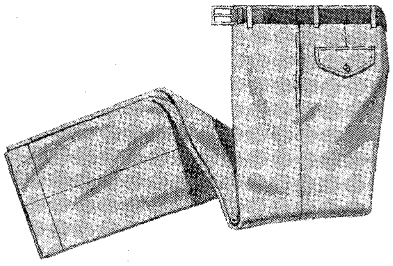

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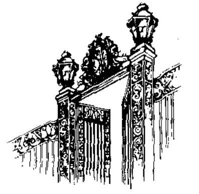

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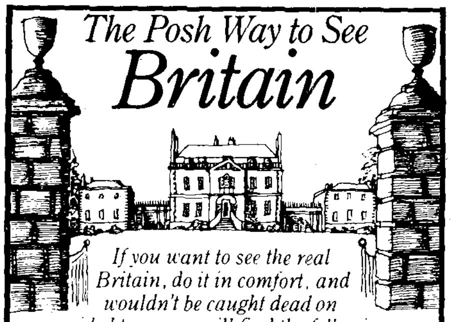

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who was the head of the Transit Authority, the local M.T.A. subsidiary, resigned, saying that four years was enough. Two weeks later, Richard Ravitch, who was the chairman of the M.T.A., also resigned, using approximately the same words. In recent years, the departure of a substantial number of local corporations for the Sun Belt, and of what seemed to be half the city's sports teams for the New Jersey Meadowlands, had encouraged the impression that all the New York traffic was outbound. The most recent major departure, that of the Jets, left New York without a professional football team. The Mayor assured the press in September that there would definitely be a replacement. A few weeks later, City Hall announced that the Raiders were definitely interested, but it turned out that Joseph Alioto, the former mayor of San Francisco, who is a lawyer for the Raiders, wouldn't return Koch's calls. This month, the word was that negotiations with the Baltimore Colts were under way. The present mayor of Baltimore, William Donald Schaefer, would talk to the Mayor of New York, although his message was not encouraging. "I told him to write his memoirs and stay in New York," Schaefer reported. Under the circumstances, it was taken as especially gratifying news that the new M.T.A. head, Robert Kiley, was from Boston, where he had formerly been head of the transit system, and that Simpson's replacement, David Gunn, was from Philadelphia, and had been in charge of the transit system there. Both are articulate and both have a somewhat irreverent attitude toward local customs and symbols of authority, and they were soon being referred to in the local transit world as Batman and Robin. Robin Gunn had been at the Transit Authority for only a few days when there was a new crisis with eight hundred and fifty-one of its buses—about a fifth of the fleet. These buses, which are perversely known as Flxibles, and which cost ninety-two million dollars, were made by a subsidiary of the Grumman Company, Long Island's largest employer. They have been bad news since shortly after the first few were delivered, in 1980, with batches of them recalled at regular intervals for major overhauls. When Gunn took over the T.A., on February 1st, nearly half the Flxibles were out of service, and two days later one that was still in use caught fire and burned on Fifty-seventh Street near Fifth Avenue. On February 7th, describing the Flxible as "the most awful bus ever made," Gunn announced that all the buses had been taken off the streets, never to return. "FLXIBLES JNKED!" was the headline in the *Post*. Grumman representatives, as they had done almost from the beginning, attributed the buses' problems to the potholes in the city's streets. The dispute over the performance of the buses took place the same week that the space shuttle Challenger was losing nearly two hundred million dollars' worth of satellites by sending them into the wrong orbit—an episode that cast even more dramatic doubt on the dependability of American know-how. The Grumman Company also played a substantial role in the manufacture of the space shuttle, as it had in the manufacture of the craft that landed on the moon, but apparently the Challenger's mishaps were unrelated to Grumman workmanship. The city's troubles with the Flxibles have gone on so long that a couple of years ago Art Buchwald claimed to have asked a Grumman spokesman how the company was able to make a vehicle that could maneuver on the surface of the moon but couldn't make one that would operate on New York streets. Grumman's explanation, according to Buchwald, was that the potholes in the city's streets were larger than the craters on the moon.

Although the most recent Mayor's Management Report on progress in various city departments had indicated that potholes here were in fact on the increase, Koch was understandably displeased with Grumman's judgment of why its buses had failed. Giving support to the theory of some New Yorkers that their Mayor can work his own aggressive foreign policy into any situation, Koch suggested that an ideal solution for what he called the "crappy" buses would be for the M.T.A. to sell them to either Cuba or the Soviet Union. Getting into the spirit of things, Don Singleton, of the *News*, called Havana, where he found that all government offices were closed that day. He also got in touch with the Soviet Press Office in Washington and asked its head, Vladimir Mikoyan, whether the Russians would be interested in buying eight hundred and fifty-one buses. Mikoyan said that the Soviet Union built its own

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buses. Rather cheekily, Singleton asked if they were any good. "At least they don't get fire," Mikoyan said.

ALTHOUGH the first full day after the day the Flxibles were junked was a disconcerting time for New Yorkers waiting for a bus, unrelated occurrences made it in many ways a satisfying day at City Hall. For one thing, it was the day the papers reported that "Mayor" had gone into a second printing. And it was that morning that Robert Esnard was named the new deputy mayor. Of Koch's sixteen previous deputy mayors, only one had been Hispanic: Herman Badillo, the first Puerto Rican member of the House of Representatives. In "Mayor," Koch writes of the scene in which he fired Badillo, in August of 1979, "You could see the nerve line move in his cheek. And that is unusual." In November, after the second of two congressional hearings on police brutality in the city, Koch had appointed Benjamin Ward as New York's first black police commissioner, and last month, at Ward's suggestion, he named Jacqueline McMickens as the first black woman to be commissioner of correction. These two appointments of very well-qualified people, as the Mayor accurately described them, were made when the police-brutality hearings, among other events, had given rise to renewed cries about City Hall's having virtually shut out minorities from positions of any power in a town that is nearly half black and Hispanic, and when voter-registration drives in minority communities were reported to be picking up speed in preparation for this year's Presidential election and next year's mayoral campaign.

Just before the Esnard announcement, Koch proclaimed Black History Month, in a ceremony in City Hall's Blue Room. Proclamations are usually brief affairs, at which the Mayor sometimes does not even appear. He was on hand for this one, however, as were several dozen black New Yorkers who play an active role in the preservation of black archives in the city. During the ceremony, Koch presented a Certificate of Merit to Mildred Johnson, who in 1934 founded the Modern School, a particularly successful private school in Harlem. A dozen students from the school, dressed in their very best, recited a chant for the Mayor that began, "I will never bring disgrace upon my race by any dishonorable action . . . I will not allow prejudice or injustice to humiliate my soul." The Mayor kissed several of the children, but then he had to leave. The students had been prepared to sing a song for him, and after he left they sang it anyway. It was "Lift Every Voice and Sing," which many blacks call the black national anthem, and which was sung at the opening of the police-brutality hearings last July in Harlem. Koch caused an angry stir that day because he was the only person in the hearing room who did not stand up when it was sung—not, it seemed, understanding its significance. If he had had time to stay and hear the children sing at this month's ceremony, he would surely have been able to recognize the song the next time he heard it. The music to "Lift Every Voice and Sing" is by J. Rosamond Johnson, who was the father of Mildred Johnson, the day's honoree, and the words are by her uncle, James Weldon Johnson.

By that time, however, the Mayor was across the hall in his office making the announcement of Esnard's appointment to his new job, which pays eighty-eight thousand five hundred dollars a year. (The only book in evidence there that day, sitting on a table just behind the Mayor's desk, was the latest work by Thomas Sowell, the black sociologist, a favorite of the Reagan Administration, who believes that many blacks would benefit from less, rather than more, help from government. Public officials need to keep up with all sides of controversial questions.) Less than a year earlier, Esnard, an architect, had been a surprise choice as the city's buildings commissioner. Koch explained this month that before the earlier announcement he had thought that Esnard might be Jewish but had then discovered that his father was Cuban and his mother Puerto Rican. On the day of the recent appointment, there were some jocular references at City Hall to Koch's new "rainbow coalition." The Mayor was asked by a reporter whether the fact that Esnard was Hispanic had had anything to do with his appointment as deputy mayor, and thus with the 1985 election. Koch denied with some indignation that the subject of Esnard's ethnic background had ever been referred to in the discussions of his appointment. Reporters found such a disclaimer somewhat out of character for the author of a book in which the ethnicity of individuals seems to be their most prominent attribute. Former Secretary of State Cyrus

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Vance is described in "Mayor" as "the best kind of WASP." Writing of a walk down Broadway during the 1980 transit strike, Koch says, "I received a good response from blacks, Hispanics, Asians, and whites." Of his 1981 reëlection campaign, he writes that on one weekend "I probably saw five thousand people: Jews, Italians, blacks, Irish, Hispanics, you name it." Having possible evidence of mayoral anomalies, provided by the Mayor himself, so ready to hand in compact form is likely to prove useful to the press from now on (see Job 31:35).

WHILE the day of Esnard's appointment was a generally satisfactory one for the Mayor, there were events at its beginning and toward its end that did not make him particularly happy. The *Times* that morning ran a long James Reston interview with Mario Cuomo, accompanied by a flattering caricature, on Cuomo's view of what the Democrats should do to win the Presidential election. In his introduction, Reston wrote, "You just ask a question . . . and he talks, which is usual with most governors, and he even thinks, which is not so usual." Despite his assigned role as the Democratic philosopher, Cuomo—unlike Koch—had not attended the Democratic National Committee dinner two days earlier. He had been in Albany, dealing with various legislative matters and also getting ready for a hearing on a proposed state law that could have the effect of permitting St. Bartholomew's Church, on Park Avenue between Fiftieth and Fifty-first Streets, to sell off its adjoining community house to developers, who would replace it with a fifty-nine-story skyscraper. The witnesses against the bill included Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. Koch had got up early and seen her train off at Grand Central. Unfortunately—as it probably seemed to Koch—so had City Comptroller Harrison Goldin, a likely opponent of the Mayor in 1985, whom Koch has accused of getting his schedule a day ahead of time and intruding on mayoral photo opportunities. On local television, Mrs. Onassis was heard thanking both the Mayor and Goldin for their good wishes. The wire-service pictures from Albany, which went out all over the country, showed Mrs. Onassis with her hand on Governor Cuomo's arm and both of them smiling broadly. The *News* noted that she was a contributor to the Friends of Mario Cuomo, the Governor's revolv-

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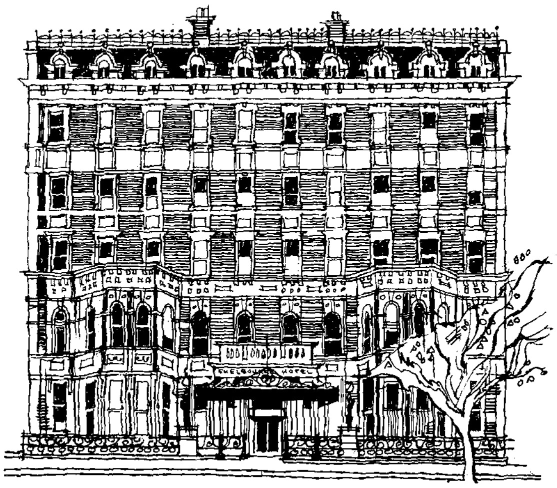

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ing fund-raising operation, and that her greeting as she met him had begun, "Governor—*and* I am glad *you're* governor." By the time the pictures appeared the next day, Cuomo was back in the city, being interviewed by editors and reporters of the *Post.* As Koch learned late in the day, the Governor, who is roughly treated in "Mayor," said that he found its charges both inaccurate and "personally offensive." He had said previously that he thought the book would help the Mayor politically, because people don't much care for politicians and enjoy seeing someone—even another politician—cut them up, and he repeated this view to the *Post* editors. "People will cheer him for candor," Cuomo said. "No one will stop to say there might have been some little people in there who were brutalized."

In the introduction to "Mayor," Koch says that his purpose in writing the book was to help people here and elsewhere understand New York City government. In fact, it has relatively little to say about the processes of municipal government and much about the sometimes grotesque processes of local politics and the Mayor's emotional response to them. Nearly all of what he does have to say about government here is limited to the period ending in mid-1980—about the time he became preoccupied with his role as a national figure. Most political observers judged that his inability to win even his party's nomination for the governorship of the state was a knockout blow to any national ambitions, but Gay Talese, in a rave notice of "Mayor" in the *Times Book Review,* treated the personality of Koch as President of the United States as an entirely plausible—and, indeed, perfectly marvellous—idea. Far more important than whether it is a vade mecum for local government is the question of whether "Mayor" will hurt the city by discouraging able people from working for or with the Koch administration. That could be a long-range question for this town: having said from the start that he intended to stay for three terms, the Mayor stretched it to four late last year, and earlier this month he said he wanted to be mayor "forever—or as long as I live." He added, "And I have very good genes. My father lived to be eighty-seven." In the book's introduction, he promised that he would try to tell "the whole story, warts and all." The warts that are called attention to in "Mayor" are entirely those of other

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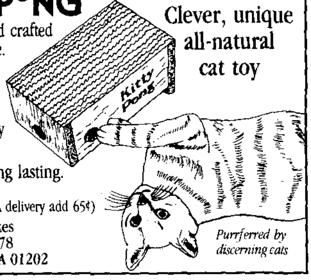

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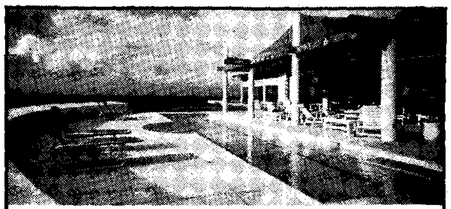

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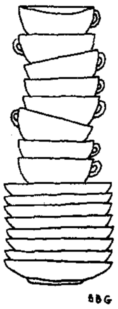
people. In the course of it, he describes people he encountered or who worked with him as “dumb,” “stupid,” and “rotten,” and as “crazies” and “creeps”—though he modified this last term in the case of a union official who offended him and then had to resign for health reasons. “He was a creep. But I never wished cancer on him,” writes the Mayor. He dwells on how his actions caused people to “sort of gulp,” to weep, to look “totally drained” and “absolutely crushed,” to sweat, to turn gray (a reference to the previous President of the United States). Mention is made of Rosalynn Carter’s bad complexion, and Averell Harriman is jeered at for being deaf. With a deadly monotony, Koch portrays himself, ever in the rampant position, chewing out both friends and foes, particularly women and blacks—driving them hard, driving them crazy, taking them to the cleaners, and vowing to destroy them. It is evident that the Mayor believed in getting mad *and* getting even. Sometimes his dislike of a nominal ally can be so intense that it leads him to remarkable distortions. The chapter on the ticker-tape parade that the Koch administration gave in January of 1981 for the American hostages just released from Iran begins, “If it had been left to Jimmy Carter, the fifty-two Americans who were taken captive by the ‘students’ in Teheran would probably never have been freed.” Referring to Hugh Carey, who endorsed Koch over Cuomo in the gubernatorial race, he quotes himself as saying of the man who was then the governor of New York, “I hit him where I know it hurts him the most. I deride him. I don’t mention him by name, because I know what he wants most is to have his name in the papers.”



Surely quite a few people who are interested in self-preservation and are of the opinion that life is too short for some things may hesitate to sign on at City Hall and run the risk of such abuse. Moreover, many of the most critical aspects of city government, including negotiations with private agencies and with other levels of government, are conducted behind doors by people who are confident that the atmosphere is one of trust. The fact that the Mayor has gone public with the details of many private conversations and meetings that, in his version, put others in a bad light will surely not be helpful to the city in future coöperative ventures. People will know that denials that Koch’s version is the way it really happened will get them nowhere—as Cyrus Vance discovered after Koch quoted him a couple of years ago as having made a damaging remark about Carter, which he denied having made. The remark is quoted again in the book, although the word of one of the few American Cabinet members ever to resign on a matter of conscience might have been thought worth attending to. As it is, any prudent person will surely insist that if he does engage in any dealings with the head of the local government he be permitted to bring along several witnesses. The meetings in the elegant but small office of the Mayor promise to be quite crowded in the future.

All in all, February in this city hasn’t lived up to its reputation for dreary uneventfulness. On the night of Valentine’s Day, “Mayor” was the excuse for a party that WMCA, a local radio station, threw at the China Pavilion, on West Fifty-seventh Street, with a guest list—quite a long one—made up of people savaged in the book. They were urged to bring along valentine messages for the Mayor. Bad weather caused the cancellation of many plane flights that evening, and a number of invited guests from Albany and Washington, who had eagerly sent their acceptances, couldn’t make it. A dozen or so of those offended against did show up, valentines in hand. The most popular message was that of Donald Manes, the borough president of Queens. Manes is one of the numerous officials harshly dealt with in “Mayor” (he is portrayed as fat and obsessed with food) who now feel free to make it much harder for Koch to get bills through the city’s legislative bodies and have things his own way at City Hall. Manes’s valentine was a bumper sticker—he had a fistful of them to hand out—that said, “Have You Made Somebody Cry Today?”

Daniel Wolf, the former editor of the *Village Voice*, who is Koch’s close adviser, urged the Mayor not to write the book, and renewed his appeal after reading the first few manuscript pages. After it was published, he called it “the greatest love story since Tristan and Isolde,” and added, “But Ed Koch plays both parts.” However, Wolf’s tone was indulgent, and so was that of former Mayor Robert Wagner, who, though he is the target of a few

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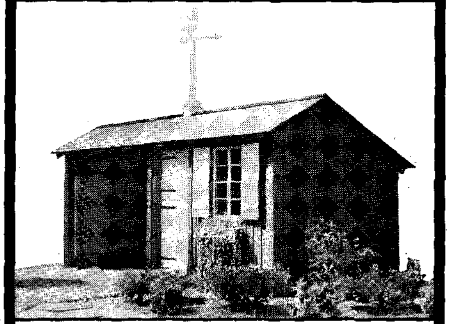

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swipes in the book, said of its general approach, "I sort of get a kick out of it." The political effectiveness of what Cuomo has described as Ronald Reagan's "totally nonmenacing style" and self-deprecating ways is widely admired. And early in the century the Tammany Hall leader Big Tim Sullivan used to hold clubhouse seminars in which he warned would-be politicians never to appear arrogant. "God and the people hate a chesty man," he said. If the Mayor's political career is enhanced by his memoirs, as some—though by no means all—of his admirers are predicting, it would prove that times have changed here, and that when it comes to chestiness the people, at least, sort of get a kick out of it.

—ANDY LOGAN

• •

THE FUTURE

Portico, colonnade, tiled hallway
Open on our left to rain,
It will be clean-swept as the scene
Of an accident, as if they

Have already come with hoses, push brooms,
Scoured the stains.
New to this, you will lean
Hard on my arm,

Will walk with a strange
Lightness, trying to quiet
Your tile-slick echoes, indiscreet
Footsteps, not to interrupt the pain

Of two dark lovers leaning
In a column's shadow.
Every shuttered window
We pass will have a saint's name shining

From a small brass plaque, patrons
Of months, days, hours,
Their Spanish titles prayers
Against time. We will imagine

Their cells inside, the clean
Sandstone floors,
Squat hand-carved chairs
Still set beside worn iron

Beds, and on the walls
Near corners, waist-high sockets where
Kneeling men ground their foreheads years
In fits of mystical passion. All

Their lovelike moans
Are silent already—and we
Will be tourists in that scenery,
Our lives that much more gone,

Maybe white-haired, looking out
An archway at the shock-sheen
Of desert heat waves, the unknown
And unforgiving sky about

To take on its first night-stain
As we stand the same
Woman and man, touching
Cold stone, minute by minute remembering

The future of our own
Blood-darkened and vanishing names.

—T. R. HUMMER

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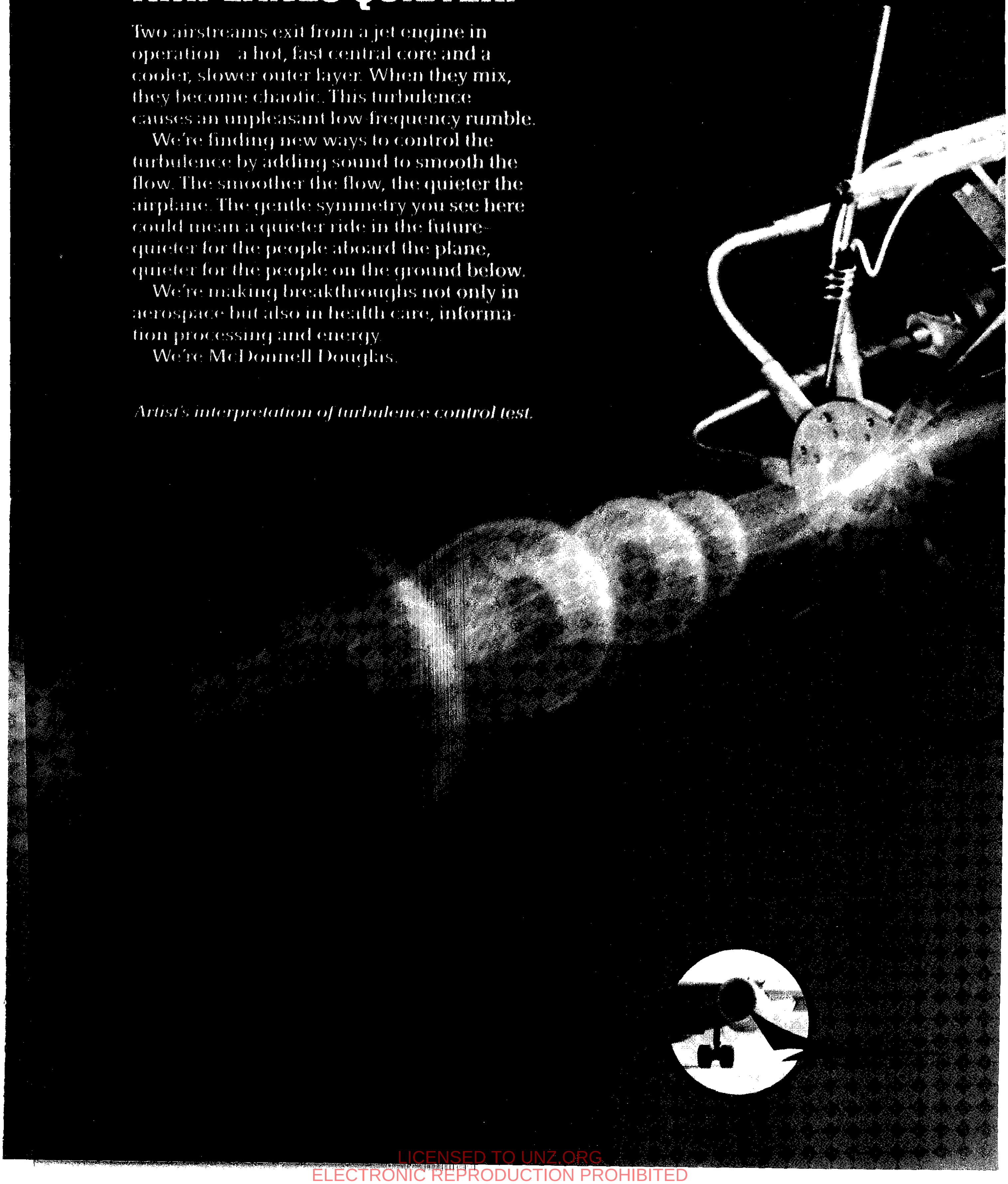

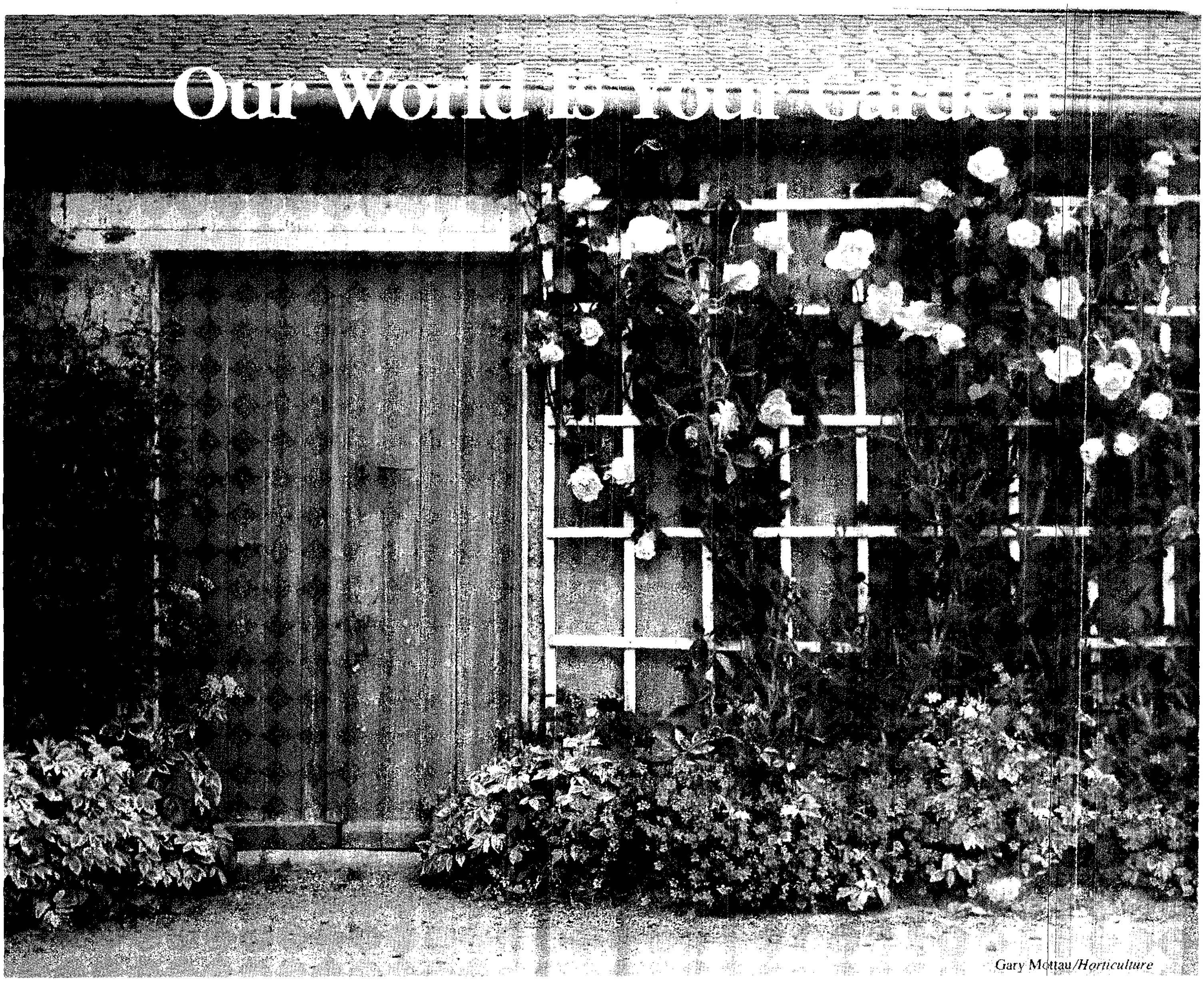

Gary Mottau/*Horticulture*

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BOOKS

The Local View

RONALD BLYTHE'S "Characters and Their Landscapes" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $14.95) in its original English publication was called "From the Headlands"—a more suitably diffident title for a collection of essays, some quite brief, written over the years for various occasions. What the occasions were we are left to guess. Some, to judge from the acknowledgments, were introductions to paperback reissues of classics (Hazlitt, Tolstoy, Hardy); others have the tone of radio talks and were previously published in *The Listener*. Though Mr. Blythe's introduction, which naturally emphasizes the something heaven-sent and unifying in his sundry inspirations, claims, "A few of these essays have been previously published in the scattered way of such things, and quite a few of them have not," only three of the fourteen, in fact, escaped prior publication. One would be grateful to know what prompted the delivery of such relatively offhand and inconclusive accounts as "Dinner with Dr Stopes" and "Interpreting the Shades." What has dictated their preservation in this volume, we are told, is "the native element," "a linkage of mood, thought and autobiographical facts," "writing which 'doubles' certain literary and personal reactions to readings and events." Mr. Blythe protests too much; he is a distinctive writer with a pervasive passion for rural England, and any collection by him would have unity enough.

He is best known, of course, for the exquisite assemblage of village testimony called "Akenfield" (1969); a somewhat lumpier but still remarkable set of interviews with the elderly, "The View in Winter" (1979), has followed. As well as a good listener he is a keen reader, not so much a critic as a connoisseur, whose fresh enthusiasm would send us warmly back to the classics. In this volume, the essays on Hazlitt, on John Clare, on Tolstoy's "The Death of Ivan Ilyich," and on Hardy's "A Pair of Blue Eyes" and "Far from the Madding Crowd" are superb appreciation. Hazlitt he portrays as the unreconstructed radical among the Romantics, "cursed with everlasting youth," his writing marked by "ultimate defencelessness." Mr. Blythe does some writing of his own to describe Hazlitt's:

> The exposition of an idea would start out on the page in light, happy phrases which threatened no man's complacency, and then the skilful strengthening would begin, and intellectual involvement would bind the reader. Each essay shows the build-up of numerous small climaxes . . . Excitement and expectation mount. Hazlitt is the word-juggler who never misses; his almost casual use of ornament, epigram and fancy is hypnotic.

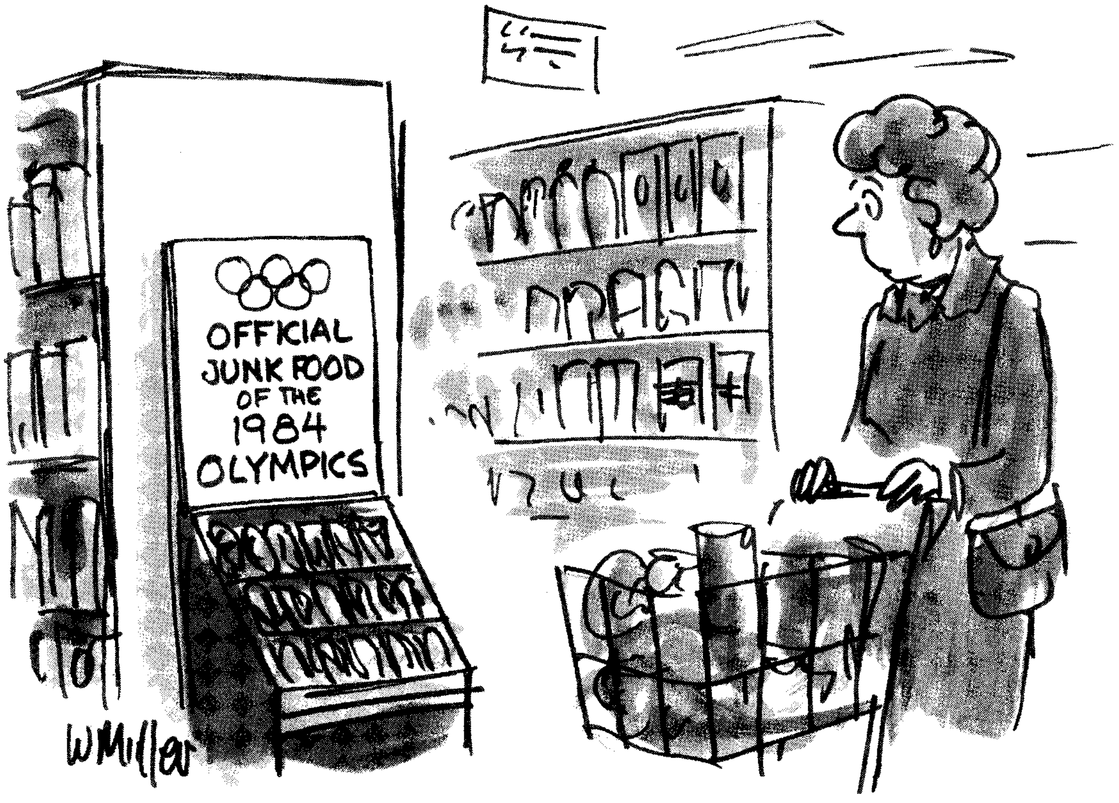
Hardy touches Mr. Blythe most deeply and touches off his highest praise. Of "Far from the Madding Crowd" he writes:

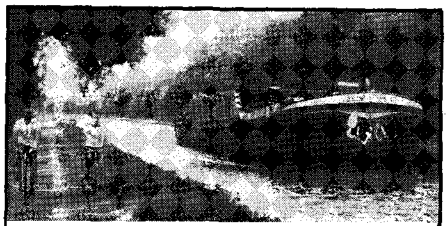
> There is often a wonderful moment towards the beginning of a literary career after the pump has been substantially primed with 'early works' when a book appears which is all morning brightness, inspiration and possibility, and no English novel so completely fulfils these fresh conditions [as] does this one. In it the big recurring themes of mortal existence, love, power, treachery, happiness, toil and transcendence, are played out on the farm. The rural scene isn't limited and hedged; on the contrary it is sumptuous. We are not looking into a midden or even to the stretching headlands, but at a landscape which satisfies every stir of the imagination and which ravishes the senses.

The word "sumptuous" recurs, in connection with the novel's sheep-shearing scene:

> It is a form of sumptuous reality. It challenges every view of the quaint and simple task, as Chardin did, and directs us towards a vision of fundamental labour that contains within it satisfactions that are usually searched for in poetry and religion. Scenes such as this are the permanent cliffs in his writing, stalwart headlands against which melodrama and suspense can fret and dash without any danger of their becoming a merely sensational movement.

Mr. Blythe is a partisan of those writers who have let the English countryside speak, Hardy foremost: "No one before or since has given the full village picture with such original authority, no writer conceded less to what it was generally held to contain, either socially or spiritually." The cultural assumptions that muffled the countryside and its villages in silence are sketched in the essay "The Dangerous Idyll," which begins, "Extreme though it may sound, any liter-





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ary undertaking by an English villager has until quite recently, by which I mean the late nineteenth century, been received with much the same suspicion as novels and poetry written by English women. Each, by daring to produce literature, had broken through ancient orderly concepts of their functions." First cited, and fondly referred to throughout this book, is the unhappy case of John Clare—a plowman of Helpston ("a gloomy village in Northamptonshire," in Clare's own description) whose poetic efforts were negligently destroyed by his mother and loudly ridiculed by his fellow-villagers. "From about twelve years onward, Clare lived a furtive, aberrant existence, hiding in woods with his books, hoarding old sugar-bags to write on, muttering behind the plough." Yet, when literary London opened to him in 1820, upon publication of his first book of poems, Clare stuck to Helpston for his residence as well as his inspiration, and, according to Mr. Blythe, found the forced move to a village three miles away so traumatic he became mentally ill. Such sensitive attachment to the land was rare; the rural reality was grimmer than the bucolic poems of Pope and Thomson indicated, and a former bumpkin like George Crabbe, when once accepted in urban circles, quickly and totally severed all connection with the Suffolk farm-laboring class into which he was born. Robert Burns, we are told, published *his* plowman's poems "not to celebrate his oneness with the village of Mossgiel but to make enough money to get off the land altogether and sail to Jamaica and work on a plantation."

Our author is so interesting on this subject of land and literature, and so clearly well informed, that one wishes he had abandoned his usual slanting, quotation-laden manner and written a systematic study. Taking as his clue the skittish attitude of the characters in Jane Austen's "Emma" toward venturing out of their own parks into the "ordinary agricultural background," he points up the gulf between what the Wiltshire diarist Francis Kilvert distinguished as the "gentle" and the "simple." Mr. Blythe explains, "When the long peace between the gentlemen and the peasants was broken by the rationalisation of what remained of the manorial system, the contrast between the two rural cultures was often so extreme that the baronet in his park could feel that he was surrounded, not so much

Bronwyn Dunne

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by his countrymen as by savages." The agricultural laborers were from the genteel point of view not merely lowly but invisible: " 'Osbert,' remarked Sir George Sitwell, staring across Sheffield, 'do you realize that there is nobody between us and the Locker-Lampsons?' " A certain comedy of inattention attaches to Romantic celebrations of the countryside: Constable's "marvellous series of Stour Valley landscapes, each with its sprinkling of minuscule boatmen and field-workers," was serenely produced while "labourers rioted and were lighting bonfires on the hills." The intensified enclosures and the famine of 1815 had brought new waves of misery to the shires; Constable sent blankets from Soho but inveighed against the rural laborers' forming protective unions. Even Hazlitt, that champion of the downtrodden, despised country life in its particulars: "There is a perpetual round of mischiefmaking and backbiting for want of any better amusement . . . There are no shops, no taverns, no theatres, no opera, no concerts, no pictures . . . no books or knowledge of books. Vanity and luxury are the civilisers of the world, and sweeteners of human life. Without objects either of pleasure or action, it grows harsh and crabbed. The mind becomes stagnant, the affections callous . . ." As Sherwood Anderson said of the nineteenth-century farmers of Ohio, "men labored too hard and were too tired to read. In them was no desire for words printed upon paper." Or, as Hawthorne's Miles Coverdale observed while engaged in field work, "the clods of earth, which we so constantly belabored and turned over and over, were never etherealized into thought. Our thoughts, on the contrary, were fast becoming cloddish."

Pastoral illusions found little nurture in America; there were too many farmers, and the Nebraska wheat fields were not dotted with manor houses and deer parks. The British situation combined an ancient feudal hold on land by the aristocracy with the existence of overseas colonies that for a time made domestic agriculture seem dispensable. From the Napoleonic Wars to the Second World War a state of depression hovered over British agriculture, descending with especial severity in the last third of the nineteenth century, as grain poured in from Canada, frozen mutton from New Zealand, and frozen beef from Argentina. The farm laborers, then, were not only culturally despised but politically slighted in a way that helps account for Mr. Blythe's sympathetic interest in socialism. Two of his more enigmatic, though animated, essays deal with two forgotten stars of "alternative politics" in the eighteen-eighties, the American economist Henry George and the Scots utopian Thomas Davidson. Both men are seen en route. "The Voyager" shows George as the foremast boy on a clipper ship bumping its way up a corpse-clogged branch of the River Ganges and then as steward of a steamer being chased around Montevideo Harbor by the bobbing casket of a shipmate who had ardently asked to be buried on land, and not at sea. Mr. Blythe draws a moral from this spooky tale: "An ordinary man had demanded and finally claimed his elemental right and the steward . . . had been involved in a parable and had listened to a sermon." From here, the implication is, it was a quick step to George's once-famous "single tax" proposal. Thomas Davidson's pilgrimage is even obscurer; the young radicals of London, Havelock Ellis foremost, rather rapidly grew disillusioned with the inspirational Scotsman, who had a way of wandering off, and indeed wandered off to America, to found a commune of "New Lifers" in the Adirondacks, leaving behind in England the seeds, somehow, of the Fabian Society, which he disowned. Mr. Blythe's anecdotes tend to raise more questions than they illuminate; e.g., "Lamb, for whom Hazlitt's sex life was the only thing about his friend he could never take seriously, laughed so much during [Hazlitt's] wedding that he was nearly turned out of church." The reader is addressed as an old chum who knows pretty much the same things the author does: "But, as we know, Sweet Auburn was Nuneham Courtenay, Oxfordshire." Mr. Blythe writes, "Lear said, 'At Christmas I no more desire a rose than wish a snow in May,' " without indicating whether this is Edward, King, or a third Lear speaking. He flips startling specificities at us archly—"William Cory's own phot[ograph] shows a pale, rather formidable person. He has big thin ears like the emperor Augustus"—and cozily overloads a few of his polished sentences to the point of babble:

> Not perp and dec but the all but rubbed from history creatures, human and divine, which they housed. A holy romance world, in its way, in which Felix, Gobban, Dicuil, Fursey, Foillan, Mindred (whose well at Newmarket is now in the possession of the

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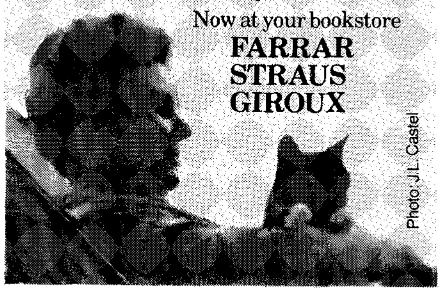

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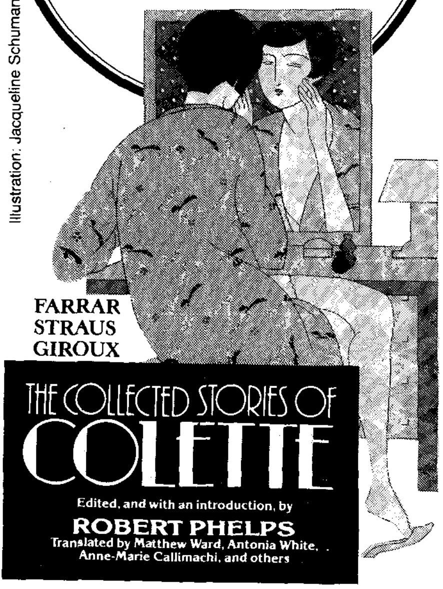

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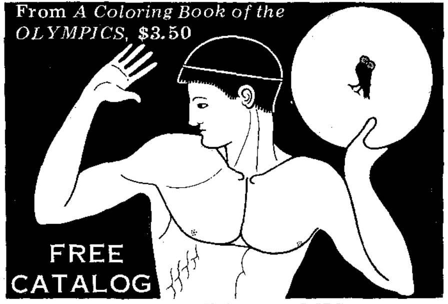
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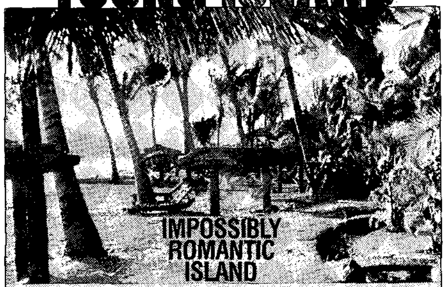

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Jockey Club), the Pied, White, Grey and Black friars, Tobias, Sir John Shorne (a medieval Dr Scholl who conjured the devil from a boot), Edmund, of course, Apollonia, cherubyn, sarafyn, potestate, principatus, Michael Arkeangelus *et al*, still faintly crowd.

Like the patient flint-pickers of his beloved East Anglian fields, this author collects and arranges; his receptive intelligence and his virtually angelic tenderness toward the anonymous and overlookable are well displayed in his first and last essays, the last, "Reading Other People's Diaries," a random wandering through the private journals of Englishmen from the boy king Edward VI to Virginia Woolf, and the first, "An Inherited Perspective," a celebration of "the local view" in art and life. Unlike all but a few modern writers, Ronald Blythe has worked and matured where he was born, and if he sometimes seems to speak in the code of local dialect, his words have the weight of things firmly fixed in his mind's eye. He remembers his childhood impressions of "the aged village relations who sat four-square in their lush gardens like monuments, as if growing out of the Suffolk clay itself, their bodies wooden and still, their eyes glittering and endlessly scanning leaves and birds and crops, their work done and their end near." Pinned to a certain space, he has witnessed the work of time: "When I was writing *Akenfield*, and thinking of the old and new farming generations, it struck me that I was seeing the last of those who made landscapes with their faces hanging down, like those of beasts, over the soil." For all his sometimes pawky historical knowingness, he affectingly communicates a sense of what lies beyond history's edge—our daily, animal lives persisting in their chronic cycles. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TIME AFTER TIME, by Molly Keane (Knopf; $13.95). An aged Irish fussbudget and his three fading sisters patch together a living on their family estate. "The monotony of their mutual dislike" dates back to the time seven-year-old Baby, now sixty-four, put out her brother's eye with an air gun. If they share other childhood memories—some simple ("four different puddings for lunch on Sundays") and some not ("that grey question about Daddy and Leda")—none of them care to admit it now. Then Leda, lovely cousin Leda, appears out of the blue: blind as a bat, and no longer lovely-looking, but still the cunning flatterer. Molly Keane does not bring Leda on until page 86, and she soon seems as anxious as anyone (especially the brother) for Leda to leave; as a result, there is something hasty and convenient about the five fates she doles out. Nevertheless, the sometimes comic plot has its fine points. Early, for instance, a vixen pauses on the edge of the estate, "stilled with the calculating confidence hunted foxes show." (The scene is rendered nicely on the dust jacket.) When Leda finally shows up, the reader realizes she has been lurking between the lines ever since the vixen slipped away.

PASSING THROUGH HAVANA, by Felicia Rosshandler (St. Martin's; $13.95). "Rossin," "Rosen," "Rossín": in 1941, on her way from Antwerp, by way of France and Spain, to Havana ("the Paris of the Caribbean"), eleven-year-old Claudia, the blond and Jewish daughter of a Moravian and a Pole, hears her family name given these three—French, German, and Spanish—pronunciations, which seem to confirm her status as a citizen of no one country. Claudia's hopes are simpler, and less reasonable, than her parents', but they are just as deeply felt. While her mother worries about Europe and Palestine and views her family's term in Cuba—even as it stretches into its seventh year—as a mere "stopover" on the way to America, Claudia yearns to blend in with her dark-haired and Catholic friends. The story of her exotic adolescence begins with her discovery of local delicacies—fresh pineapple, guava cakes, and, for breakfast, "El Kellogg"—and ends with her discovery of Old Country racism, in the arms of an ignorant Aryan brat. In an epilogue, set in Georgia some thirty years after she sailed from Cuba to Florida, Claudia tells some old Cuban friends—themselves exiles now—that, as a U.N. interpreter, she travels all the time, and she learns that Miami's Cubans are known as "the Jews of the Caribbean."

LIFE & TIMES OF MICHAEL K, by J. M. Coetzee (Viking; $13.95). "With Michaels it always seemed to me that someone had scuffled together a handful of dust, spat on it, and patted it into the shape of a rudimentary man." So muses a "makeshift medical officer" at a detention center toward the end of this bleak novel, set in a near-future South Africa. Why Michael K, a simple young man (possibly a simpleton) from Cape Town, has come to be known as Michaels is a long and circular story that begins with his search for his mother's birthplace in the veldt. Civil war is turning the country into a patchwork of "resettlement camps;" to run away from one is to run toward another. For a year or so, Michael dodges these camps and lives off the land by planting some pumpkin seeds and digging up grubs; then he is caught and accused of "running a staging post for insurgents." Mr. Coetzee sketches deftly the war's pitiful detritus—Michael K's journey begins near "cardboard-and-iron shanties clustered on the fairways of the golf course" and ends near a charred playground—but he tries too hard to explain his hero's significance. Here is the medical officer, thinking: "Your stay in the camp was merely an allegory . . . of how scandalously, how outrageously a meaning can take up residence in a system without becoming a term in it."

THE BEST OF MODERN HUMOR, edited by Mordecai Richler (Knopf; $17.95). An anthology of humorous writing in English; the word "modern" in the title has been stretched to accommodate writers like Maurice Baring (1874-1945) and Stephen Leacock (1869-1944), whose heyday was in the early part of this century. The book is made up of short stories, letters, playlets, bits from novels, and items like Oliver Jensen's "The Gettysburg Address in Eisenhowerese" ("I haven't checked these figures but 87 years ago, I think it was . . ."). It offers Art Buchwald, Russell Baker, Flann O'Brien, and S. J. Perelman, and also writers who don't, as it were, "set out" to make you laugh—Saul Bellow, John Cheever, Eudora Welty, V. S. Naipaul. There are notably bright things here, and things that can't mean much to anyone born after, say, 1950. Of the sixty-four pieces included, eighteen first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERIES OF WINTERTHURN, by Joyce Carol Oates (Dutton; $16.95). Three gruesome sets of murders, mostly of women, form the framework of this peculiar parody of second-rate turn-of-the-century American fiction. The detective-

KILLINGS
Calvin Trillin

Photo: Harlan County Court House, Harlan, KY, Jim Dow. Seagram County Court House Archives © Library of Congress

"Trillin at his journalistic best."
—*Newsweek*

"Fascinating, troubling....In each of these stories is the basis of a Dostoevskian novel."
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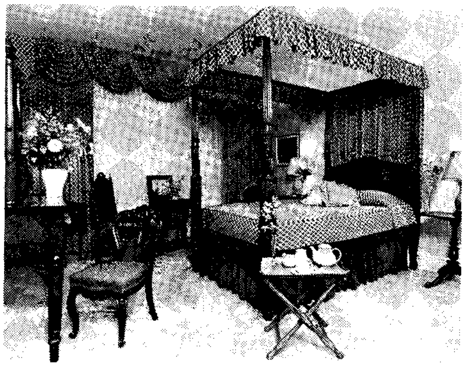

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hero, sixteen years old when he takes on the first case (the two others follow at twelve-year intervals), is "inordinately luckless." His own detective-heroes—British and French inspectors, and "America's own George B. Jashber"—would approve of his "detectively skills" as he inspects, say, a haunted house, from its dungeon to its "gloom-embowered attic," or as he sinks into quicksand, his powers of deduction concentrated on an incriminating lavender glove, but none of them would like the way Miss Oates concludes each case. In the first, supernatural forces are part of the solution; in the second, an innocent man is lynched and a guilty one is acquitted; in the third, another study of mobocracy, the two men in question die before the case can even be tried. Miss Oates' plots are an odd admixture. "Wisconsin Death Trip," "Sherlock Junior," and "Raiders of the Lost Ark" spring to mind, in rapid succession. If she has a serious purpose—one beyond mimicry—it is sunk in the quicksand of her prose.

NOTE: "Floating," a collection of stories by Marian Thurm, has been published by Viking ($14.95). Many of the stories first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

CHARLES DE GAULLE, by Don Cook (Putnam; $22.95). The publishers point out that this is "the first major biography of de Gaulle written by an American from an American perspective." Mr. Cook is the Paris bureau chief of the Los Angeles *Times*. Many English and French biographers had firsthand experience of the fall of France, in 1940, and their familiarity with that catastrophe led them to underestimate, as Mr. Cook does not, the uniqueness of de Gaulle's decision to fight on in the name of France—his solitude, his courage, his arrogance, his effrontery. Mr. Cook is explicit about American wartime mistakes, and he pays considerable attention to the vendetta between Roosevelt and de Gaulle, which distorted Franco-American relations during the war and provoked de Gaulle's enduring enmity. He describes de Gaulle as having been, from his days as a junior officer, overbearing, manipulative, and aloof. He suggests that de Gaulle was valuable to France for creating the myth that it had resisted the Germans, for ending the Algerian war, and for insisting on the present constitution, which has created a stable political order. He credits de Gaulle with adopting Jean Monnet's national economic-planning commission in 1946. On the other hand, after 1958 de Gaulle repeatedly attempted to undo Monnet's yet more impressive invention, the European Common Market. Readers may judge the President too attentive to the example of Louis XIV—the pursuit of glory—and not attentive enough to that of Henri IV: a chicken in every pot.

FUTURE LIFE, by Michel Salomon, translated from the French by Guy Daniels (Macmillan; $19.95). Dr. Salomon, a French physician, has had the very good idea of going to eighteen of the greatest figures in biomedicine and asking them about the future of biology and medicine. He is enough of an expert to be able to hold his own comfortably in these colloquies; indeed, they often give the impression of being rather high-powered intellectual tennis matches. Some of his subjects are optimistic about the future, and some extremely pessimistic. None of them are the least bit dull, and the collection makes fascinating reading.

THE POVERTY OF AFFLUENCE: A PSYCHOLOGICAL PORTRAIT OF THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE, by Paul L. Wachtel (Free Press; $19.95). Early in his troublingly on-target jeremiad, the author notes that in the years since 1958, when John Kenneth Galbraith published "The Affluent Society," our standard of living has increased enormously and yet "many Americans seem to feel less pleased with their economic situation." Mr. Wachtel, a New York psychologist, traces much of that quiet discontent to the necessary sadness of lives centered on accumulation. While that is hardly a new thesis, by stressing common-sense psychology this book contributes original insights, at the rate of two or three a page, to the argument for a way of life at once "poorer" and "richer" than our own. These insights into human longings, the product of a trained mind, share space in the book with another category of thoughts, which the reader will recognize at once as crystallizations of half-formed doubts at the back of his own brain. Mr. Wachtel has worked out all his ideas and tried to rebut the obvious objections; one man stands little chance against Madison Avenue, but this book will linger longer in the imagination than even those designer-jeans commercials with the spacy young women.

NOTE: "Killings," a collection of reports by Calvin Trillin from sixteen American communities, each the scene of a violent death, has been published by Ticknor & Fields ($14.95). All the contents originally appeared in these pages.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MAIGRET IN COURT, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Robert Brain (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $11.95). Midway in the course of a trial of a taciturn Parisian picture-framer (with a young, vivacious wife) on charges of murdering his elderly aunt and her four-year-old ward, Maigret muses, "Historians, scholars, devote their entire lives to the study of some figure of the past on whom there already exist numerous works . . . They give me a few weeks, sometimes only a few days, to steep myself in a new atmosphere." But, of course, for Maigret a few weeks, or even only a few days, is time enough, and he steeps himself deeply enough in the life of Gaston Meurant to reach the truth about that revolting double murder. It might be noted that this novel, written in 1959 (and now published for the first time in the United States), finds Maigret just two years short of retirement, and he and his wife have just bought their retirement cottage, in Meung-sur-Loire.

UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENTS, by R. B. Dominic (St. Martin's; $11.95). R. B. Dominic is a pseudonym of the pseudonymous Emma Lathen, but the two are different only in name. They share a dryness of wit, a mild irony, an old-fashioned adherence to clarity of mind and expression, and a way of making serious observations lightly: "Television . . . suffers from an ingrained bias in favor of things it can take pictures of. Facts cannot be photographed but people can." This novel is set in contemporary Washington and has to do with a fatally flawed fighting plane called the VX-92, whose manufacturers (close friends of the President), along with a conniving Air Force commission, are making every effort to conceal its imperfections—even whitewashing

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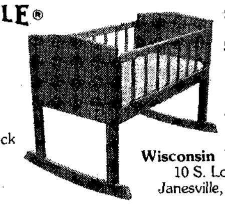

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a fatal test crash as pilot error. It is impossible to describe the complicated shenanigans that devolve from this attempted coverup, but it can be said that the cast of characters includes important personages in the White House, the Department of Defense, the Pentagon, and the Congress. It might be noted that the Speaker of the House is called Walter Bullivant—a name that readers of John Buchan will find interestingly familiar—and that the moral atmosphere of the political Washington depicted here is odorous.

THE NAME OF ANNABEL LEE, by Julian Symons (Viking; $13.95). Mr. Symons has always given full measure. That is to say, he has never chosen to stand by ingenuity of plot alone; he also gives his attention to character, setting, and tone. In his new novel—about a stiff British professor of English literature at a New England college who loses his habitual poise and balance in the arms of a transient English girl named Annabel Lee Fetherby—those qualities are present in abundance: in, unfortunately, an overabundance. The story is a good one—why Annabel Lee appeared and why she disappeared. But Mr. Symons has let his abundance run into irrelevancies—about the professor's former fiancée, now married to his father; about an old school friend and his trendy life and adulterous wife; about a dismal place of orgy called the House of Usher—and these, though not uninteresting, become annoying when they are discovered to have nothing to do with the problem of Annabel Lee. The action starts in Connecticut and moves to Boston, to London, to Yorkshire, to London again, and then to New York.

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[*From the Washington Post*]

Tinker also discussed his choice of Public Broadcasting Service president Lawrence Grossman to succeed NBC News president Reuven Frank next spring. Grossman has no journalism background, but Tinker called him "a super guy and a great piece of manpower."

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—*Christian Science Monitor.*

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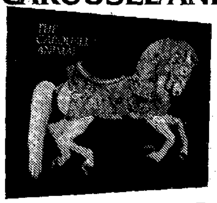

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